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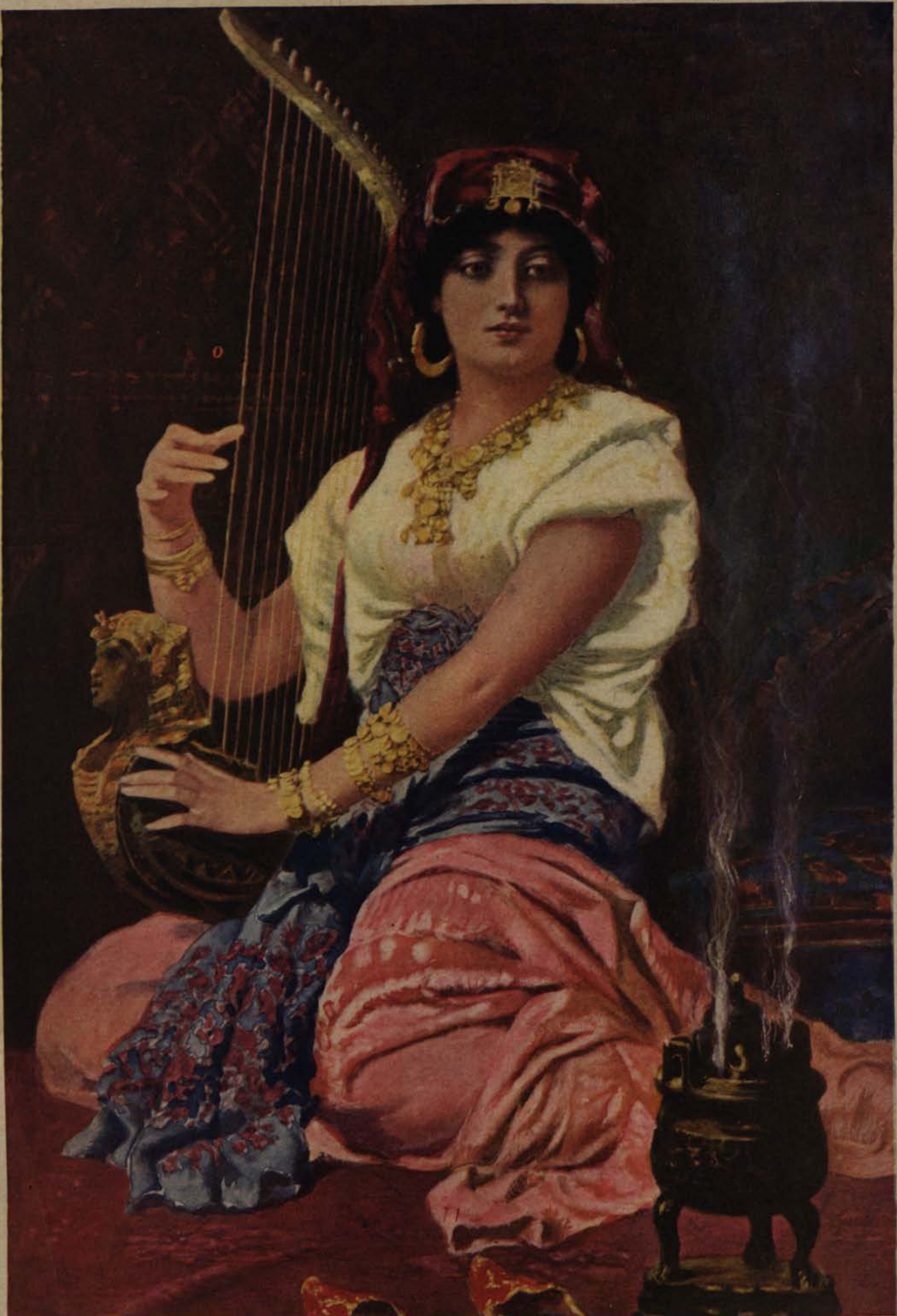

AN EGYPTIAN SINGING GIRL

THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS
AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM

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EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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VOLUME II

NEW YORK
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
1902

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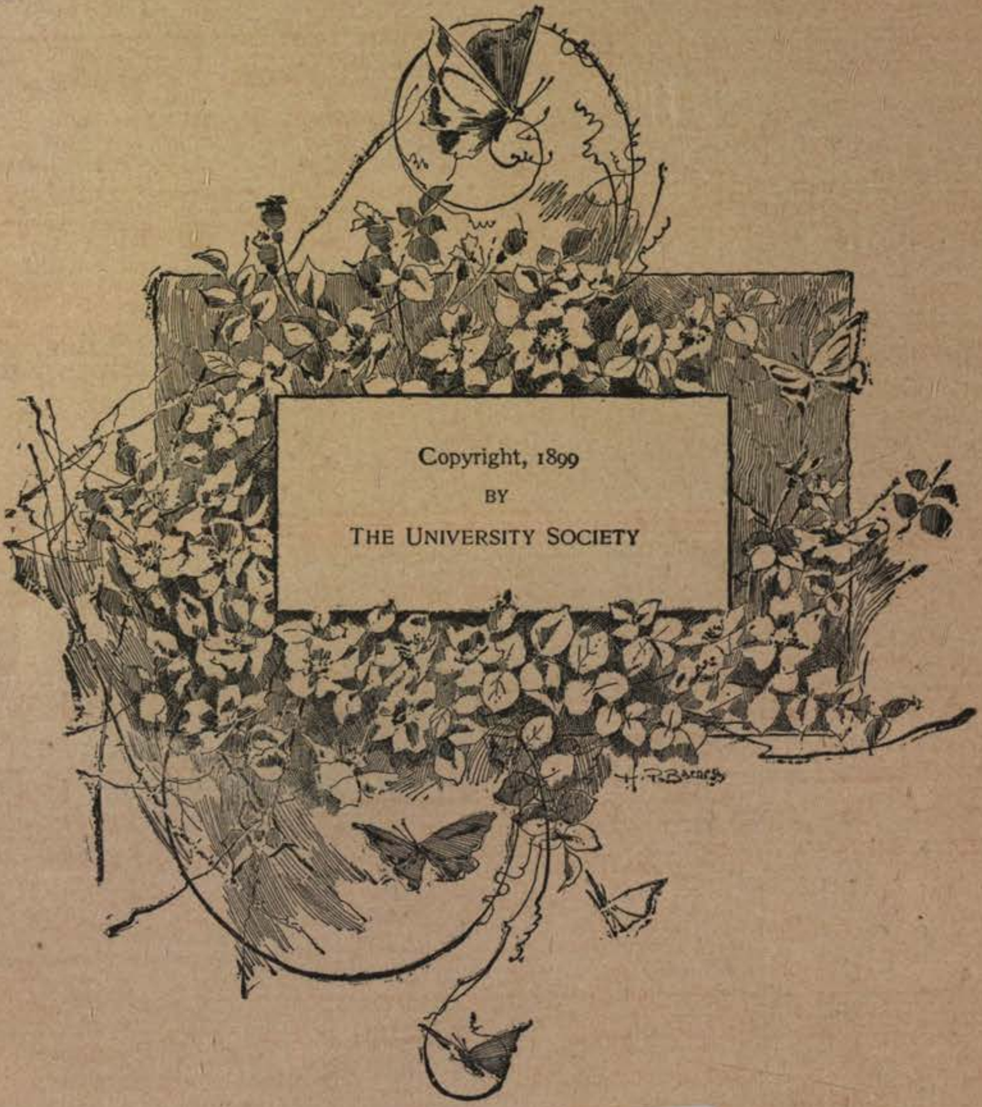

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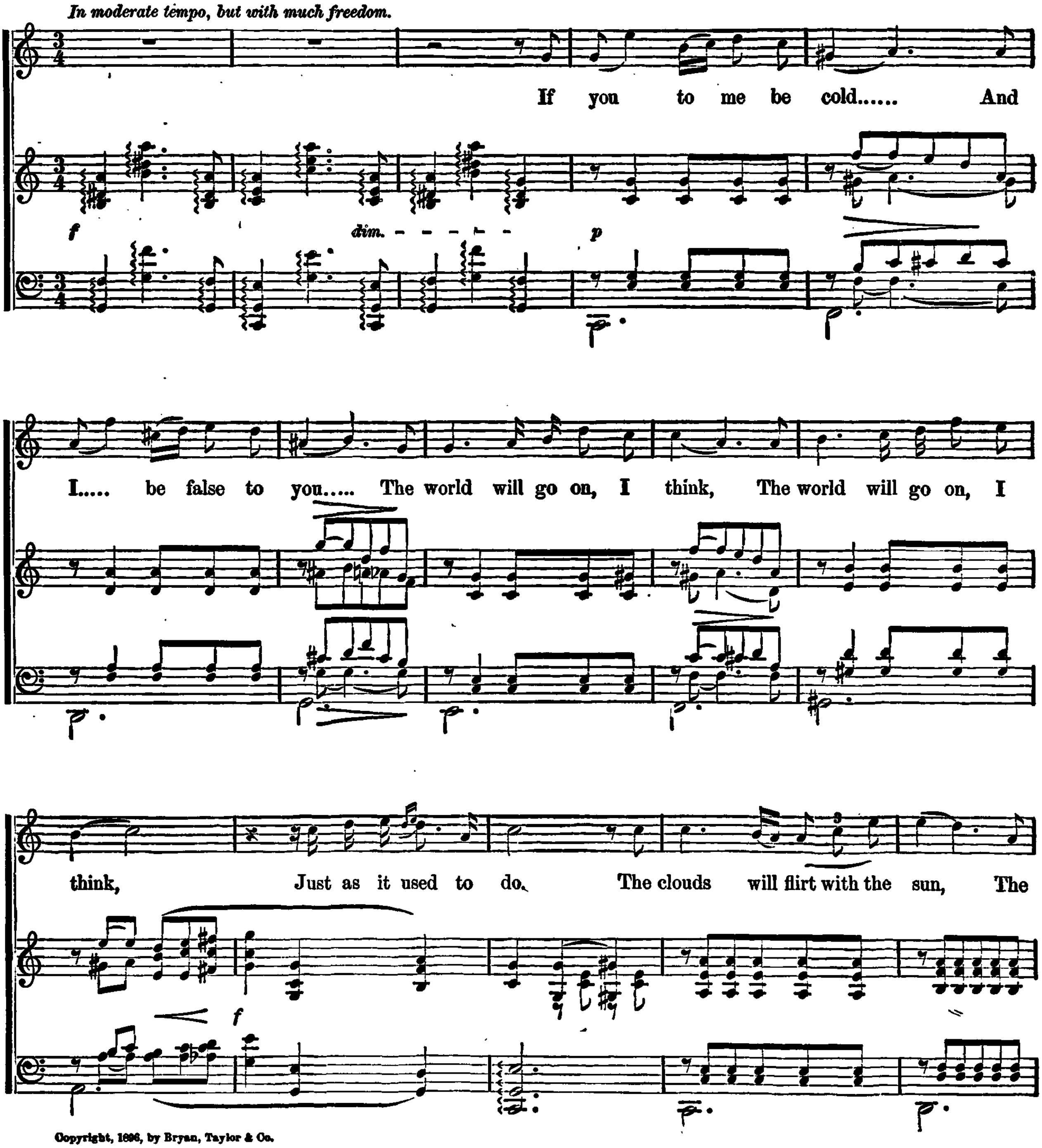
JUST AS IT USED TO DO.

Victor Harris, the composer of this song, was born April 27, 1869. He is one of our younger American composers. His first introduction to music was a five year's experience as a boy soprano in a prominent New York church, during which time he did the solo work in a large repertoire of oratorios and cantatas. He has a reputation as teacher, as organist, and especially as accompanist, having assisted as such many of the prominent artists who have visited America for the past five years. Mr. Harris acted during the Summer of 1895 as Assistant Conductor to Anton Seidl in his concerts. He began composing when he was sixteen, and is best known by his songs, but has written much for mixed, male and female voices, and is now beginning to devote himself to writing for the orchestra in larger forms.


In moderate tempo, but with much freedom.
If you to me be cold...... And
f
dim. - - - - - -
p
I..... be false to you..... The world will go on, I think, The world will go on, I
think, Just as it used to do. The clouds will flirt with the sun, The
f

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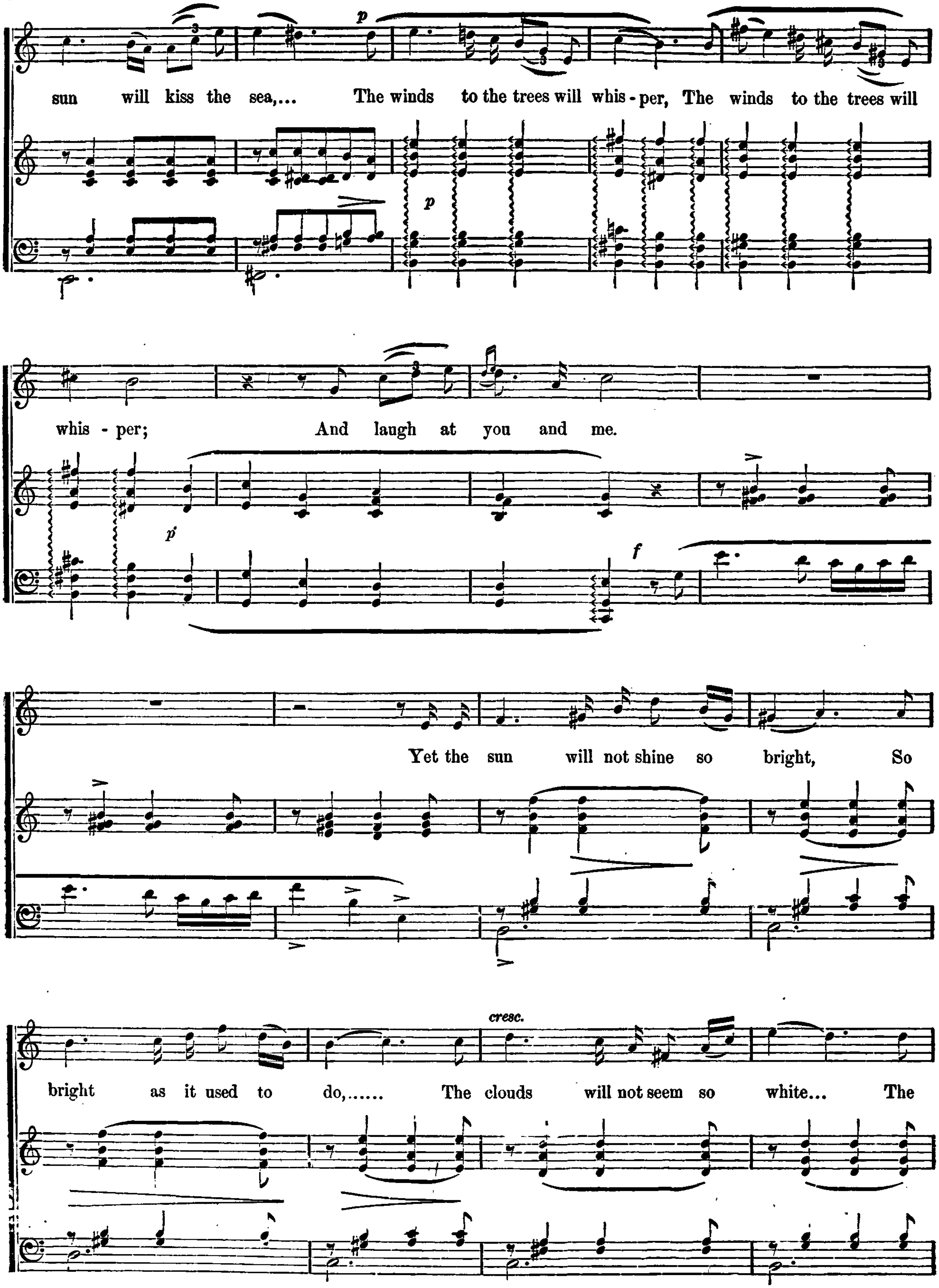
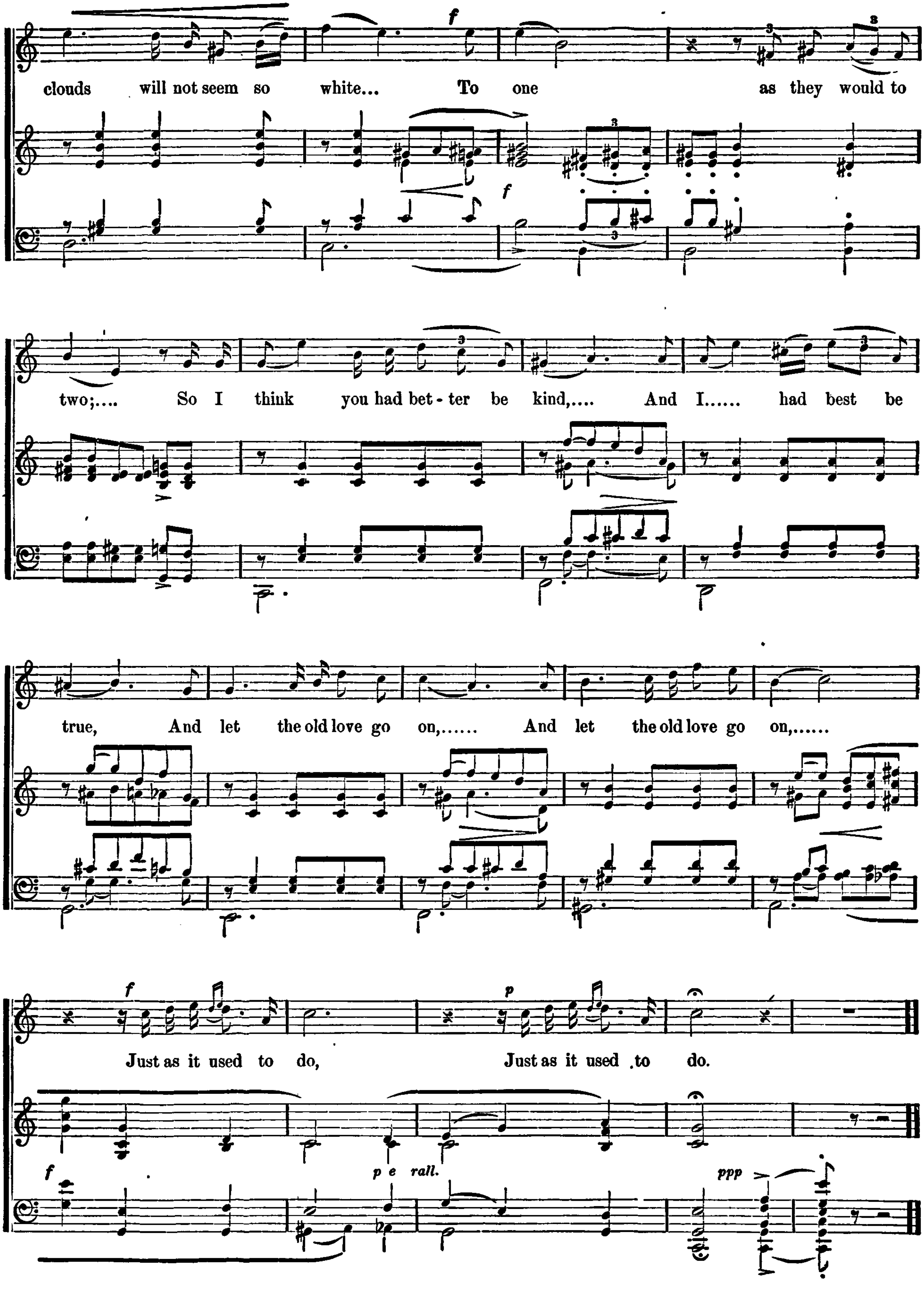
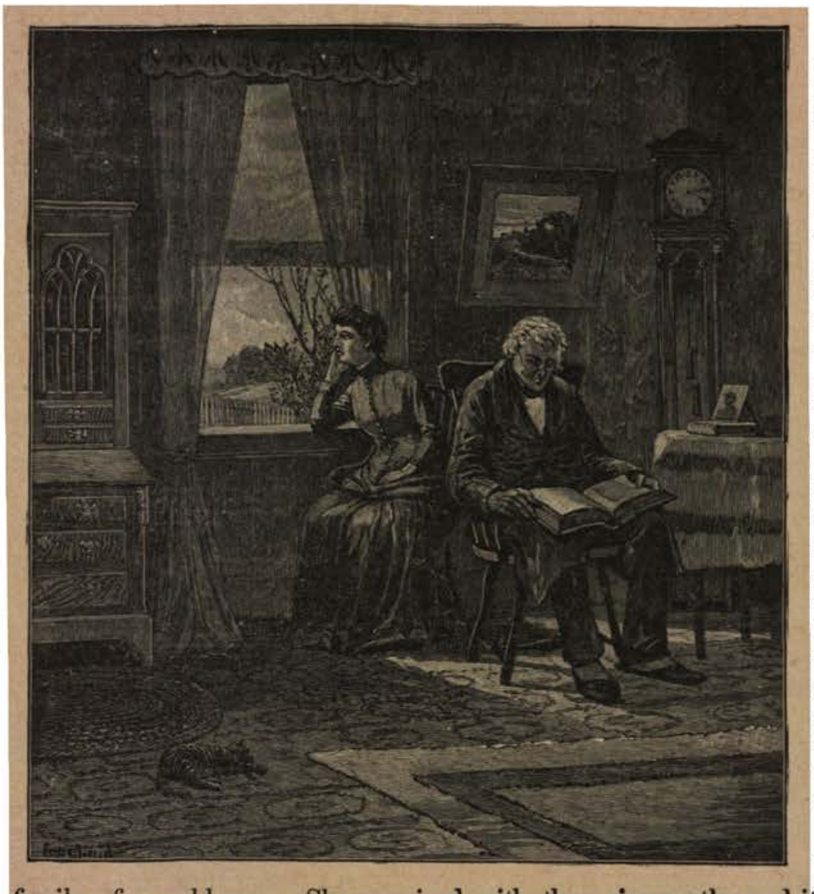

p
sun will kiss the sea,... The winds to the trees will whis - per, The winds to the trees will
p
whis - per; And laugh at you and me.
p
f
Yet the sun will not shine so bright, So
bright as it used to do,...... The clouds will not seem so white... The
cresc.

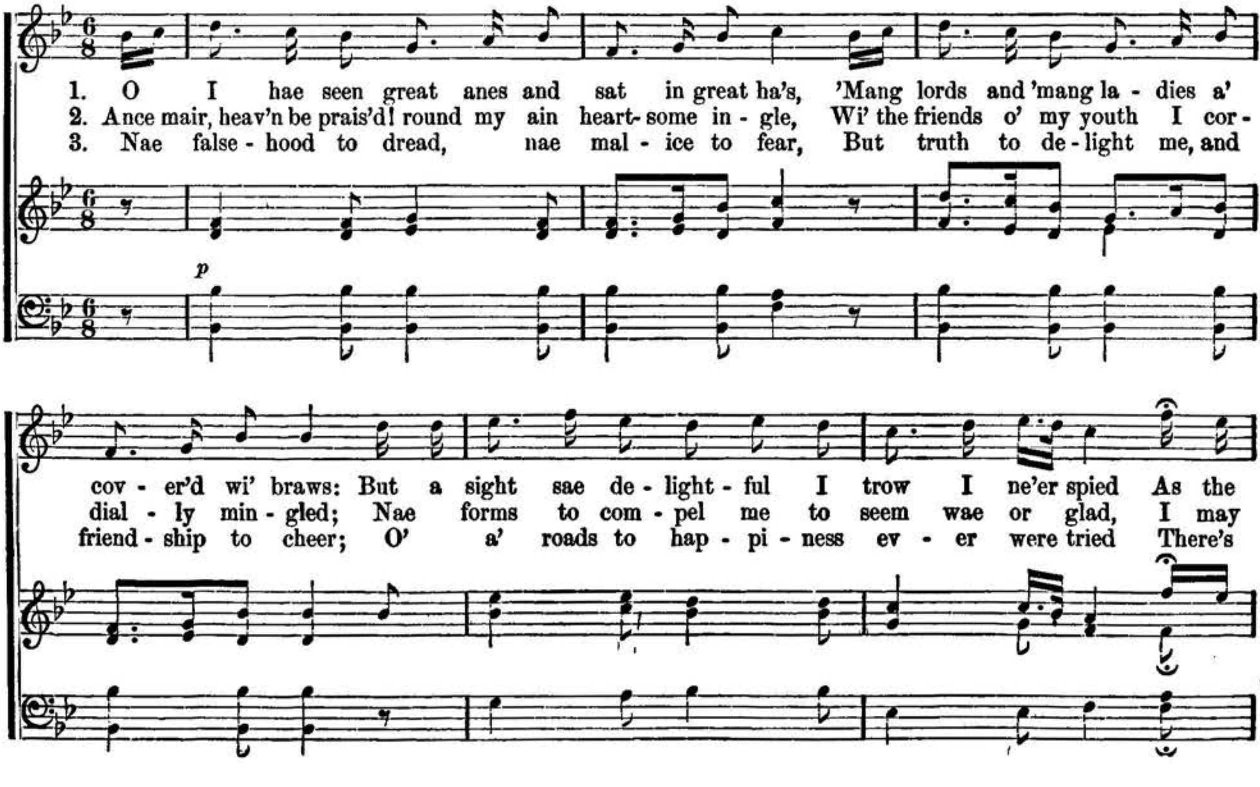

clouds will not seem so white... To one as they would to
two;.... So I think you had bet-ter be kind,.... And I...... had best be
true, And let the old love go on,...... And let the old love go on,......
Just as it used to do, Just as it used to do.
f
f
p
f
p e rall.
ppp

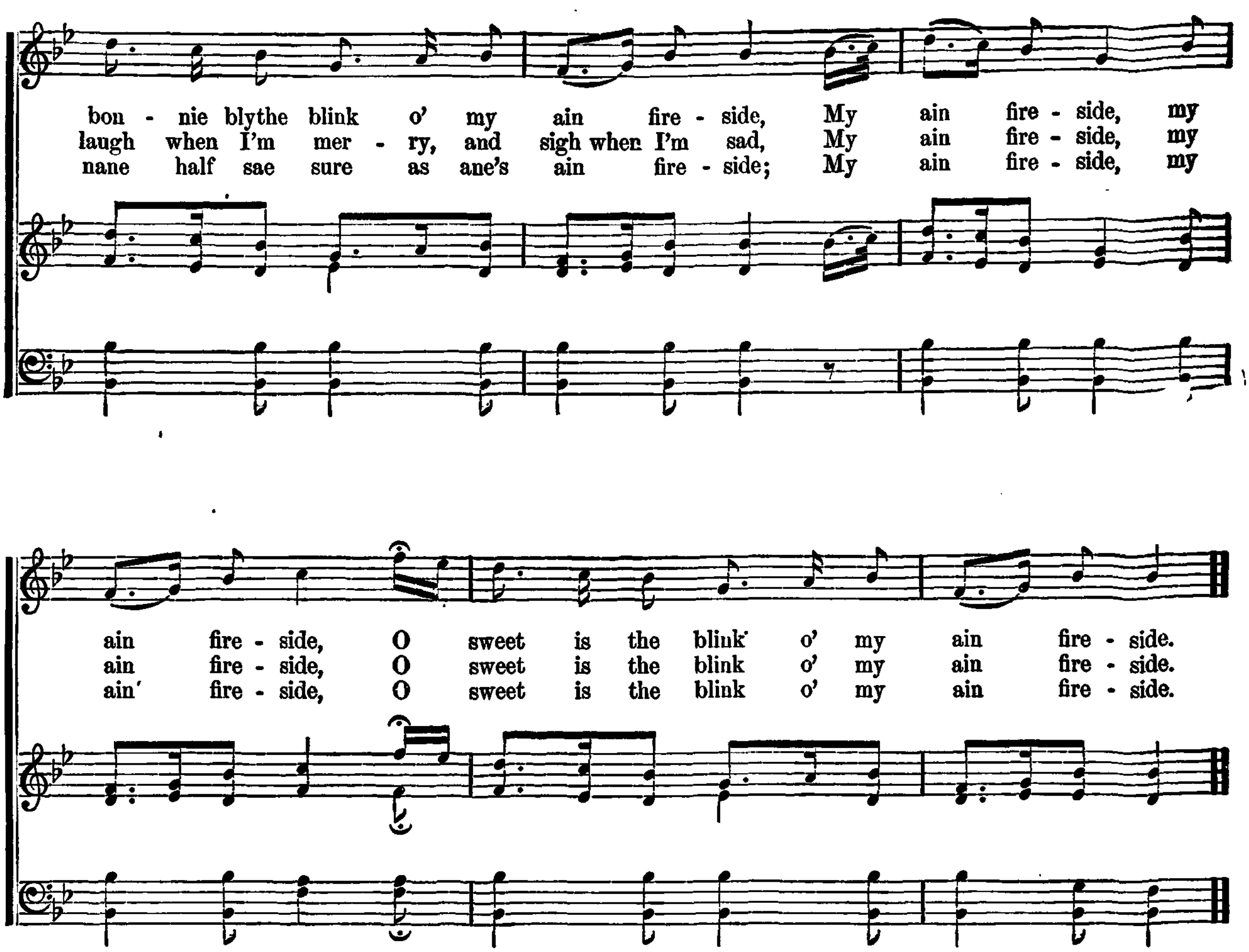
MY AIN FIRESIDE.



Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the words of "My Ain Fireside," was born in Belfast, Ireland. Her noble Scottish ancestors had left their country on account of religious opinions. Miss Hamilton's father died a year after her birth, leaving his widow destitute, with three children. An aunt in Scotland took the little Elizabeth, and when, soon after, the mother died also, permanently adopted her. The girl was carefully educated by this aunt, whose care she rewarded with the most faithful love. After the death of nearly all their kindred, Miss Hamilton and her sister made their home in Edinburgh. Here Miss —or, as she was by courtesy entitled, Mrs.—Hamilton, received the attention and friendship which she deserved, and which her then popular writings —among them, the story of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie"—naturally brought her. In youth, she formed an unfortunate attachment, and she never married. In hope of recovering her health, she visited the baths of Harrowgate, England, where she died in 1816.

At one time Mrs. Hamilton left her home, to take care of the motherless family of a nobleman. She remained with them six months, and it was on returning to her own hearthstone that she wrote the song, "My Ain Fireside."


1. O I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la - dies a'
2. Ance mair, heav'n be prais'd! round my ain heart- some in - gle, Wi' the friends o' my youth I cor -
3. Nae false - hood to dread, nae mal - ice to fear, But truth to de - light me, and
p
cov - er'd wi' braws: But a sight sae de - light - ful I trow I ne'er spied As the
dial - ly min - gled; Nae forms to com - pel me to seem wae or glad, I may
friend - ship to cheer; O' a' roads to hap - pi - ness ev - er were tried There's


bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side, My ain fire - side, my
laugh when I'm mer - ry, and sigh when I'm sad, My ain fire - side, my
nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire - side; My ain fire - side, my
ain fire - side, O sweet is the blink' o' my ain fire - side.
ain fire - side, O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.
ain' fire - side, O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.

The old air to which these words are sung was called "Toddlin' Hame." Mrs. Hamilton's original words read:—

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws:
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Where the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my e'en;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie, blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, cherry's the blink o' my ain fireside!
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain fireside!

Ance mair, Gude be praised, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad—
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me and friendship to cheer,
O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain fireside!

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearth stane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out of sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
There but kind voices, kind faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,—
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside!

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE origin of this national song of Great Britain has been matter for endless discussion. The most generally accepted theory seems to be, that the words were written by HENRY CAREY, author of "Sally in our Alley," for James II., the exiled King, and that it was revived and sung during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and then silenced by the failure of the Jacobites, until it reappeared with the reading "God save Great George, our King," substituted for the original one, which is admitted to be "God save Great James our King." On no other hypothesis could a meaning be found for the lines:

> "*Send* him *victorious*
> Long to reign over us,"
>
> "O Lord, our God, arise,
> *Scatter* his *enemies*,
> And make them fall.
> Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks," etc.

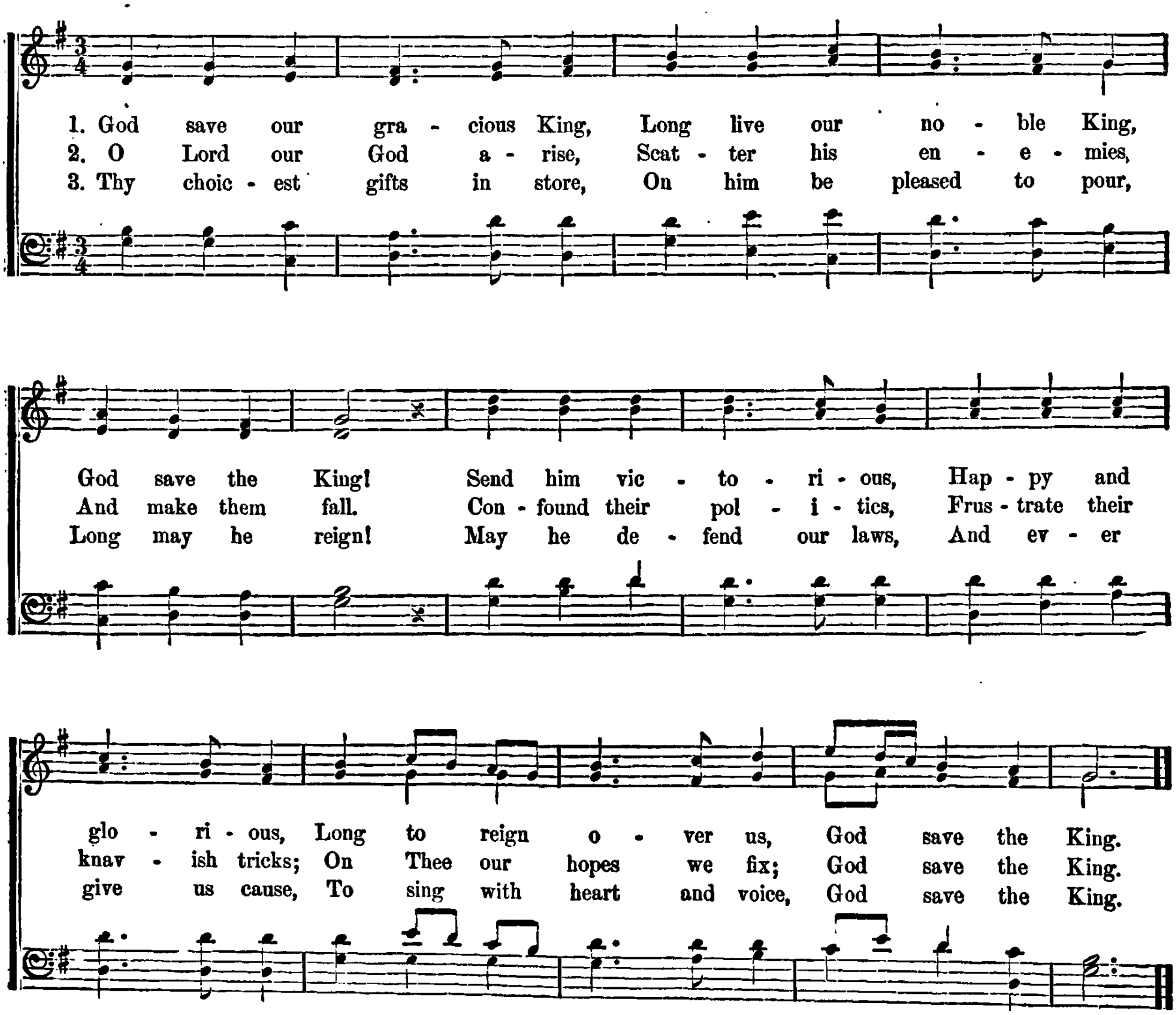
Even this interpretation hardly explains the allusions of the last two lines given, which probably refer to the gunpowder plot.

Richard Clark, a well-known English composer, wrote a defence of Carey's claim, but subsequently was shaken in his belief, and devoted eight years to research on the subject, when he published a book (London, 1821) in which he asserts that the anthem was written in the reign of James I., by Ben Jonson, who was Poet Laureate. He says it was written at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and was sung in their hall at the first public appearance of King James after the discovery of the gunpowder plot. He emphasizes the "knavish tricks," and the political enemies who concocted them, and shows that these very forms of expression were introduced into the Church's thanksgivings and prayers for the monarch's escape and continued safety; but he does not explain the force of having the King "sent victorious." He accounts in two ways for the want of certainty on this point, by showing that the property of the hall was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, or by the supposition that Jonson may have destroyed the anthem himself; for, after his duel with Spencer, the actor, he was committed to prison, where he was converted to Catholicism, in which faith he remained for twelve years, during which time the monarch who had ordered the translation of our present English Bible, would be less glorious in his eyes. One thing which seems to favor this rather startling theory, is, that the music is attributed by nearly all authorities to Dr. Bull, who was a famous composer of that reign, and some of whose music was known to have been produced at this meeting in the Tailors' Hall.

Is it not possible that Ben Jonson did write the anthem, with a different fourth line in the first stanza, and that, being a genuine poet, he thought so slightly of a production which is utterly worthless as poetry, that he did not take the trouble to claim it? And when he changed his faith, he might have been glad that his wretched verses had been burned, and only wished that the many similar ones he must have written, as laureate, had shared their fate. But these had been sung by a great chorus of "the gentlemen and children of the royal chapel." These children would remember a song learned for so great an occasion, and from them it would descend orally. Perhaps, then, Henry Carey took the song, which it has never been shown that he personally claimed, wrote a new line to give an especial Jacobite twist to the sentiments, and set it afloat to the praise of the exiled house of Stuart. It is believed that he sang it in public at this time, and in 1714, when Dr. Arne is known to have re-arranged the air; it is certain that he sang it again publicly, with "Great George our King" substituted, but with all the other incongruities remaining; for the accession of George I. was peaceful and undisputed. Carey's life of eighty years extended through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and two of the Georges.

Carey's son, born in the year of his father's death, stoutly contended for his father's authorship of music as well as words, and made an attempt to get a pension on the strength of it, which attempt he thus describes: "Reflecting on its utility, and convinced of its having been written by my father, I thought there could be no harm in endeavoring through some medium or other, to make myself known at Windsor as son of the author of 'God save the King,' and as great families create great wants, it is natural to wish for some little relief. Accordingly, I was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the purlieus of the Castle, and who is forever seen bowing and scraping in the King's walks, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the sovereign, thinking it was not improbable but that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment been bestowed on the offspring of one 'who had done the state some service.' But, alas! no sooner did I move in the business with the greatest humility to this demi-cannon, but he opened his copious mouth as wide as a four-and-twenty pounder, bursting as loudly upon me as the largest piece of ordnance, with his chin cocked up, like the little centre figure, with his cauliflower-wig, in Banbury's Country Club, exclaiming, 'Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of 'God save the King,' that the King is under any obligation to his son.' I am convinced, had my plea been fairly stated at a great and good man's house, I should have had a princely answer; but in respect to myself, I may have by-and-by to say, like Cardinal Wolsey, that

'I am weary and old, left to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me'"

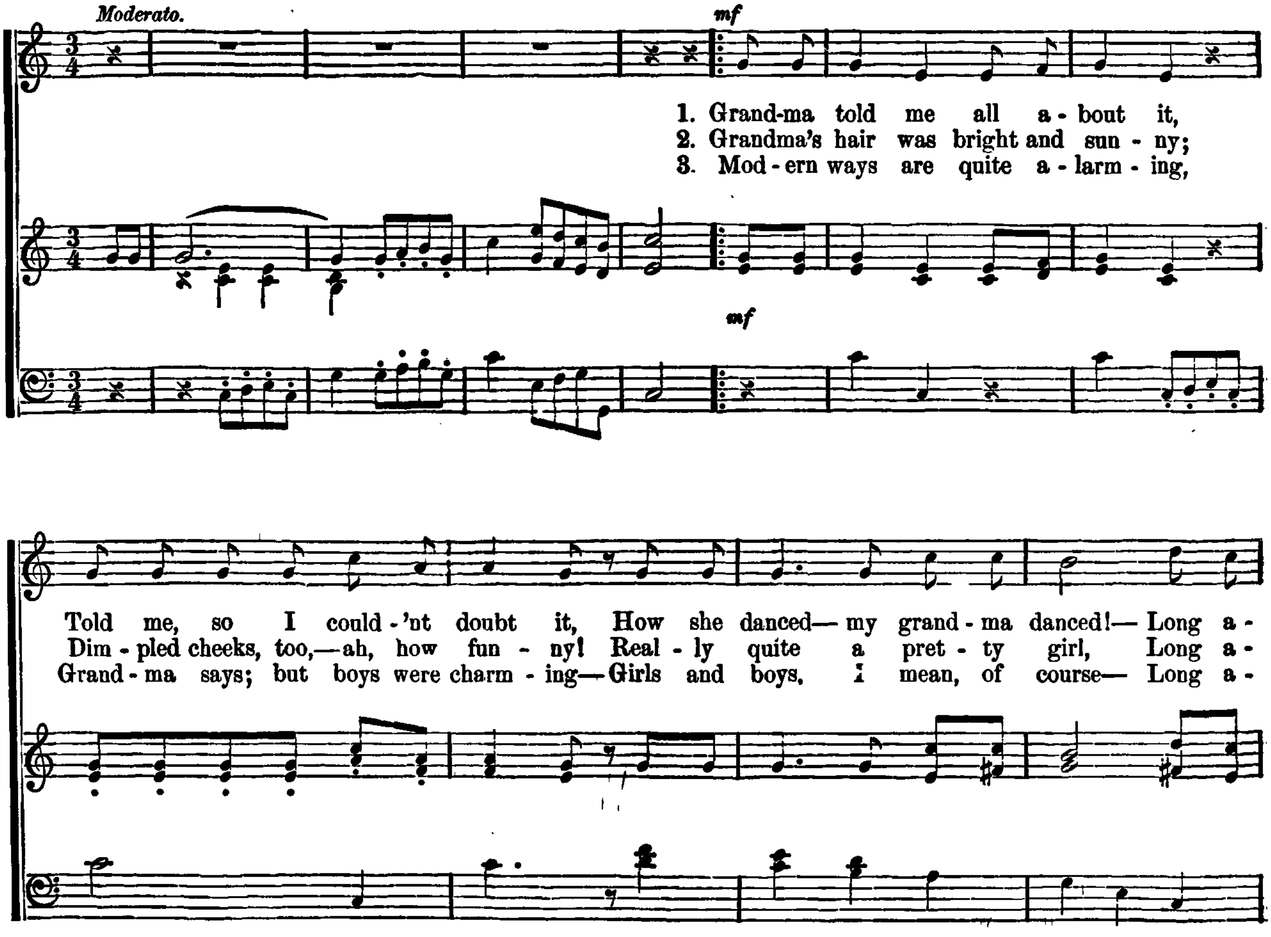

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour,
God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall. Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their
Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
knav - ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix; God save the King.
give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

THE MINUET.

Mary Mapes Dodge, the writer of the words of this song, has been the editor and conductor of *St. Nicholas Magazine* during its publication. Its great success is chiefly due to her management and skill in what may be regarded as a new field, comparatively, children's literature. Her own writings, poetry and prose, are full of sympathy with children's minds. This is the rarest of gifts in teacher and writer. *St. Nicholas* has done the work of many teachers. It has found the children in their homes as well as in their school-rooms, and for a score of years inspired each new generation with fresh impulses, prompting to the pure and good in life. Especially is it true that Mary Mapes Dodge in her own personal work has appreciated the true dignity of childhood and avoided the weak and infantile ways of many would be teachers and writers for children. With the poet who is by eminence nature's most sympathetic interpreter she sees that, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and for us would extend the horizon of that "Heaven" till youth merges into manhood. Mrs. Dodge inherited from her father a taste for literature. She was one of the first contributors to "*Hearth and Home*," a magazine conducted by Donald G. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) and Harriet Beecher Stowe. In 1864 she published a volume of "Irvington Stories" which met with success. This was followed in 1865 by her best known work "Hans Brinker," or the "Silver Skates," which was translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian, and other languages. It is a juvenile story of life in Holland and quickly became a classic.

It was in 1873 that Mary Mapes Dodge undertook the editorship of *St. Nicholas*. No more beneficent literary work has been done for the minds and hearts of the youth of this land. Summer and Winter, Spring and Autumn, there have gone forth to the children and youth lessons and stories, "Rhymes and Jingles," affording instruction, giving pleasure, exciting mirth. From year to year this work has been renewed without palling the appetites of ever hungry minds.

The melody of "The Minuet" is by Joseph Mosenthal.


Moderato.
mf
1. Grand-ma told me all a - bout it,
2. Grandma's hair was bright and sun - ny;
3. Mod - ern ways are quite a - larm - ing,
mf
Told me, so I could - 'nt doubt it, How she danced— my grand - ma danced!— Long a -
Dim - pled cheeks, too,—ah, how fun - ny! Real - ly quite a pret - ty girl, Long a -
Grand - ma says; but boys were charm - ing—Girls and boys, I mean, of course— Long a -

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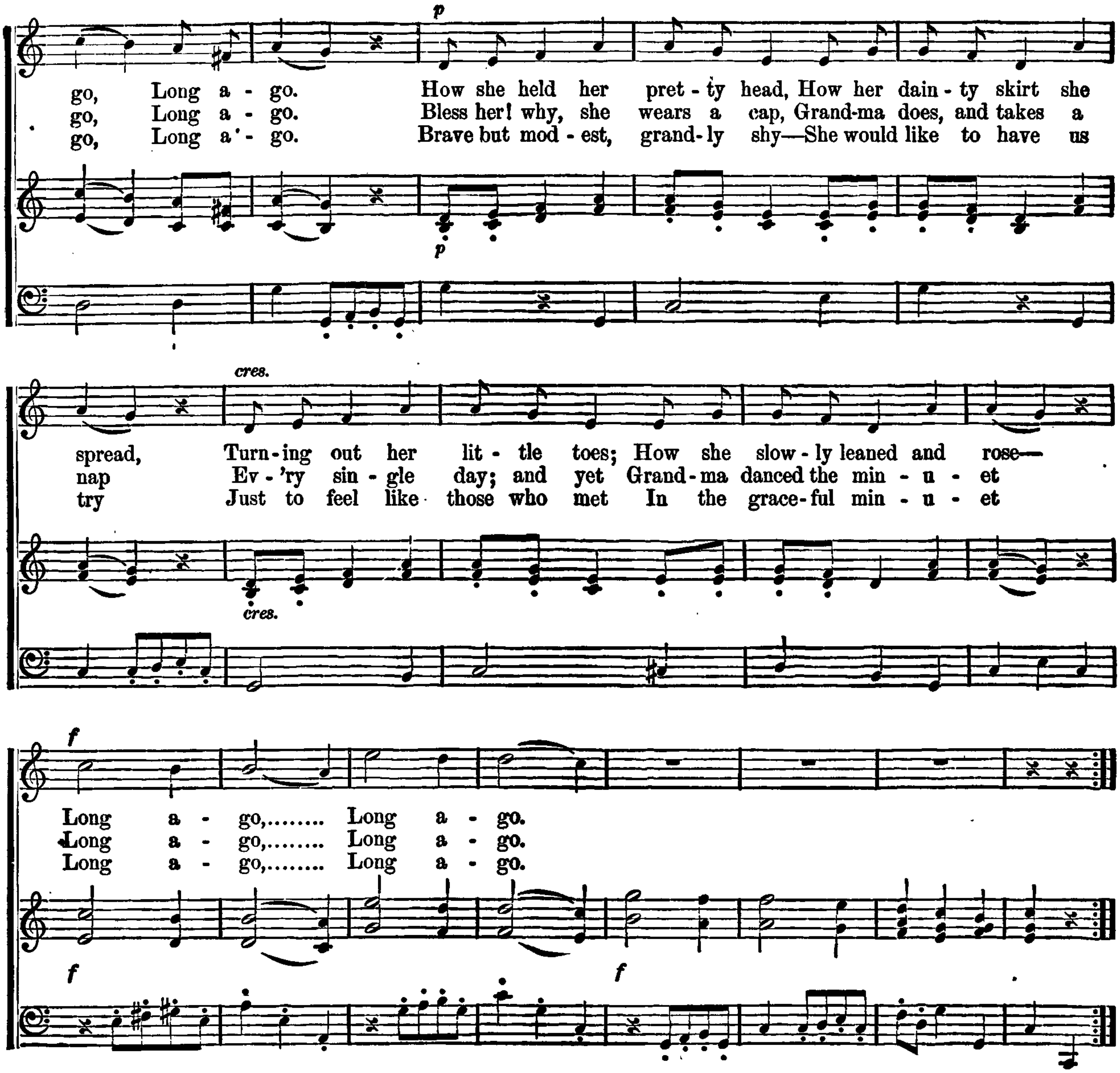
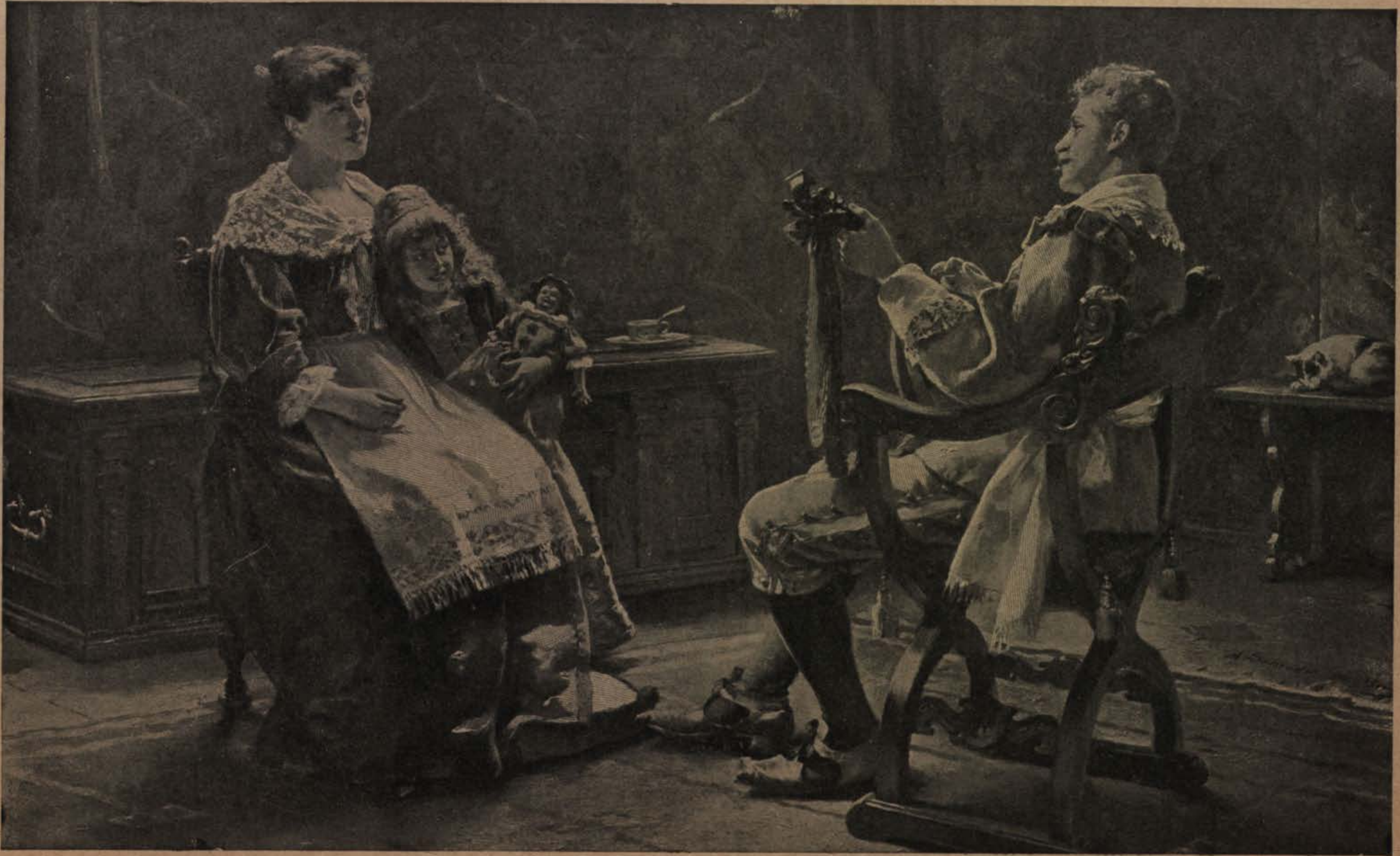

p
go, Long a - go. How she held her pret - ty head, How her dain - ty skirt she
go, Long a - go. Bless her! why, she wears a cap, Grand-ma does, and takes a
go, Long a - go. Brave but mod - est, grand - ly shy—She would like to have us
p
cres.
spread, Turn - ing out her lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly leaned and rose—
nap Ev - 'ry sin - gle day; and yet Grand - ma danced the min - u - et
try Just to feel like those who met In the grace - ful min - u - et
cres.
f
Long a - go,........ Long a - go.
Long a - go,........ Long a - go.
Long a - go,........ Long a - go.
f
f

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—
Long ago, Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose—
Long ago, Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too,—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago, Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago, Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago, Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago, Long ago.



SWEET HARMONY.

COLLEGE SONGS.

THE songs that are sung by collegians in this country are so varied in their character that it is difficult to classify them broadly or in a few words. Comparatively few of them were originally peculiar to the colleges, even as to the words, and almost none of them are set to original music. The songs that one hears when students gather in the moonlight on the campus are derived from many sources. The popular ballads of the day; the songs imported from the German universities, usually with Latin words; college words set to familiar tunes derived from the folk-music of this and other countries, from the repertoire of the burnt-cork minstrels, from operas, from the variety stage, and even from the church hymn-books have formed the staple of college singing. And yet many of these, forgotten by the general public, have been kept in use through college traditions and in college society rituals, and have come, properly enough, to be regarded as peculiarly college songs and to be printed in collections of "Carmina Collegensia."

It is doubtful if in the early days of American universities there was much chorus singing among the students, however they may have indulged in the solo singing of sentimental ditties. Even so late as 1786, which is the date of the earliest record of a singing society at Harvard, the list of music purchased indicates that the students chiefly "courted the muse of New England psalmody," with the "Worcester Collection" in the lead. Half a century later they found pleasure in singing Tom Moore's sentimental Melodies, among which "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Araby's Daughter," and "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" were the favorites. The same dependence on the songs that were in familiar use out of college existed at Yale until 1847. In that year Richard Storrs Willis, a brother of N. P. Willis and a Yale graduate of 1841, returned from Germany, where he had been studying music, and brought home with him several of the student songs of the German universities. Some of these were classical Latin lyrics, like "Integer Vitae," "Gaudeamus Igitur," and "Lauriger Horatius," while others were chosen from the bizzare and nonsensical songs of the German student "Chores," among which were "Crambambuli," "Co-ca-che-lunk," etc. These became immediately popular with the students, and several of the tunes were fitted with new words, celebrating the American student life. From Yale these songs were quickly taken up in other colleges, and it may perhaps be said that in them the distinctively "College Song" came into use in this country.

Other songs, particularly in the humorous or peculiar vein, were introduced, with additional examples from Germany, and others of which the origin is obscure. Such were "Litoria," "Rig-a-jig-jig," "Benny Havens," (introduced in 1854 from West Point) "Upidee" (a German ditty to which the words of Longfellow's "Excelsior" were irreverently adapted,) "Bingo," "I-Eel" (in celebration of Elihu Yale) and "School." All the foregoing were in full favor a third of a century ago, and although they are still familiar their use is infrequent at the present time, later favorites of a type more popular just now having replaced them. College poets were busy in those first days of the new-born college minstrelsy with the writing of college verses to be sung to the familiar tunes of songs that were popular everywhere, and of some of them it may be said the college adaptation gave a new lease of life to the tunes. Except for their vogue as college songs, who now would be singing "Sparkling and Bright," "Vive L'Amour," "The Last Cigar," "Good Night, Ladies," "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," "A Little More Cider, Too," "We Won't Go Home till Morning," and many others. Yet even these are losing ground in these days, when the writers of "topical songs" and the variety minstrels are furnishing so many new and taking melodies of a type quite suited to the rollicking student humor.

Not a few of the student songs of the fifties were set to hymn-tunes, several of them with words rather jovial in character; but in some cases no irreverence was intended, the hymn-makers and the students having taken the originals from the same source—The German college songs—many of these derived in turn from the folk-songs of the Fatherland.

Student singing, like student songs, is of varying kind and quality. Generally speaking, the singing is of two kinds, that which is attempted by the musically inclined and vocally trained among the collegians, and that in which all can join without much need of vocal skill. For the acceptable rendering of songs like "Integer Vitae," "There's Music in the Air," (a perennial favorite for serenading purposes) "Stars of the Summer Night," and some of even the simpler part-songs in the "Arion" collection, a degree of skill is requisite as well as practice. But the popular ballads and the songs which from their swinging rhythm are useful as marching songs, can be delivered with considerable effect by any number of intelligent young men, as they parade through the streets or sit in the twilight on the "fence." Even some of the measurably difficult songs are so frequently sung in the college societies which have appropriated them for society purposes, that they get to be within the range of the less musical students. For twenty-five years past considerable attention has been given to college singing by the glee clubs which are organized in all the colleges for practice and public performance. Very few of these clubs, however, attain to the singing of "glees" properly so-called, and the singing of madrigals would be quite beyond their usual powers. But selections of increasing difficulty appear on their concert programmes, which are varied by the introduction of a few of the old "College songs." Better facilities for voice culture are now to be had in all the university towns than heretofore, and more ambitious work is underktaen.

But for the genuine college singing one must still go where the general body of students gathers for an hour's recreation. The volume of many fresh young voices, singing in parts the songs they well know, is very rich in tone, and much spirit is infused into the singing. Objection has been made that student singing is too indiscriminately spirited, and the objection is valid. Even the trained glee clubs render most of their songs with an excess of vigor and a lack of musical light and shade. The songs of the present day would seem unfamiliar to the graduate of a few decades ago. The student appropriates what pleases him from the songs of the period in these days as in the past; and just as Moore's Melodies had their day of popularity, so also did "There's Music In the Air," the War Songs of 1861-5, "Champagne Charlie," "Tommy, Make Room For Your Uncle," "Annie Rooney," and so down to the last successful hit at the "continuous performance." "Tempora Mutantur," and our songs change with them. But there is gradually sifted from the mass of temporary favorites a few that for various reasons continue to be sung, and thus the collection of recognized student songs will continue to grow, as it has grown in the past. During the last few years the improved musical training at colleges has developed student composers as well as singers, and the time may come when American Student music will be as original as that which during the centuries has accumulated in the collections of the German Universities.

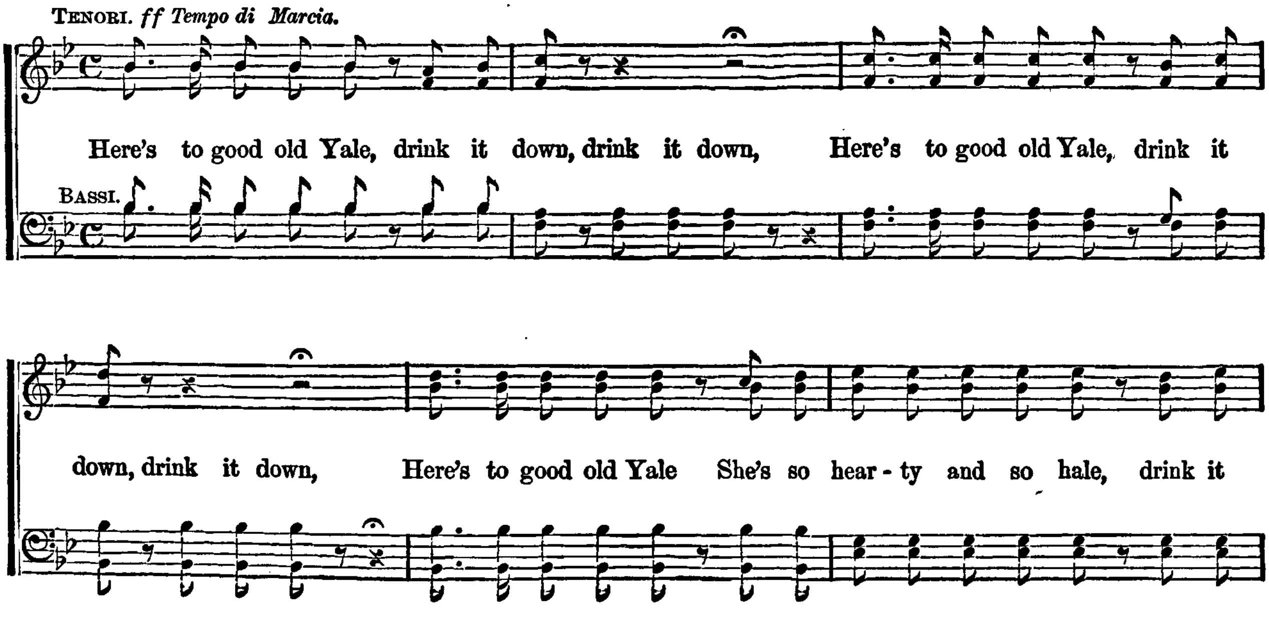
BINGO.

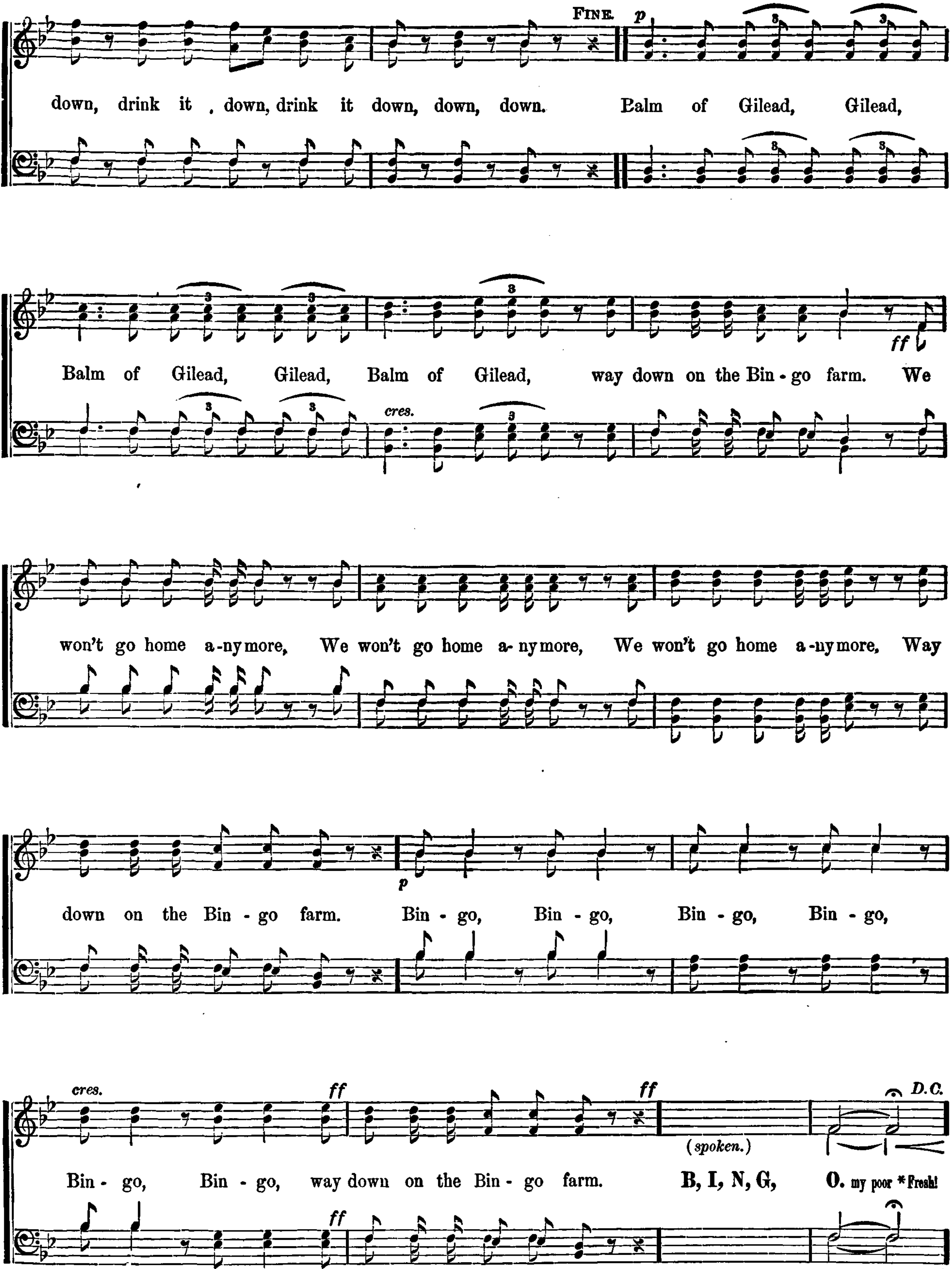
A MARCHING OR STREET SONG.

"BINGO" is the favorite marching song of the students in all American colleges. The cause of this is sufficiently apparent in the strongly marked emphasis of the musical measures. But another reason lies in the facility with which the verses can be almost infinitely increased, so as to last as long as the procession continues to move. For, just as the song is readily adapted to the use of any college by substituting its name in the opening line—as, "Here's to Good Old Harvard," "Here's to Good Old Princeton," and so on, —in like manner the students can celebrate with impromptu inventions their class (as "Here's to ninety-five," etc.) their fellow students, or any cause to which they are willing to "drink it down."

The song first appeared at Yale, and was generally adopted by the other colleges. It is not known to have been imported from abroad, and is probably a genuine original American College song.

CHORUS.

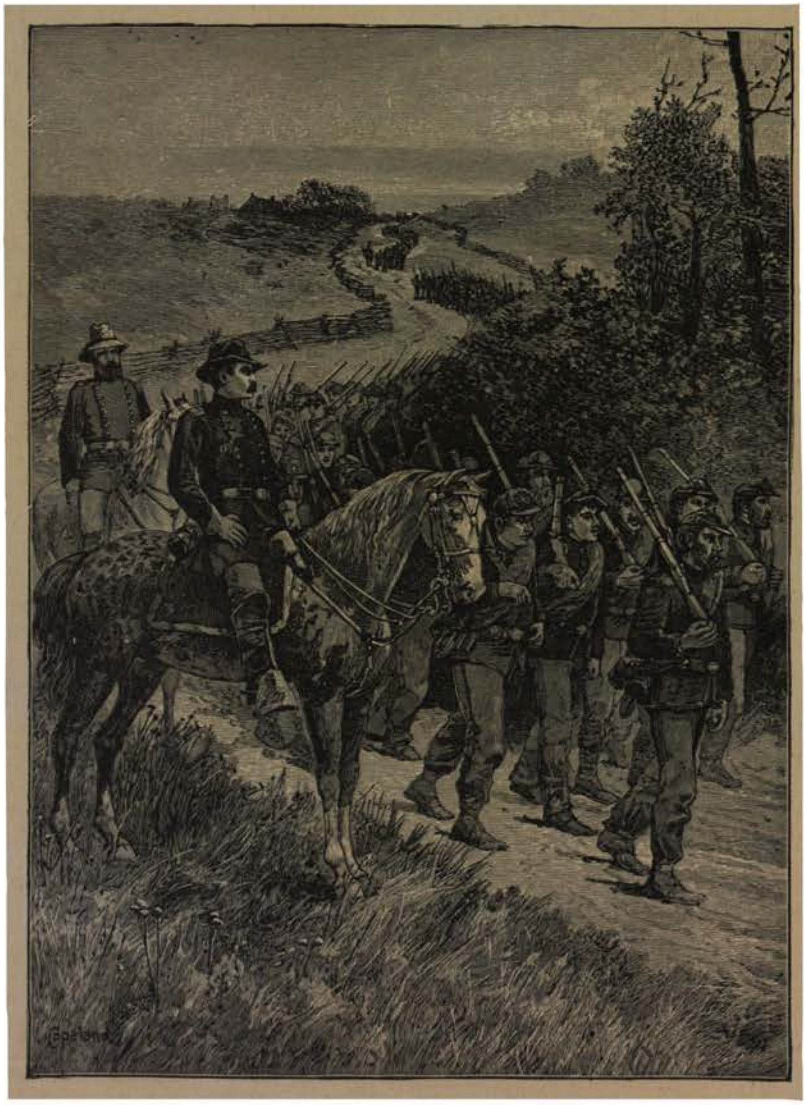

TENORI. ff Tempo di Marcia.
BASSI.
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down, Here's to good old Yale, drink it
down, drink it down, Here's to good old Yale She's so hear - ty and so hale, drink it


FINE.
p
down, drink it, down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bin-go farm. We
cres.
ff
won't go home a-nymore, We won't go home a-nymore, We won't go home a-nymore, Way
down on the Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go,
p
cres.
ff
D.C.
(spoken.)
Bin-go, Bin-go, way down on the Bin-go farm. B, I, N, G, O. my poor *Fresh!

---

*or "Soph!" "Harvard!" or other adversary.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.



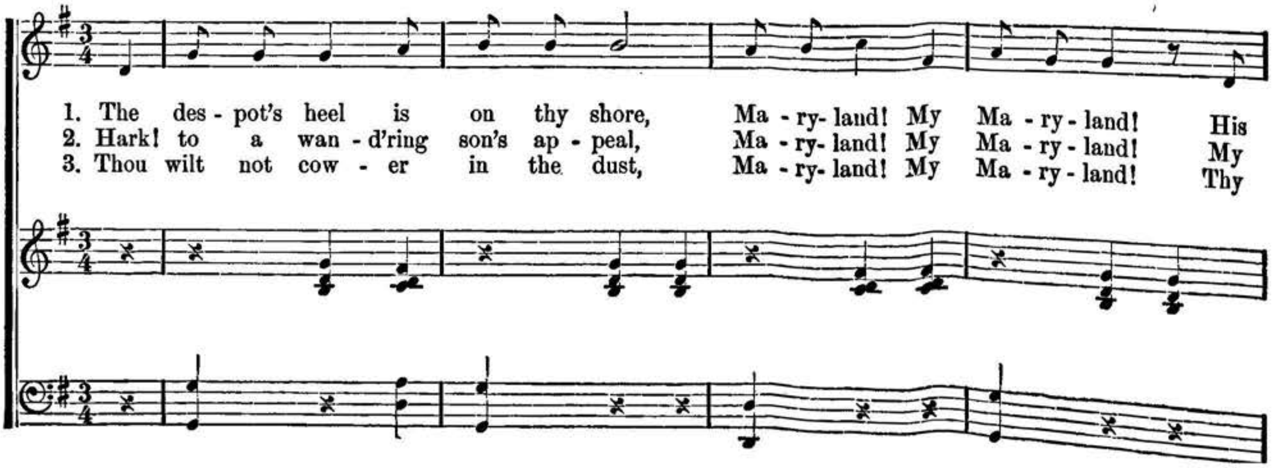
James Ryder Randall, author of the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," was born in Baltimore, on New Year's day, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and when quite young went to Louisiana and edited a newspaper at Point Coupée. From there he went to New Orleans, where he was engaged upon *The Sunday Delta*, and in April, 1861, he wrote his song, "Maryland, my Maryland." At the close of the war he became editor of *The Constitutionalist*, published at Augusta, Georgia.

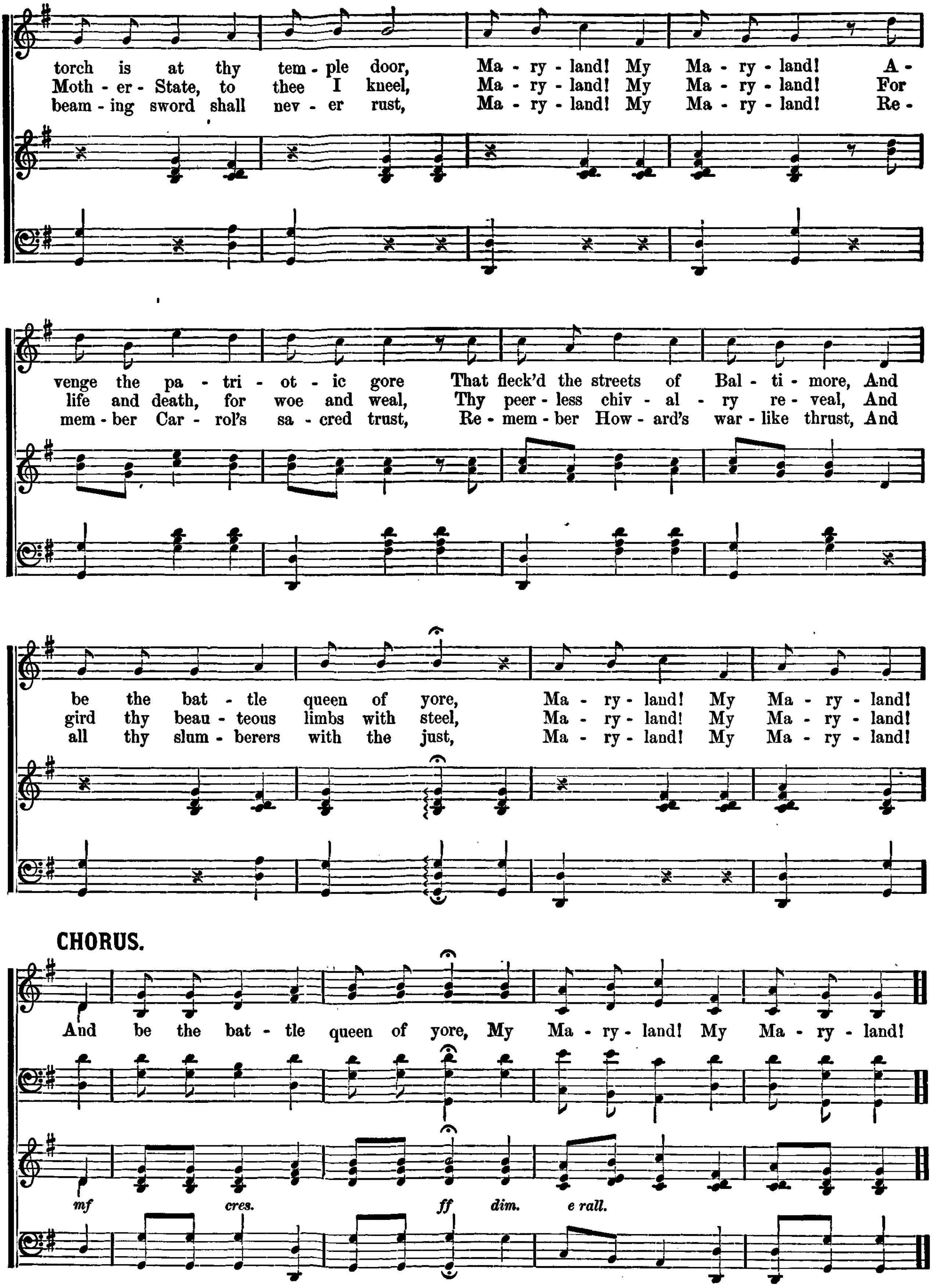
"Maryland, my Maryland," first published in Baltimore, was set to the fine German Burschenlied which begins:

> O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
> Wie grün sind deine Blätter!—

Longfellow's translation of which "O hemlock tree," *etc.*, is well known. "My Maryland" became the finest battle-song of the Southern Confederacy during the war.

⁂


1. The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry- land! My Ma - ry - land! His
2. Hark! to a wan - d'ring son's ap - peal, Ma - ry- land! My Ma - ry - land! My
3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry- land! My Ma - ry - land! Thy


torch is at thy temple door, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! A-
Mother-State, to thee I kneel, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! For
beaming sword shall never rust, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! Re-
venge the patriotic gore That fleck'd the streets of Baltimore, And
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peerless chivalry reveal, And
member Carrol's sacred trust, Remember Howard's warlike thrust, And
be the battle queen of yore, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land!
gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land!
all thy slumberers with the just, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land!
CHORUS.
And be the battle queen of yore, My Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land!
mf
cres.
ff
dim.
e rall.

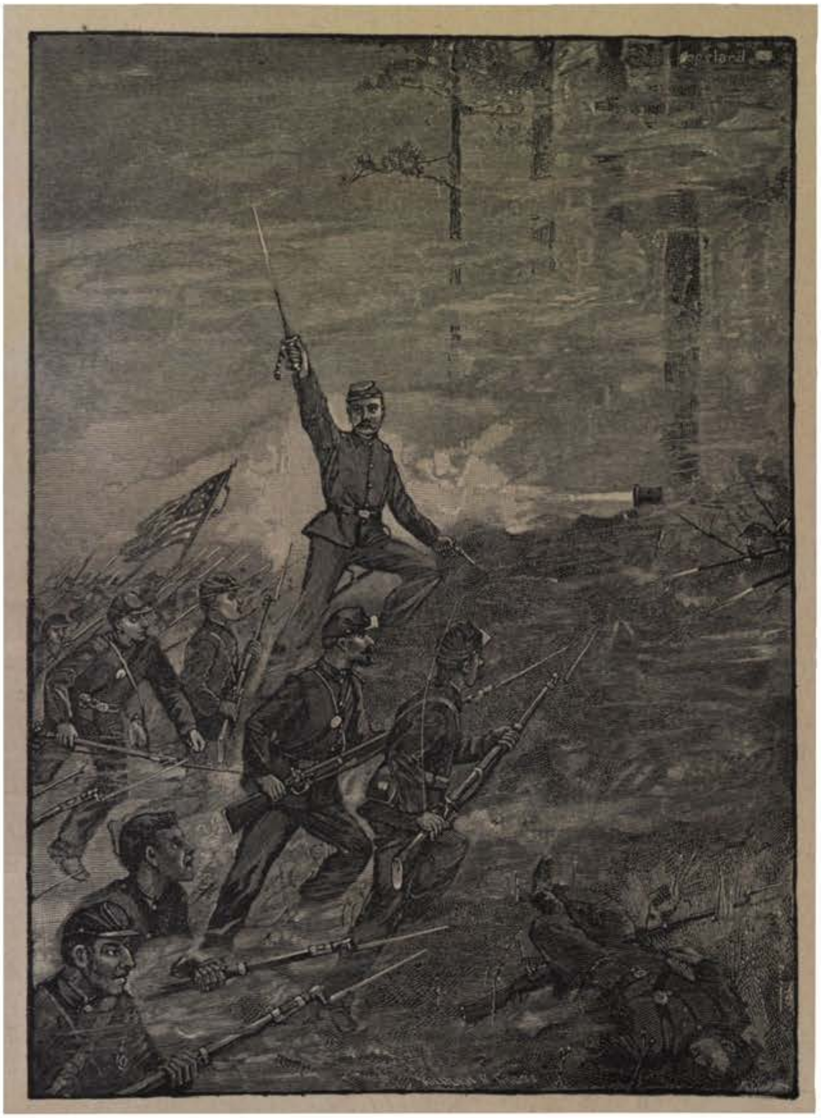
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark! to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland! My Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland! My Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Remember Carrol's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland! My Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain;
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland! My Maryland!

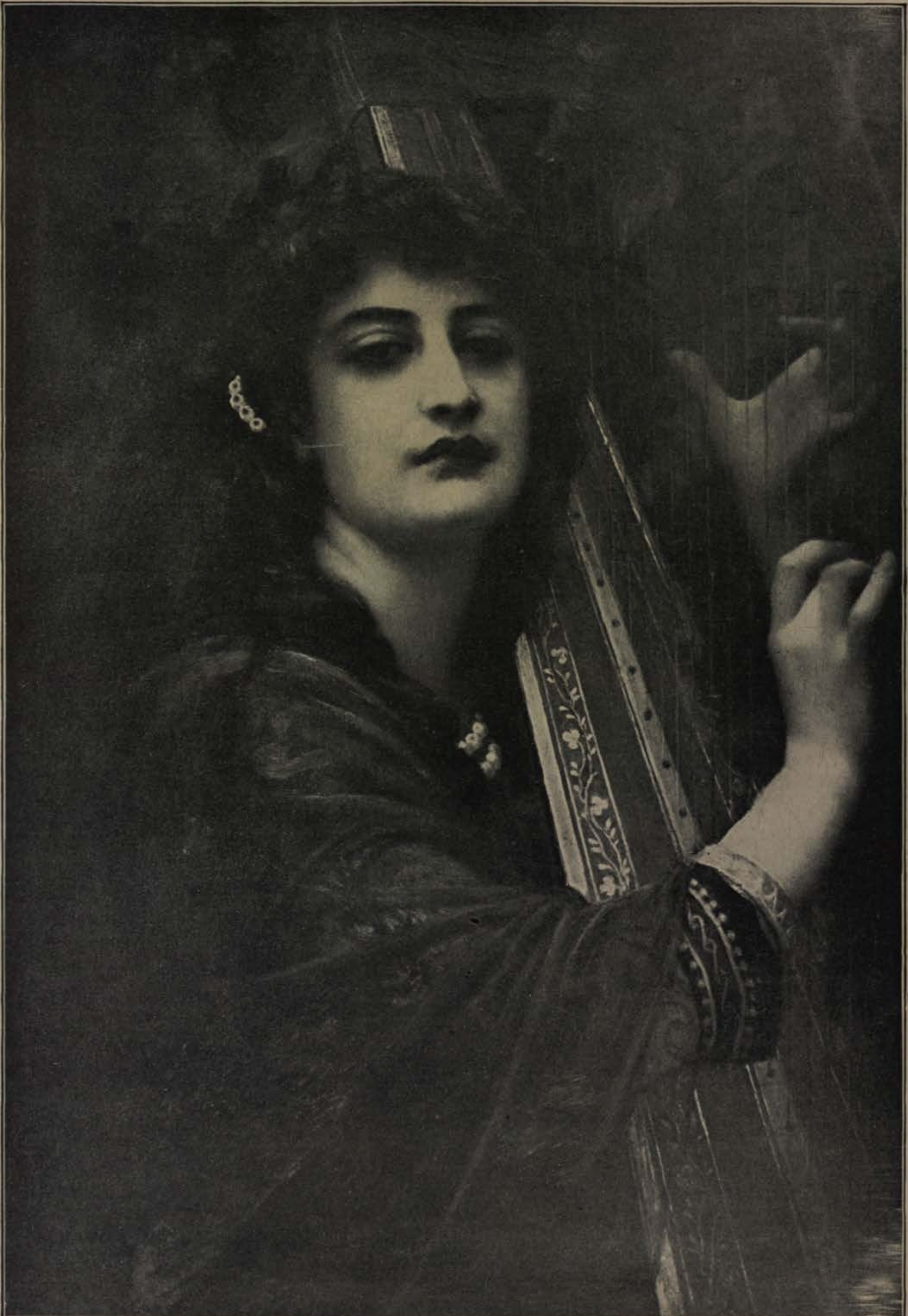


Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

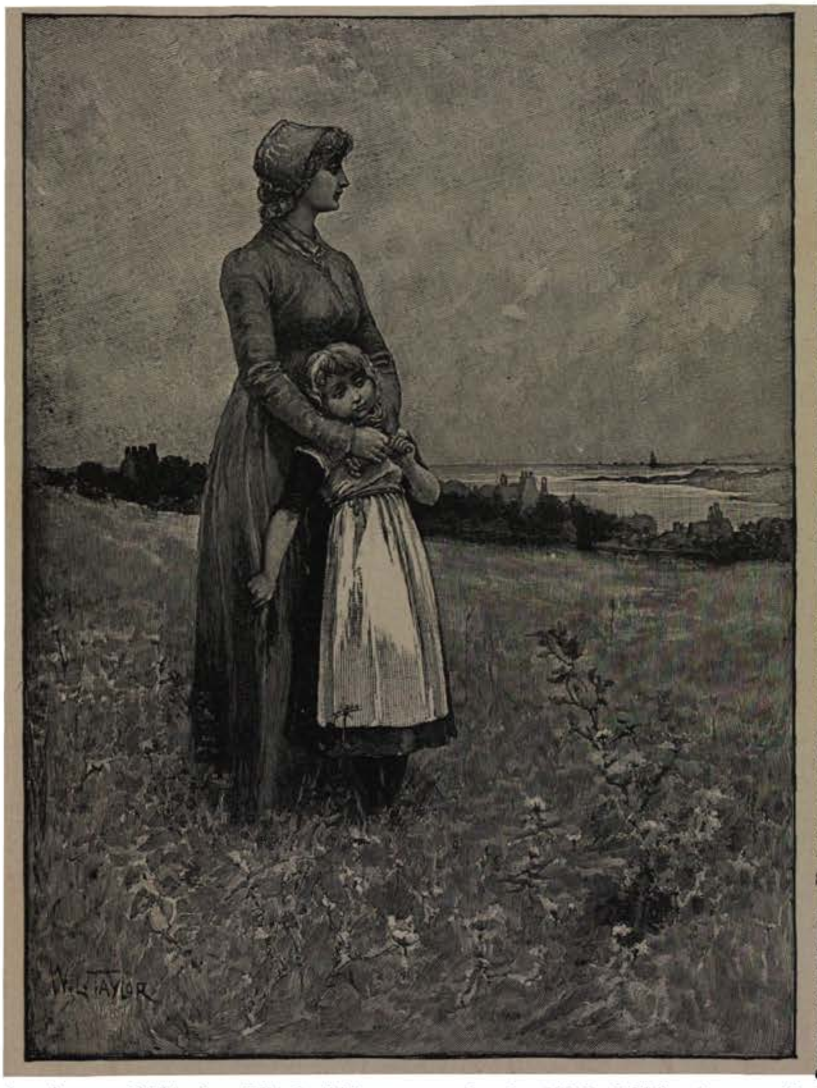
Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!



IRISH MELODY.

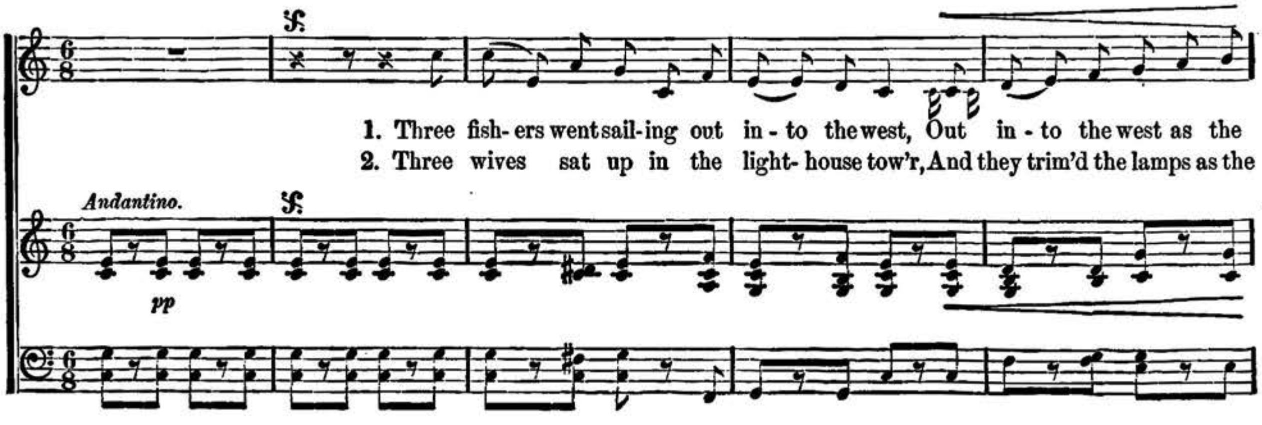
THREE FISHERS.

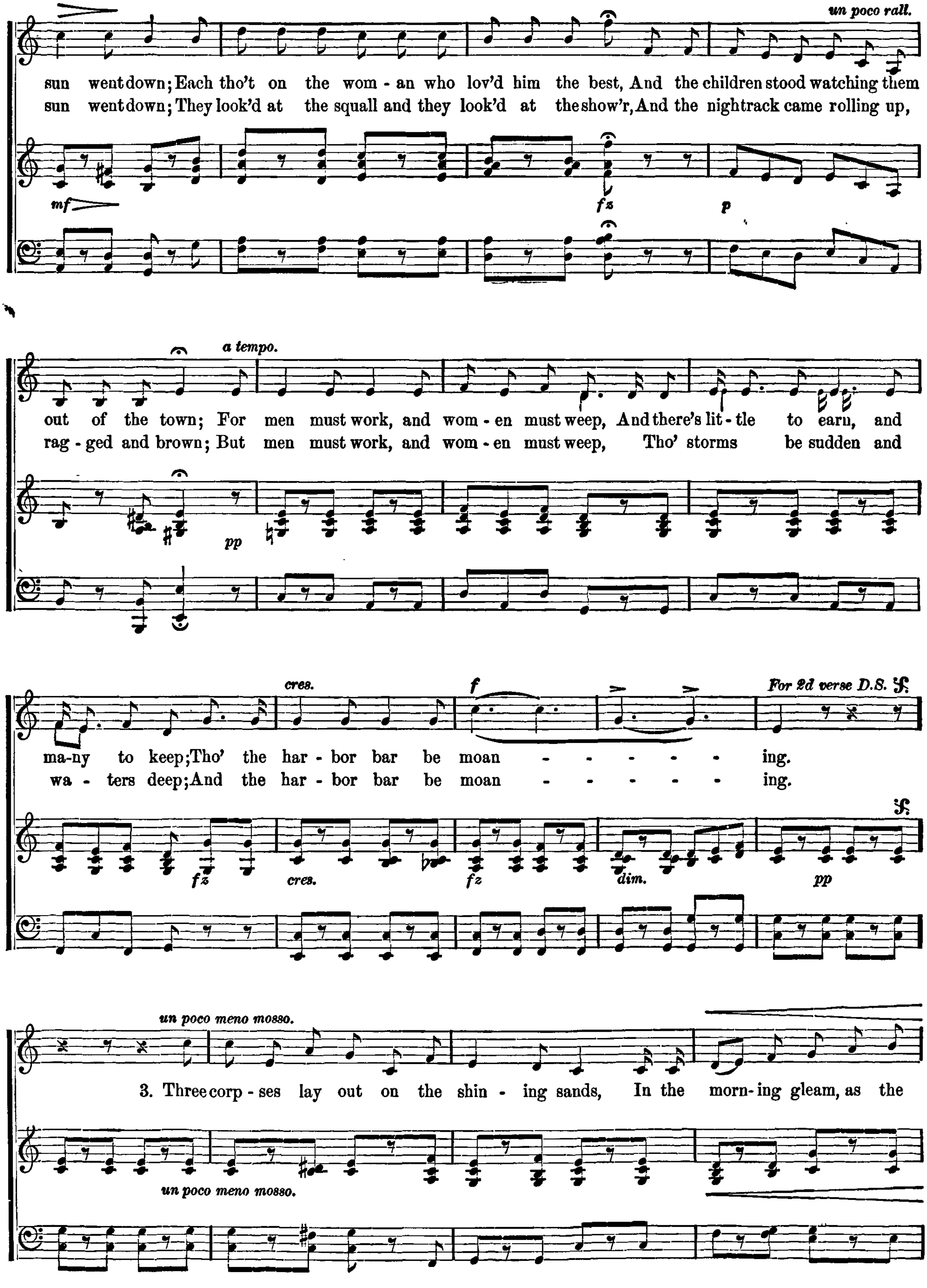


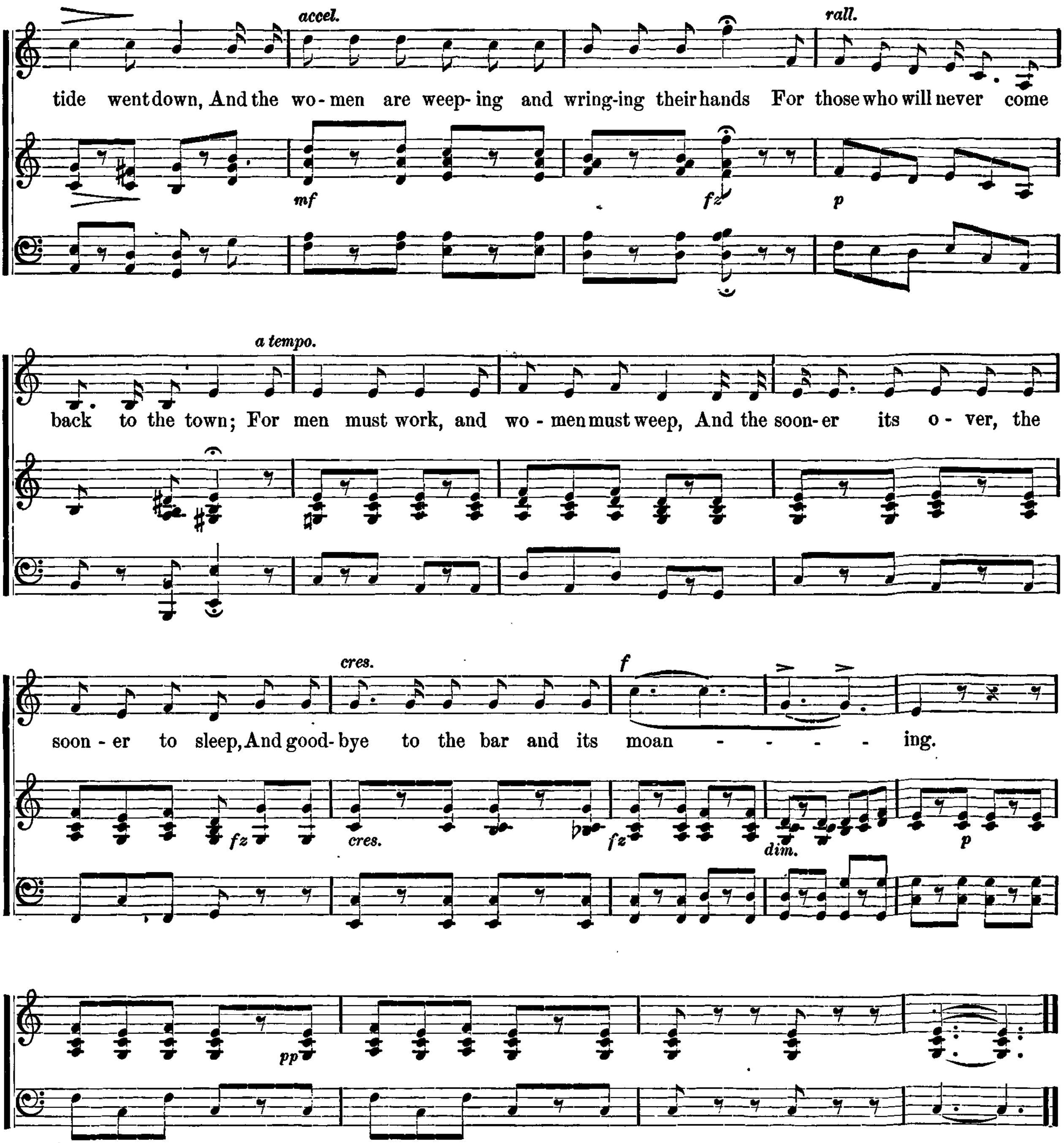
THE great English preacher, novelist, and poet, **CHARLES KINGSLEY**, was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, June 12, 1819. He was a distinguished student at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and became rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge, which chair he resigned to become Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain to the Queen. His tour in the United States, in 1873–'4, will long be pleasantly remembered. He died in London, January 23, 1875.

While Mr. Kingsley was a boy, his father was rector of the parish of Clovelly, and from that little fishing village he had often seen the herring fleet put to sea. On such occasions, it was his father's custom to hold a short religious service on the quay, in which not only the fishermen, but their mothers, wives, sweethearts and children joined fervently. Years afterward, at the close of a weary day's work, remembering these scenes, he wrote the song.

"Three Fishers" was set to its most familiar air by **JOHN HULLAH**, who was born in Worcester, England, in 1812. His comic opera, "The Village Coquettes," written in conjunction with Dickens, and brought out in 1836, first made him known to the public. He wrote a few more operas, and then gave his attention to establishing in England a style of popular music school, which had proved successful in Paris. A spacious hall was built for him, but was burned down in 1860. He was Professor of Vocal Music and Harmony in King's, Queen's and Bedford Colleges, London; organist of the Charter-house; conductor of the orchestra and chorus in the Royal Academy of Music; Musical Inspector for the United Kingdom, and a musical writer of repute. He died in February, 1884.


1. Three fish- ers went sail- ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the
2. Three wives sat up in the light- house tow'r, And they trim'd the lamps as the
Andantino.
pp


un poco rall.
sun went down; Each tho't on the wom - an who lov'd him the best, And the children stood watching them
sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the nightrack came rolling up,
mf
fz
p
a tempo.
out of the town; For men must work, and wom - en must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and
rag - ged and brown; But men must work, and wom - en must weep, Tho' storms be sudden and
pp
cres.
f
For 2d verse D.S. 𝄋
ma-ny to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be moan - - - - - - ing.
wa - ters deep; And the har - bor bar be moan - - - - - - ing.
𝄋
fz
cres.
fz
dim.
pp
un poco meno mosso.
3. Three corp - ses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam, as the
un poco meno mosso.


accel.
rall.
tide went down, And the wo-men are weep-ing and wring-ing their hands For those who will never come
mf
fz
p
a tempo.
back to the town; For men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon-er its o-ver, the
cres.
f
soon-er to sleep, And good-bye to the bar and its moan - - - - ing.
fz
cres.
fz
dim.
p
pp

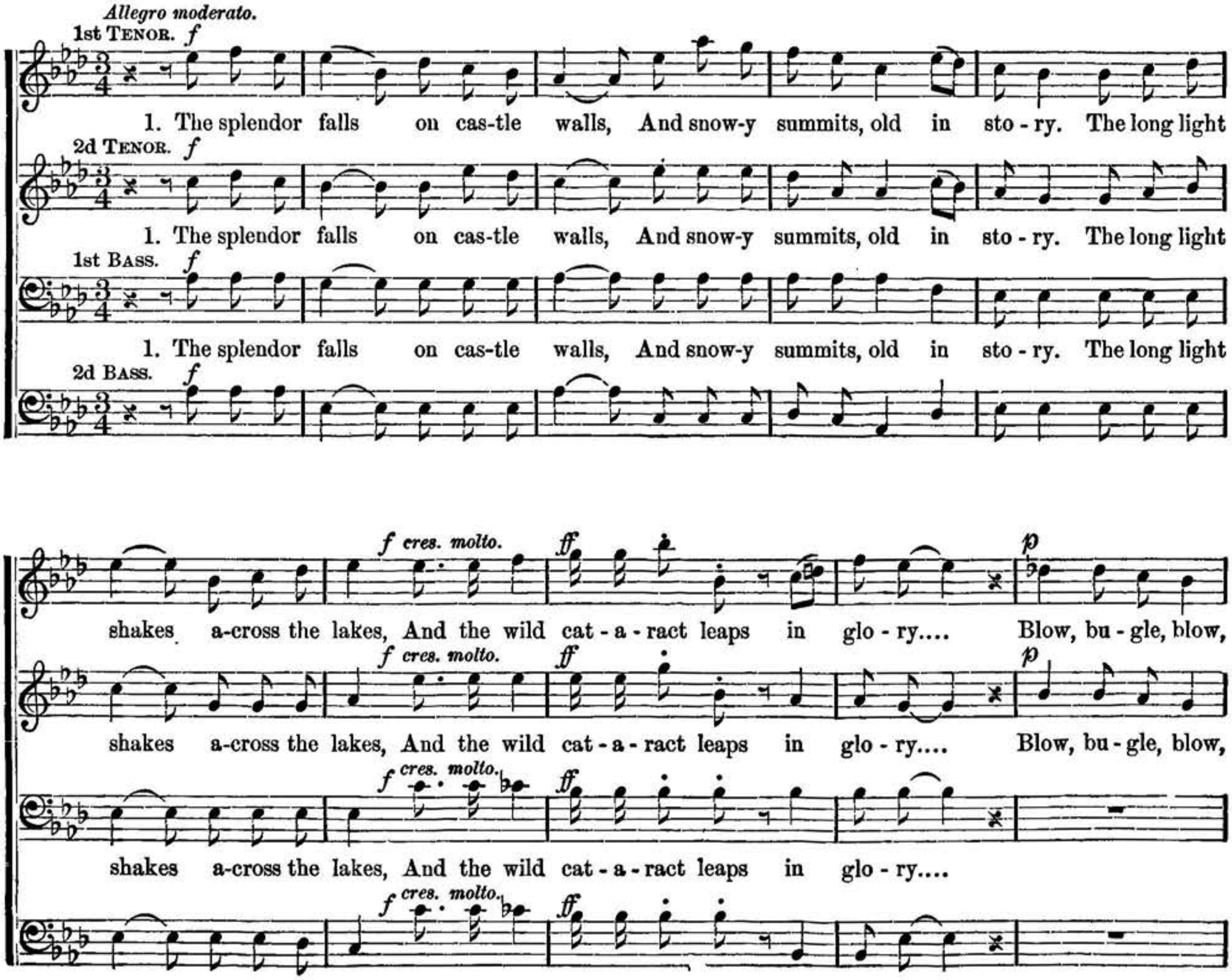
Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and woman must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep;
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

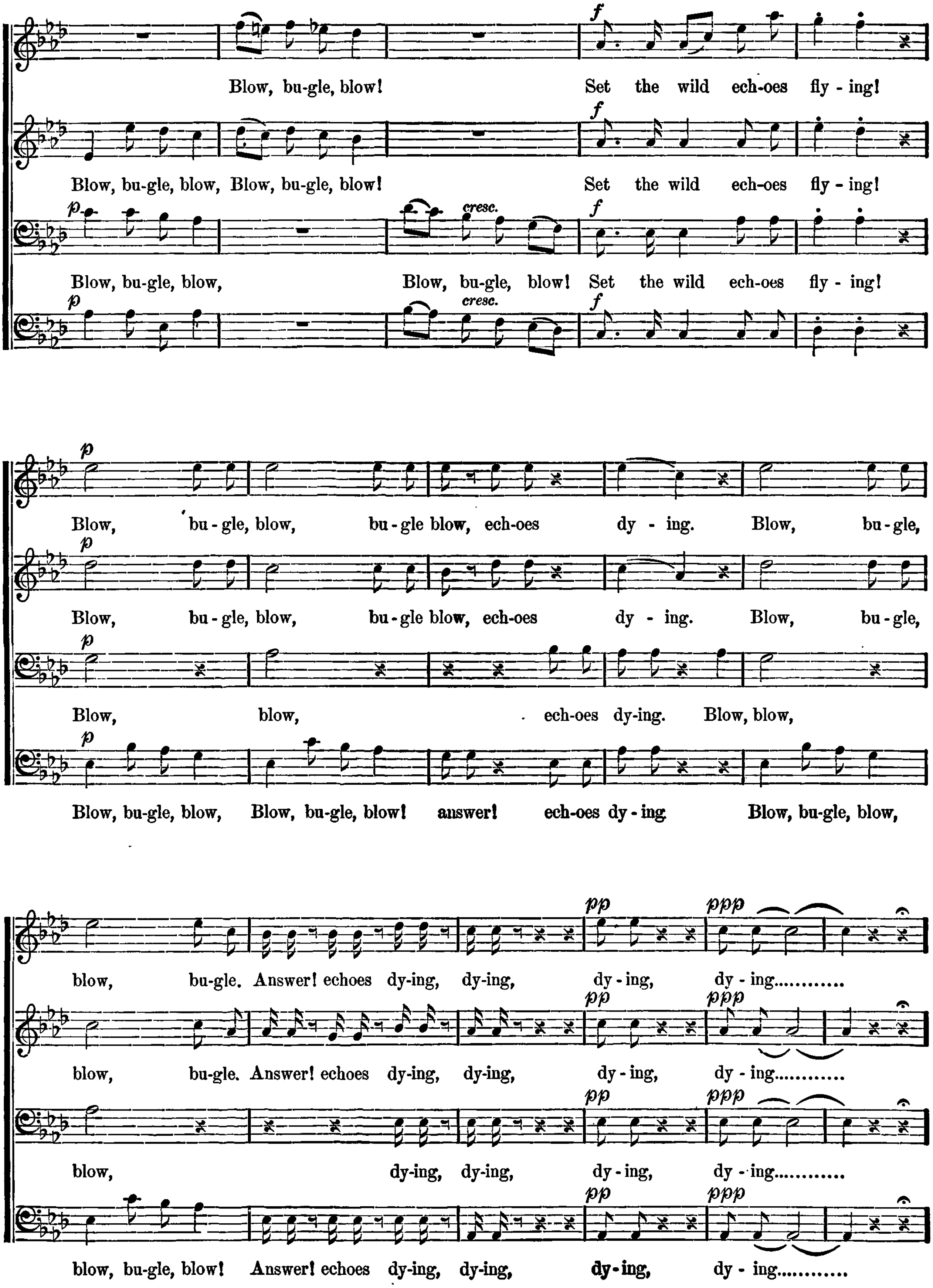
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown:
But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep:
And the harbor bar be moaning.

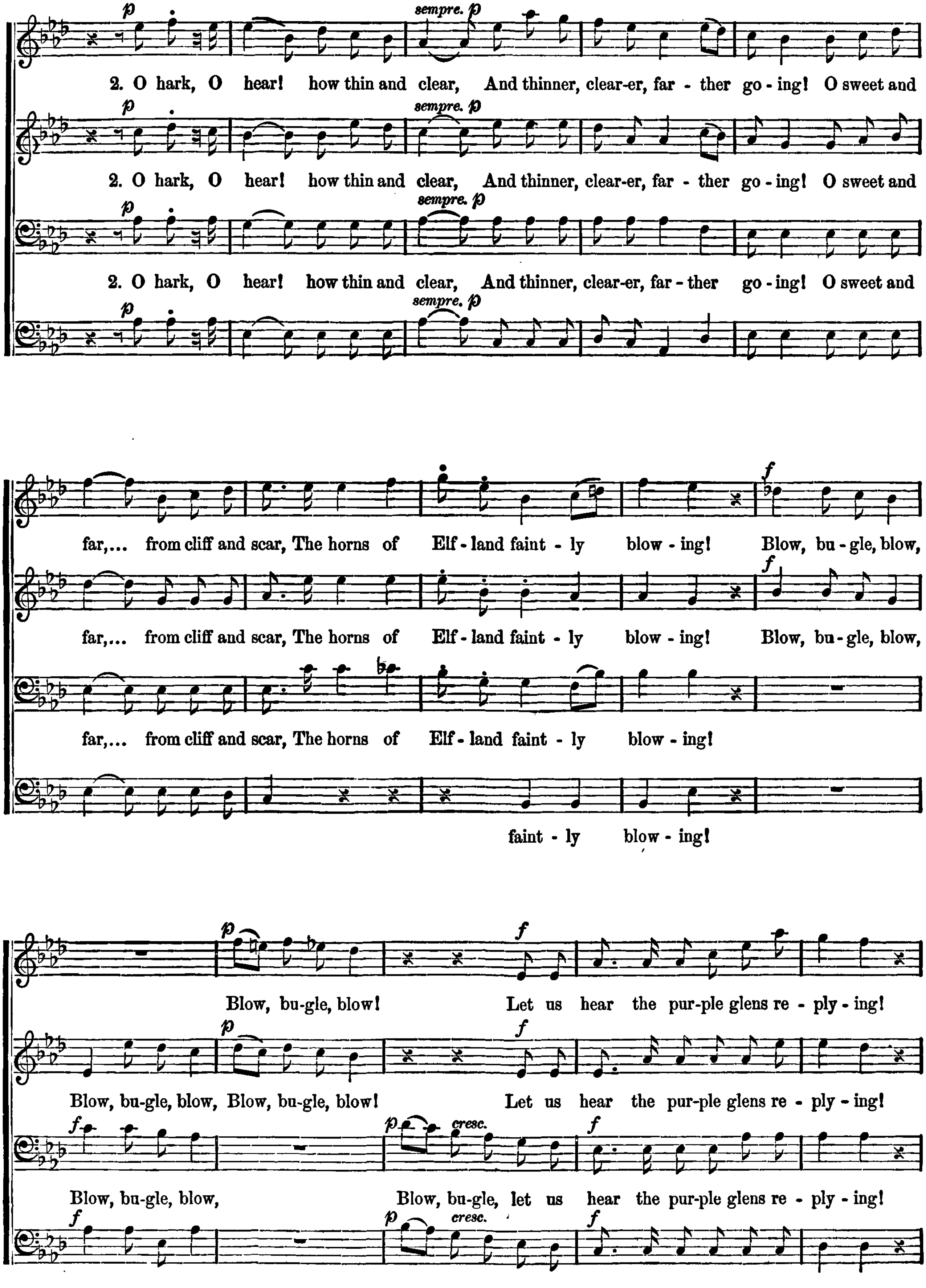
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

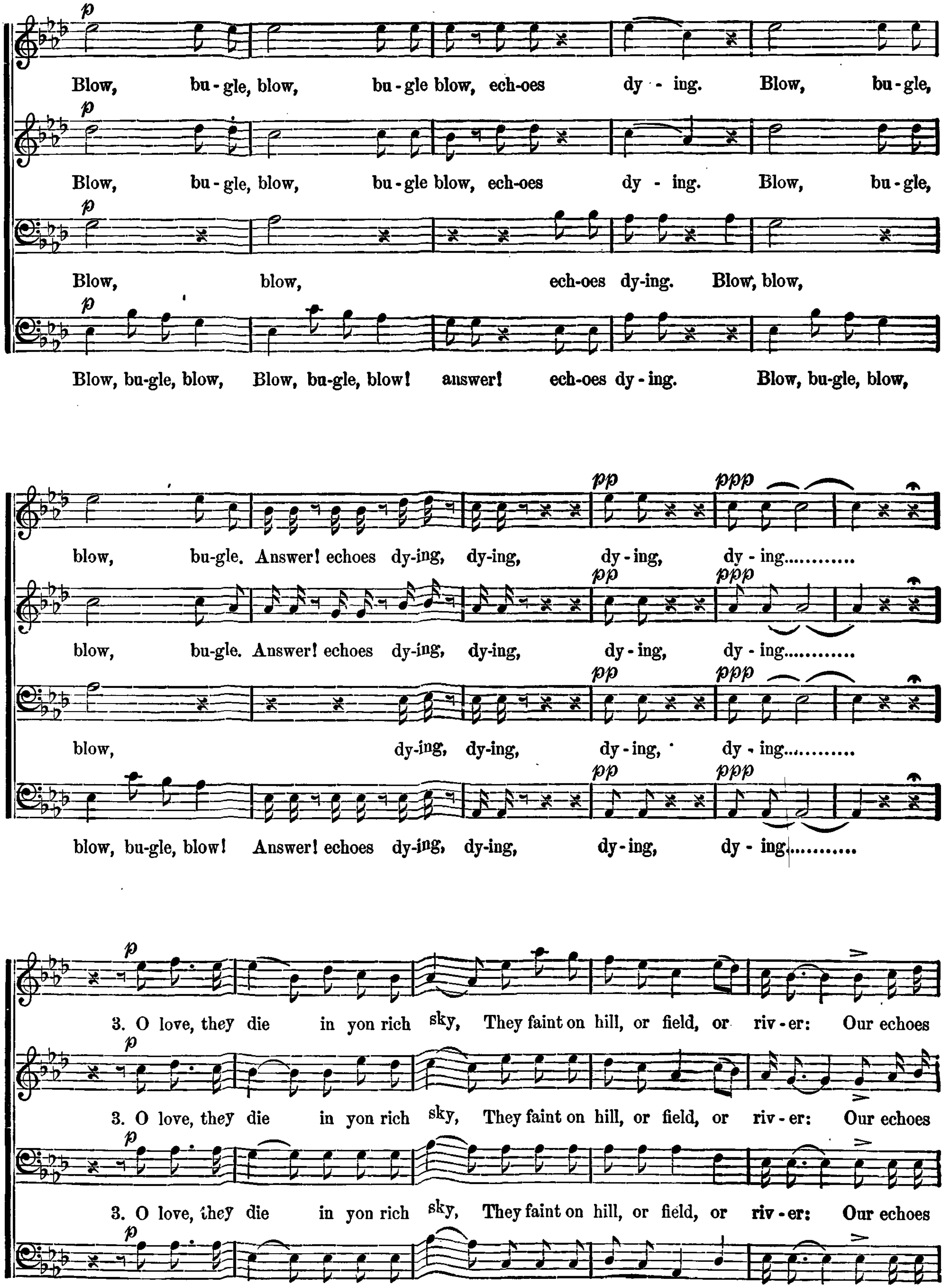
BUGLE SONG.

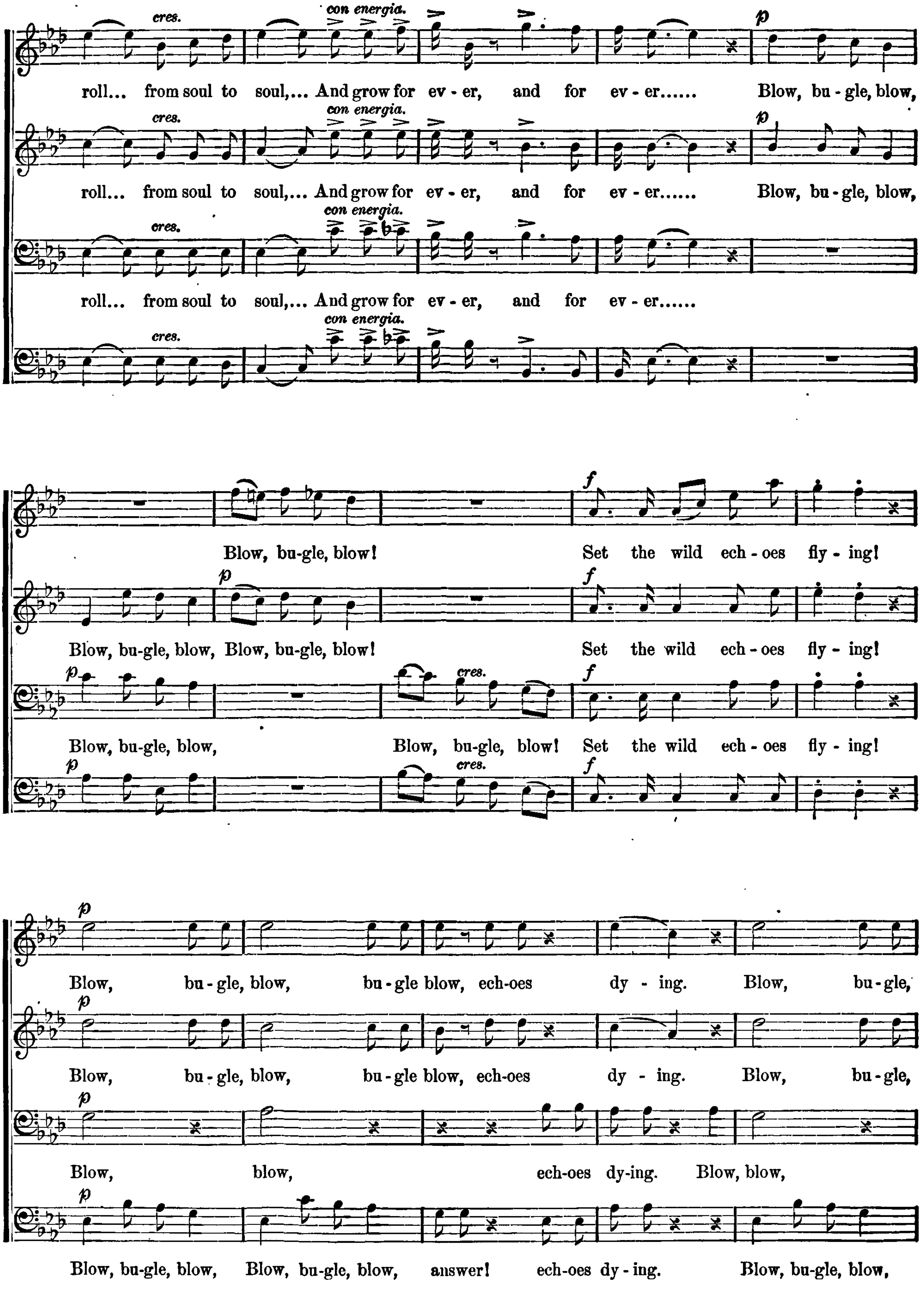
John Leiphot Hatton, the composer of the "Bugle Song," has made his mark in the field of music by consenting to spend his life writing small works. He is an acknowledged authority on part-songs and some of the best examples of English part writing have come from his pen. He has written incidental music to a number of Shakespeare's plays including "Macbeth," "Richard II," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," and "Much Ado about Nothing." In 1848 Mr. Hatton visited America and has always been interested in American singers, most of whom know and love his songs. His "Bugle Song" is one of the most popular of his part-songs for male voices. The words are by **Tennyson**.

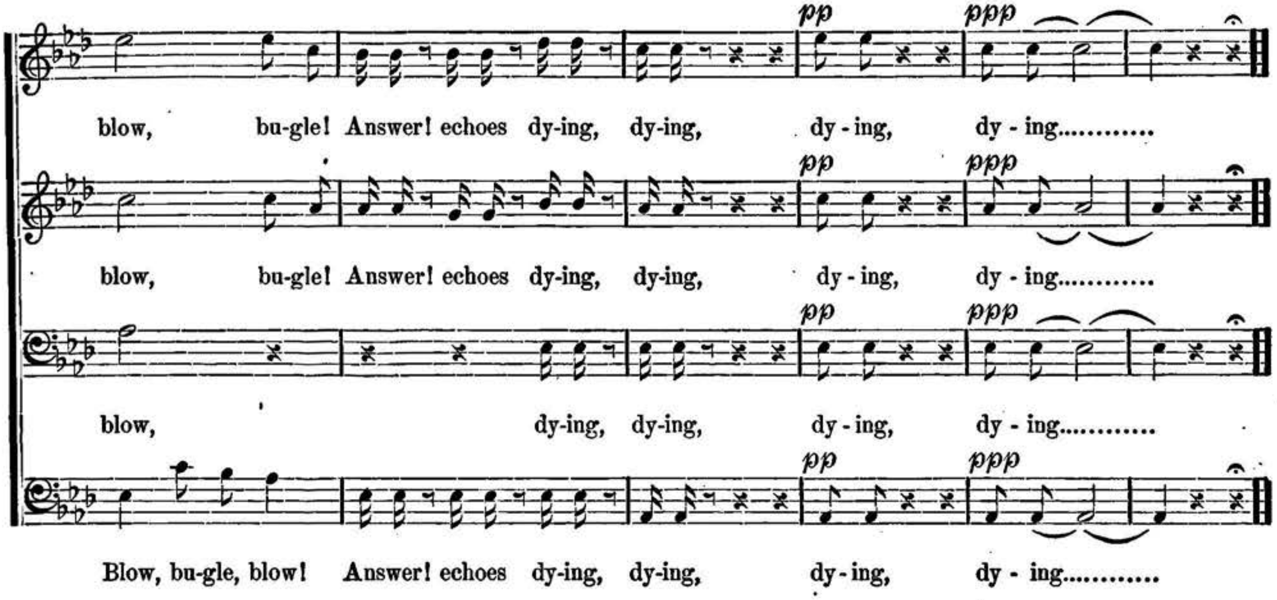

Allegro moderato.
1st Tenor. f
1. The splendor falls on cas-tle walls, And snow-y summits, old in sto - ry. The long light
2d Tenor. f
1. The splendor falls on cas-tle walls, And snow-y summits, old in sto - ry. The long light
1st Bass. f
1. The splendor falls on cas-tle walls, And snow-y summits, old in sto - ry. The long light
2d Bass. f
f cres. molto.
ff
p
shakes a-cross the lakes, And the wild cat - a - ract leaps in glo - ry.... Blow, bu - gle, blow,
f cres. molto.
ff
p
shakes a-cross the lakes, And the wild cat - a - ract leaps in glo - ry.... Blow, bu - gle, blow,
f cres. molto.
ff
shakes a-cross the lakes, And the wild cat - a - ract leaps in glo - ry....
f cres. molto.
ff


f
Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech-oes fly - ing!
f
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech-oes fly - ing!
p cresc. f
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech-oes fly - ing!
p cresc. f
p
Blow, bu - gle, blow, bu - gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle,
p
Blow, bu - gle, blow, bu - gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle,
p
Blow, blow, ech-oes dy-ing. Blow, blow,
p
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! answer! ech-oes dy - ing Blow, bu-gle, blow,
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle. Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle. Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle, blow! Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing............


p
sempre. p
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clear-er, far - ther go - ing! O sweet and
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clear-er, far - ther go - ing! O sweet and
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clear-er, far - ther go - ing! O sweet and
far,... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf - land faint - ly blow - ing! Blow, bu - gle, blow,
far,... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf - land faint - ly blow - ing! Blow, bu - gle, blow,
far,... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf - land faint - ly blow - ing!
faint - ly blow - ing!
f
Blow, bu-gle, blow! Let us hear the pur-ple glens re - ply - ing!
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! Let us hear the pur-ple glens re - ply - ing!
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, let us hear the pur-ple glens re - ply - ing!
cresc.


p
Blow, bu-gle, blow, bu-gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle,
p
Blow, bu-gle, blow, bu-gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle,
p
Blow, blow, ech-oes dy-ing. Blow, blow,
p
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! answer! ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle, blow,
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle. Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle. Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp ppp
blow, bu-gle, blow! Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
p
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill, or field, or riv - er: Our echoes
p
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill, or field, or riv - er: Our echoes
p
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill, or field, or riv - er: Our echoes
p

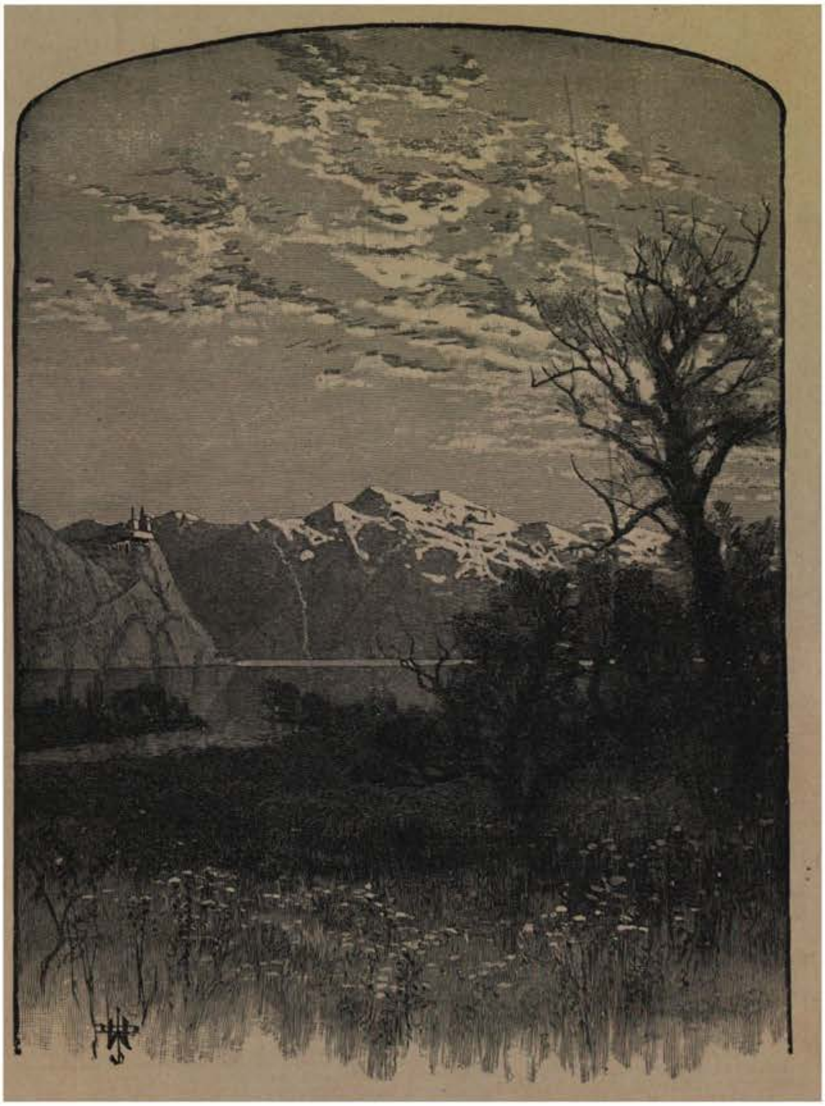

cres.
con energia.
roll... from soul to soul,... And grow for ev - er, and for ev - er...... Blow, bu - gle, blow,
roll... from soul to soul,... And grow for ev - er, and for ev - er...... Blow, bu - gle, blow,
roll... from soul to soul,... And grow for ev - er, and for ev - er......
p
f
Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing!
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing!
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow! Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing!
Blow, bu - gle, blow, bu - gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu - gle,
Blow, bu - gle, blow, bu - gle blow, ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu - gle,
Blow, blow, ech-oes dy-ing. Blow, blow,
Blow, bu-gle, blow, Blow, bu-gle, blow, answer! ech-oes dy - ing. Blow, bu-gle, blow,


pp
ppp
blow, bu-gle! Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp
ppp
blow, bu-gle! Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp
ppp
blow, dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing, dy - ing............
pp
ppp
Blow, bu-gle, blow! Answer! echoes dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing............

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

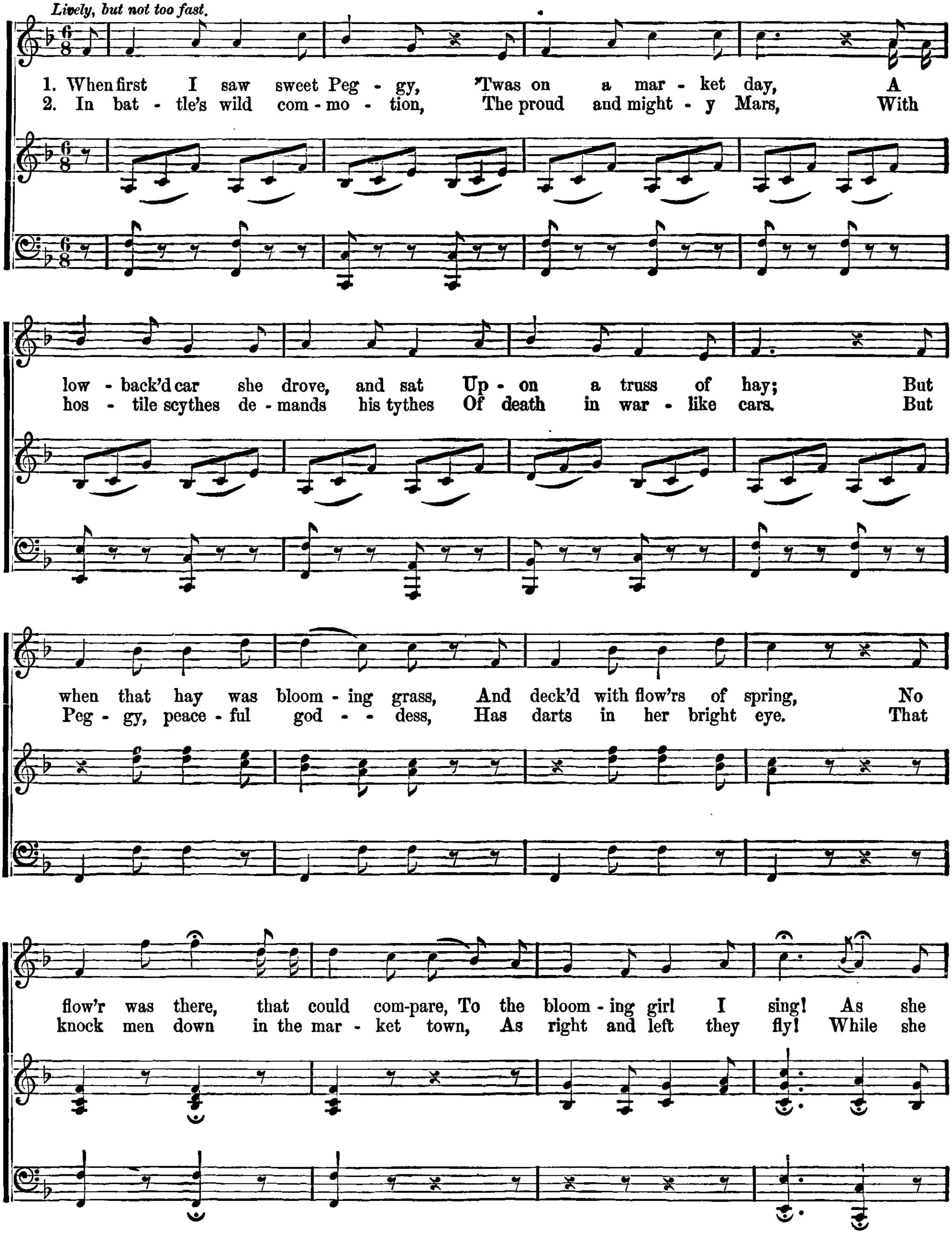
Oh hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

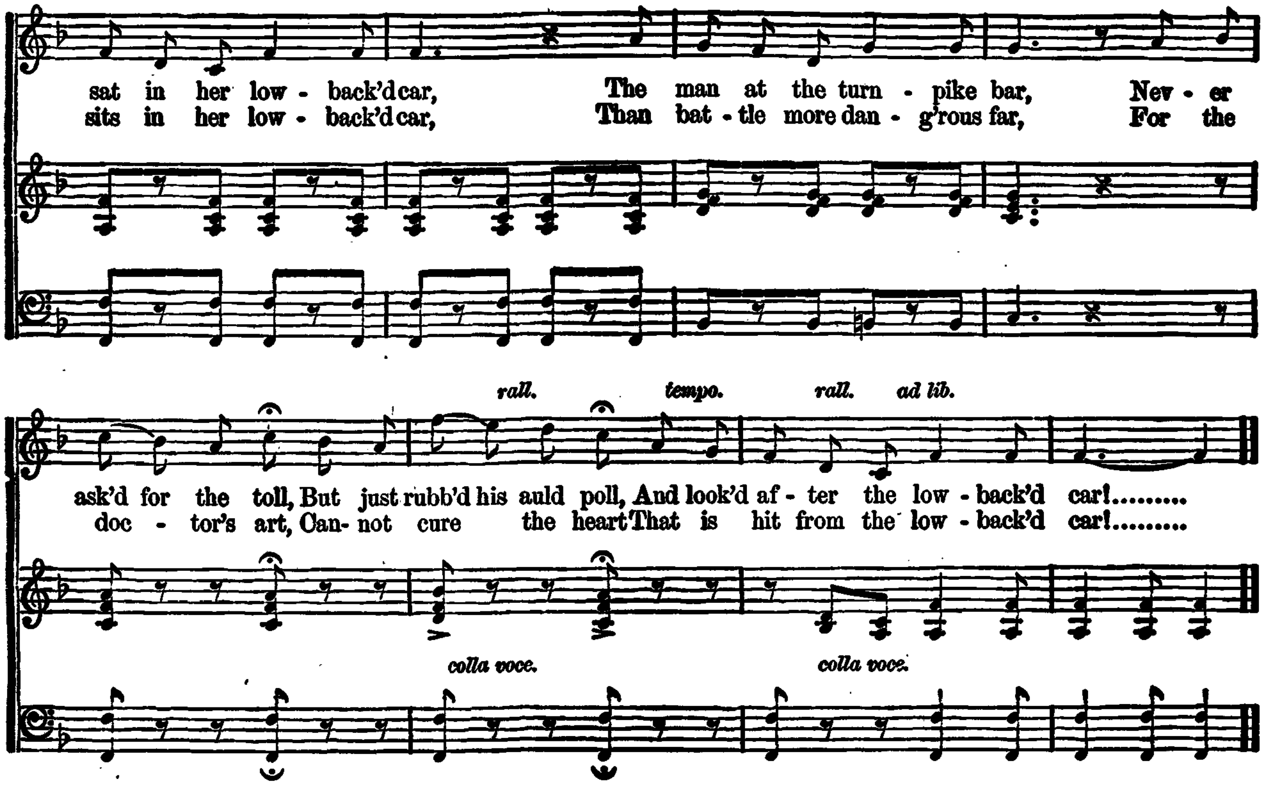
Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

"THE Low-Backed Car" was one of the songs which SAMUEL LOVER wrote and composed for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."


Lively, but not too fast.
1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day, A
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With
low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But
hos - tile scythes de - mands his tythes Of death in war - like cars. But
when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
Peg - gy, peace - ful god - - dess, Has darts in her bright eye. That
flow'r was there, that could com-pare, To the bloom - ing girl I sing! As she
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they fly! While she


sat in her low - back'd car, The man at the turn - pike bar, Nev - er
sits in her low - back'd car, Than bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the
rall.
tempo.
rall.
ad lib.
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car!.........
doc - tor's art, Can- not cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car!.........
colla voce.
colla voce.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there, that could compare,
To the blooming girl I sing!

As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turn-pike bar,
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his auld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car!

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands his tythes
Of death in war-like cars.
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye.
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly!

While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art,
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car!

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these.
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love.

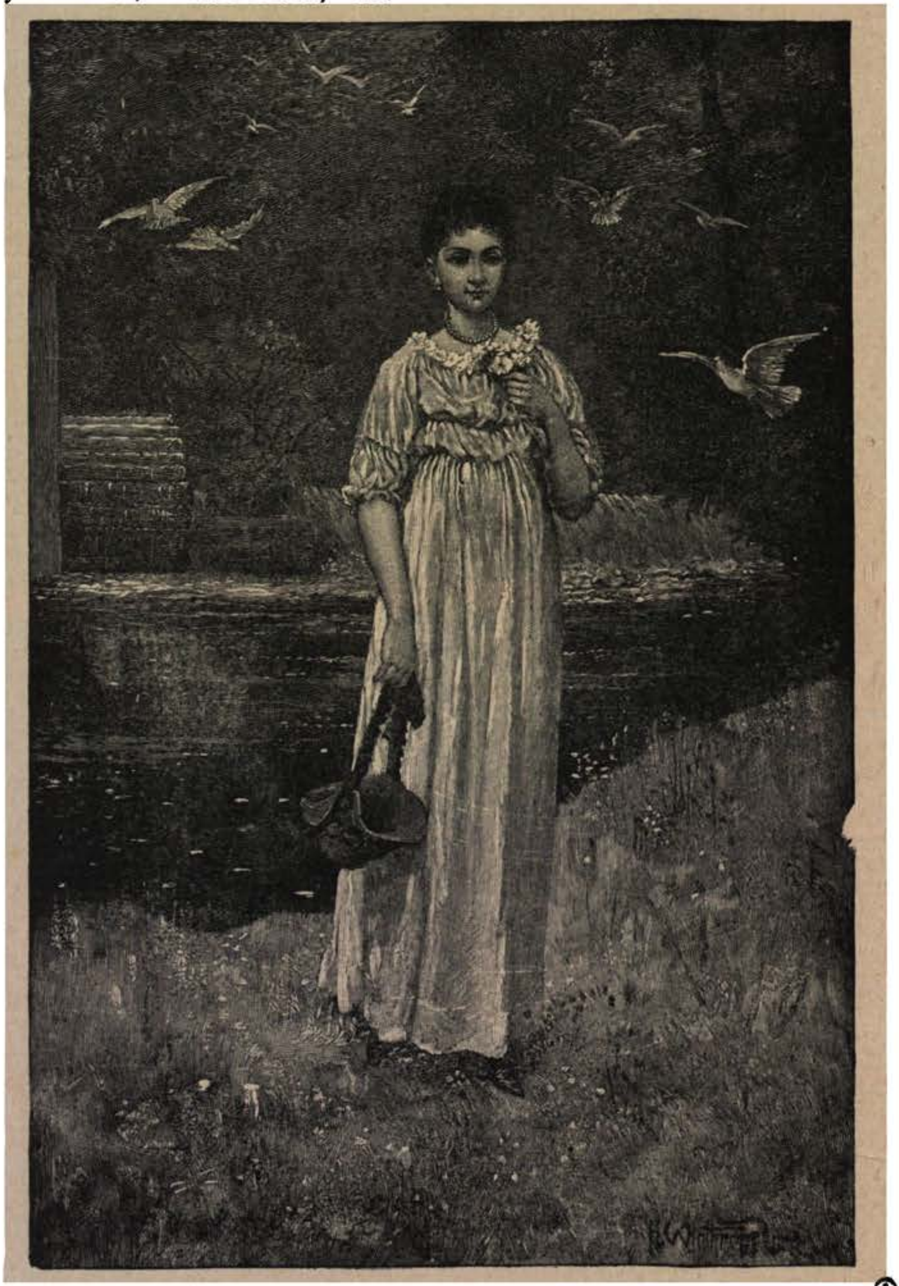
While she sits in her low-backed car
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken,
That Peggy is pickin',
While she sits in her low-backed car.

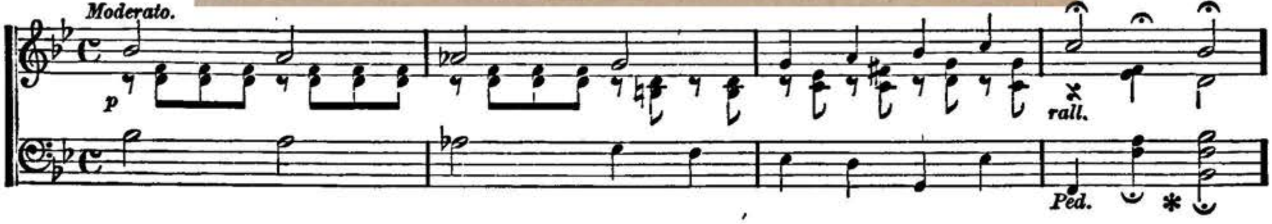
I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,—
While Peggy would be beside me,
With my arm around her waist.

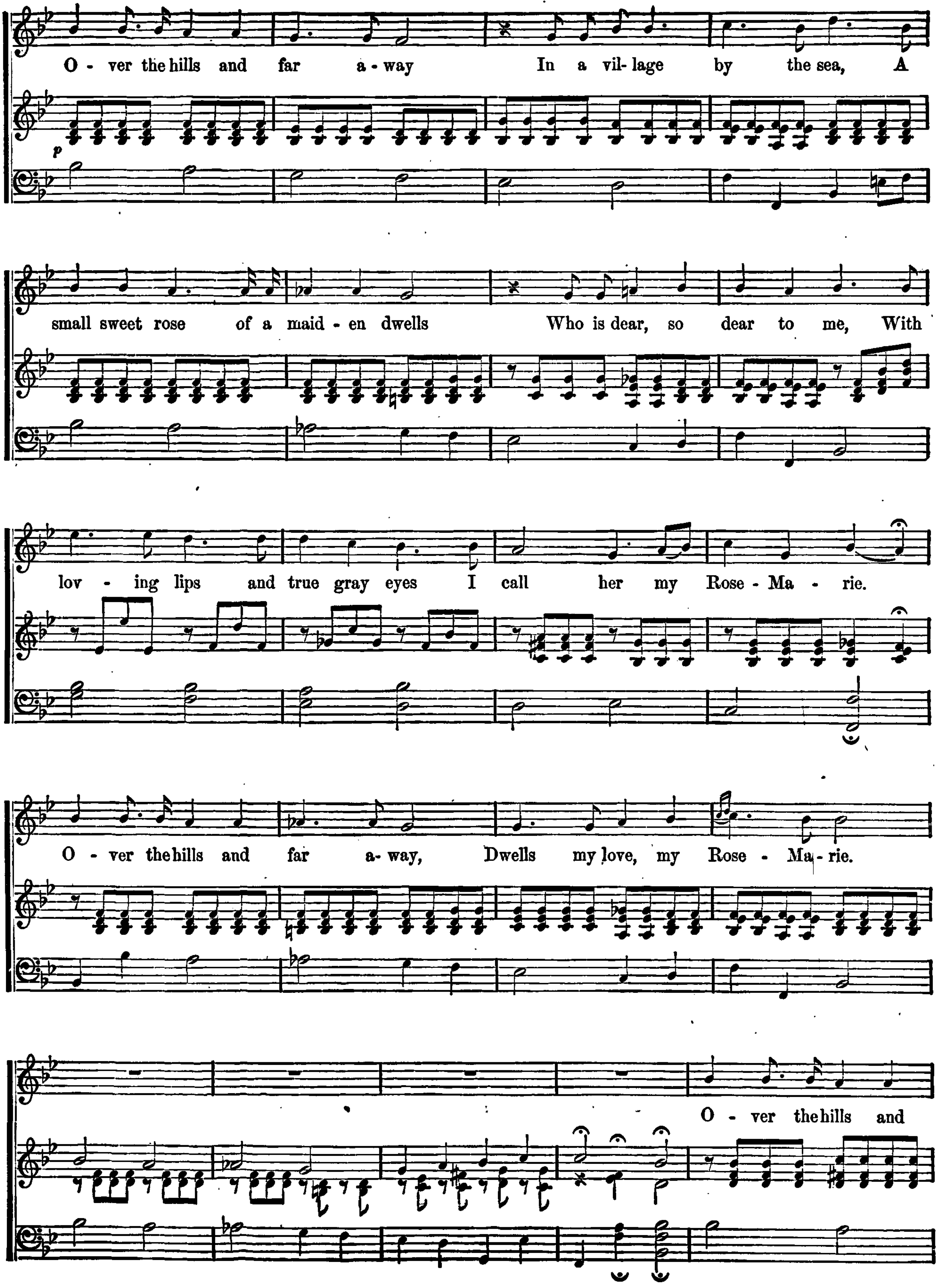
As we drove in a low-backed car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh! my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

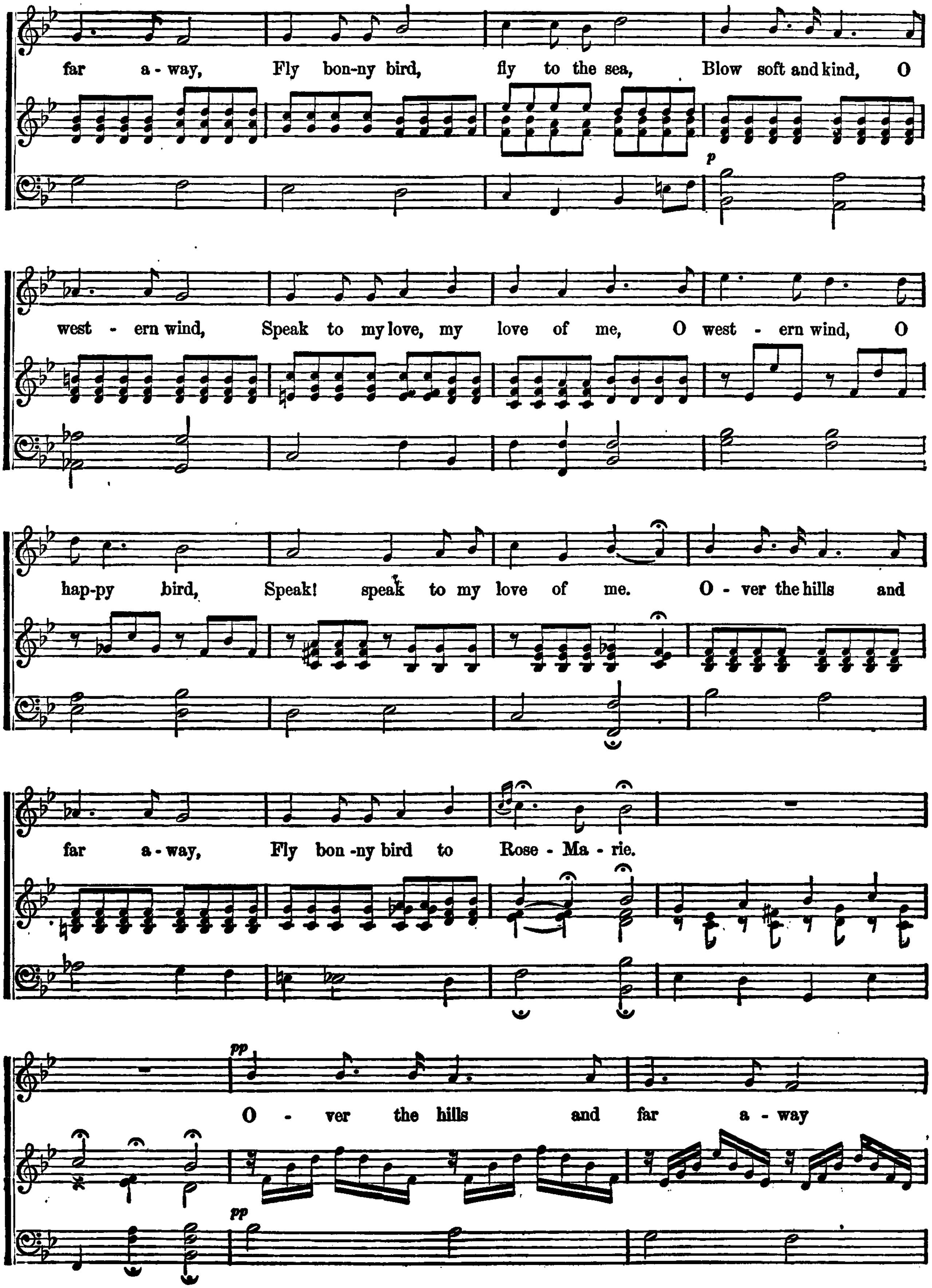
ROSE-MARIE.

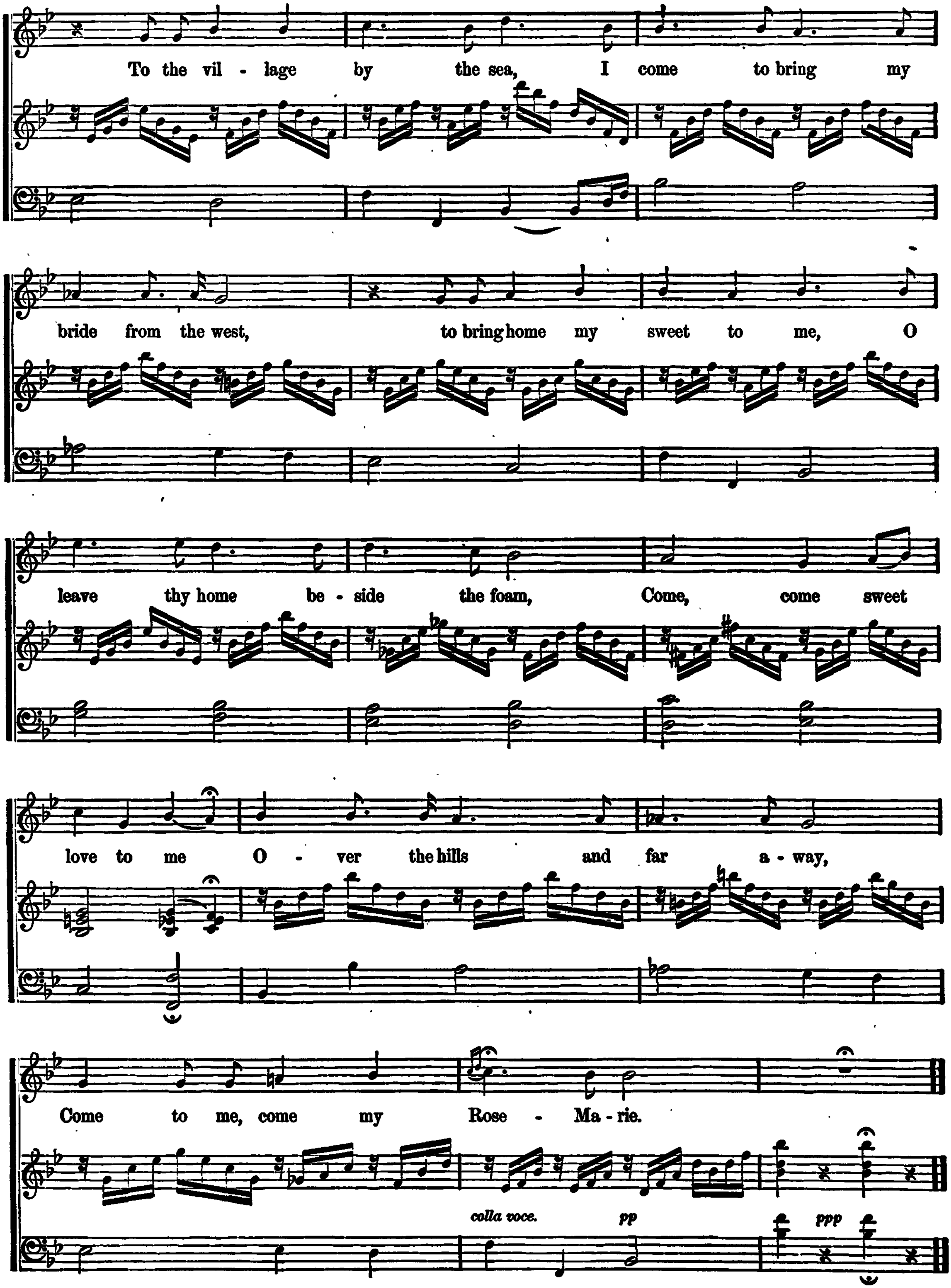
THE Collaboration of sympathetic authors and musical composers is not only the source of some of the most thoroughly genuine songs of the day, but is itself a subject of popular interest. Hardly less known than the celebrated co-operation of Gilbert and Sullivan, is the relation subsisting between FREDERIC E. WEATHERLEY, one of the most popular lyric writers of the present day, and several of the leading musical composers, including JAMES L. MOLLOY and Stephen Adams. For the latter he wrote the words of "Nancy Lee," "The Midshipmite," and other songs. His work with Molloy has been more extended, and includes the authorship of the words of some of that composer's most popular productions. Among these are "Polly," "Darby and Joan," "Rose-Marie," etc.



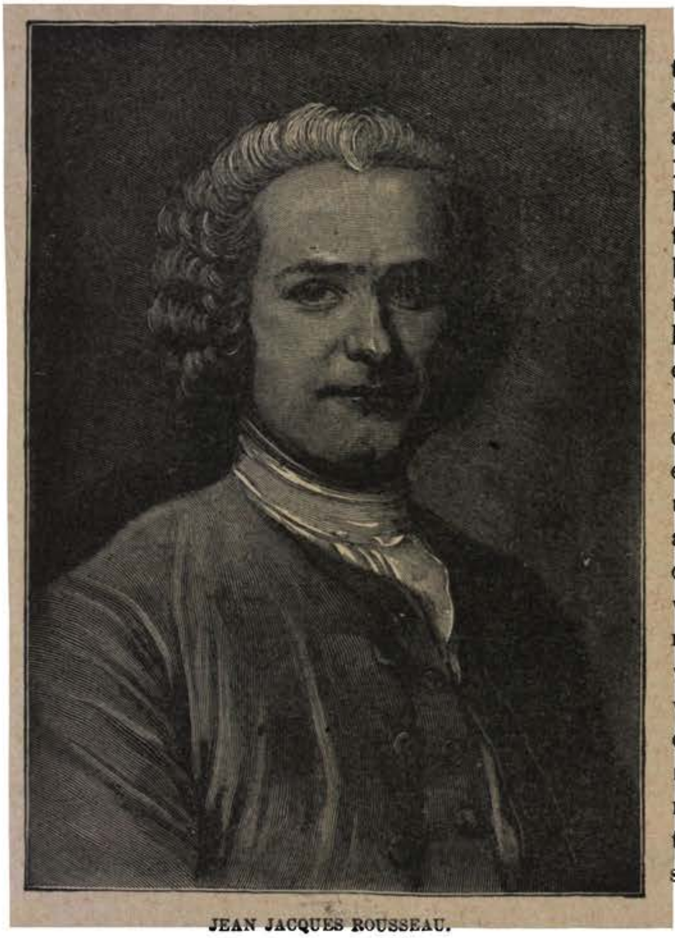



O - ver the hills and far a - way In a vil- lage by the sea, A
small sweet rose of a maid - en dwells Who is dear, so dear to me, With
lov - ing lips and true gray eyes I call her my Rose - Ma - rie.
O - ver the hills and far a- way, Dwells my love, my Rose - Ma - rie.
O - ver the hills and
p


far a - way, Fly bon-ny bird, fly to the sea, Blow soft and kind, O
p
west - ern wind, Speak to my love, my love of me, O west - ern wind, O
hap-py bird, Speak! speak to my love of me. O - ver the hills and
far a - way, Fly bon -ny bird to Rose - Ma - rie.
pp
O - ver the hills and far a - way
pp

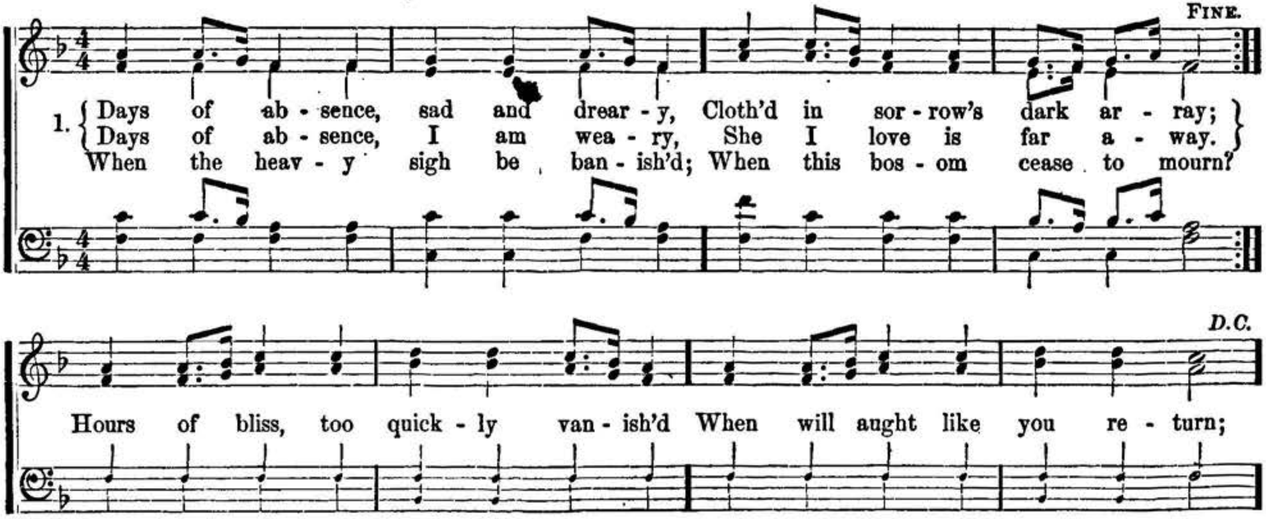

To the vil - lage by the sea, I come to bring my
bride from the west, to bring home my sweet to me, O
leave thy home be - side the foam, Come, come sweet
love to me O - ver the hills and far a - way,
Come to me, come my Rose - Ma - rie.
colla voce.
pp
ppp

DAYS OF ABSENCE.



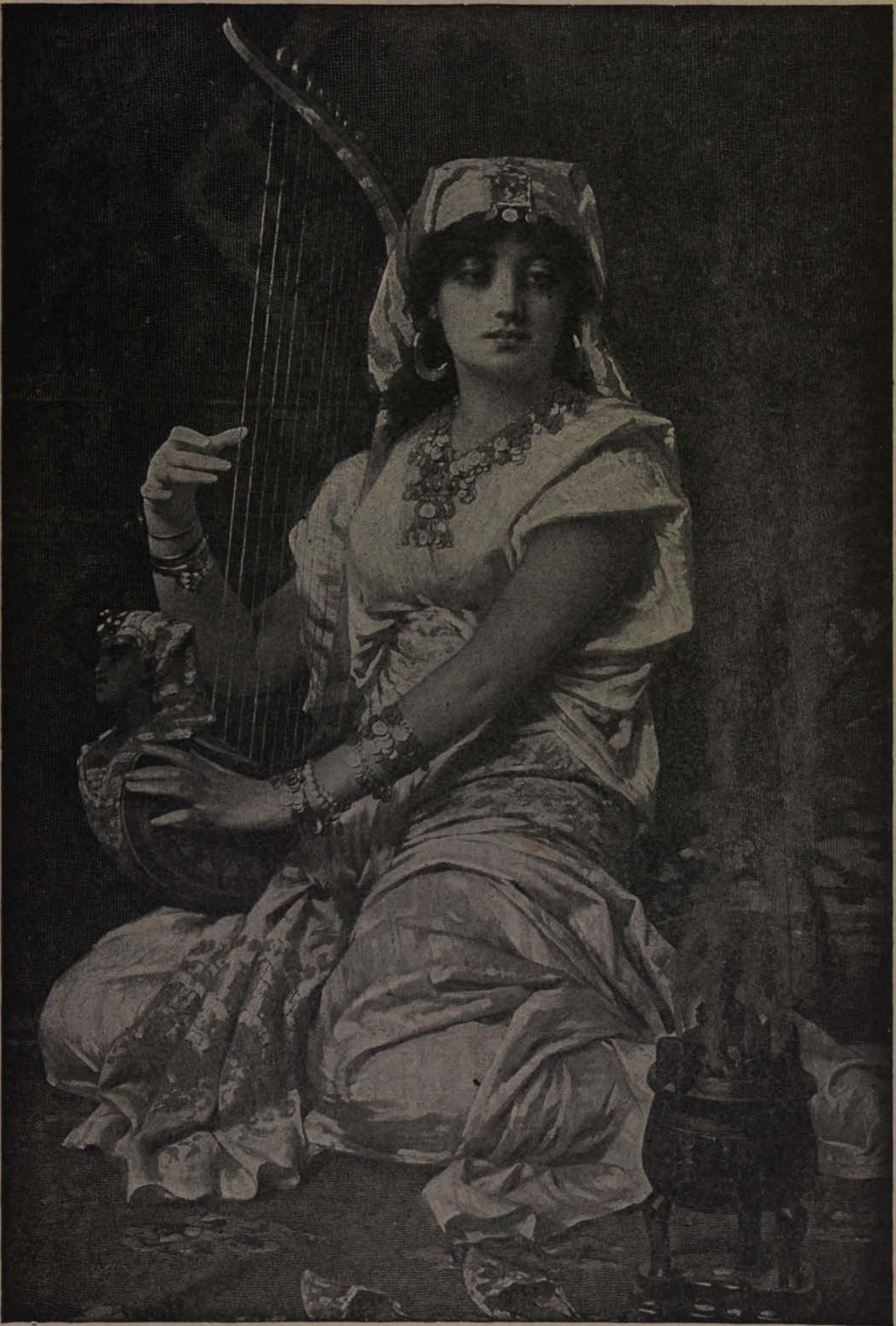
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

THE melody, and probably the words of the thrice-familiar song which follows, were written by JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, the celebrated French author, in 1775. He was born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, and was descended from a family of Paris booksellers and Protestant refugees. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, died when he was born, and his grief that he should have met so bitter a loss was often referred to by him. Although he was a very delicate boy, before he was nine years old, he had spent whole nights in reading novels with his father, who had a visionary and restless disposition. From an engineer, a lawyer, and an engraver, with whom he lived successively, he picked up a varied fund of information. After a series of adventures of the most romantic and miserable sort, he devoted himself to the study of music, which he afterward taught, and invented a new system of musical notation. He published several operas and musical works before he turned his whole attention to the writings for which he is chiefly known. Rousseau died at Ermonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of "Greenville," that it seems odd to connect it with this French love song. In Europe it is called "Rousseau's Dream."


FINE.
1. Days of ab - sence, sad and drear - y, Cloth'd in sor - row's dark ar - ray;
Days of ab - sence, I am wea - ry, She I love is far a - way.
When the heav - y sigh be ban - ish'd; When this bos - om cease to mourn?
Hours of bliss, too quick - ly van - ish'd When will aught like you re - turn;
D.C.

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
  Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
  Telling that I still am dear:
Days of absence then will vanish,
  Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idol banish
  Gloom, but felt when she's away.

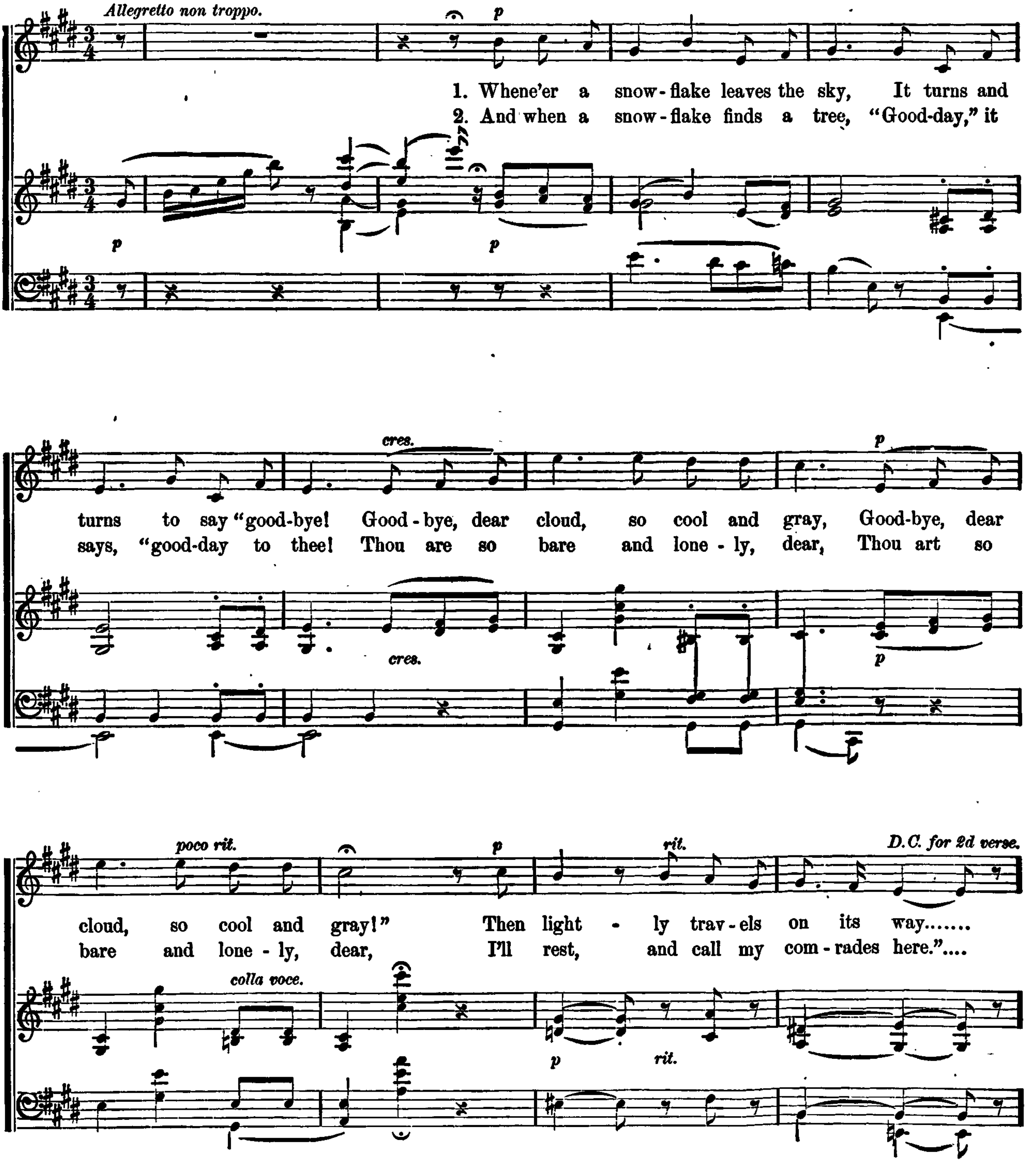
All my love is turned to sadness,
  Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that filled the heart with gladness,
  Memory turns to anguish now;
Love may yet return to greet me,
  Hope may take the place of pain;
Antoinette with kisses meet me,
  Breathing love and peace again.

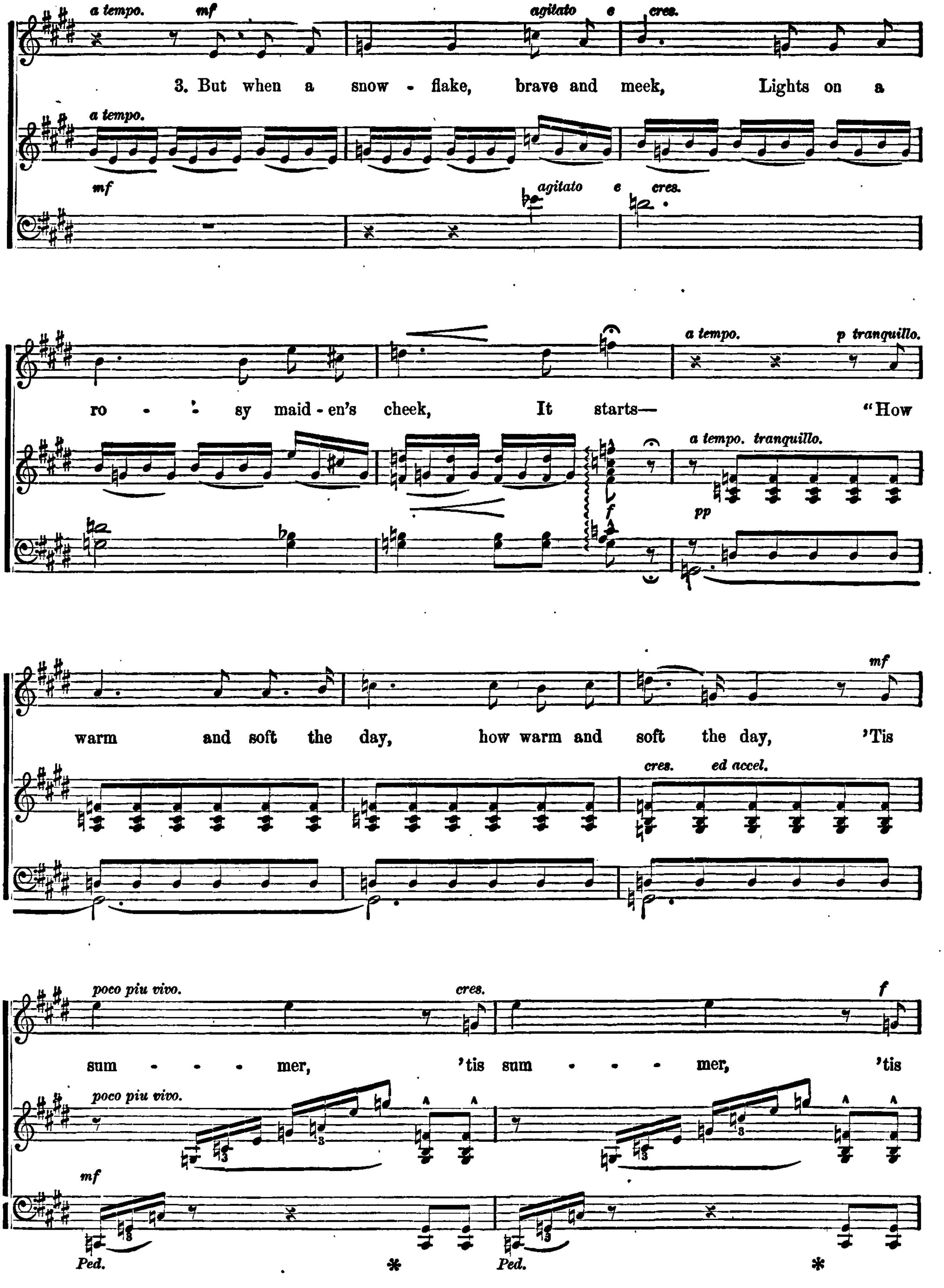


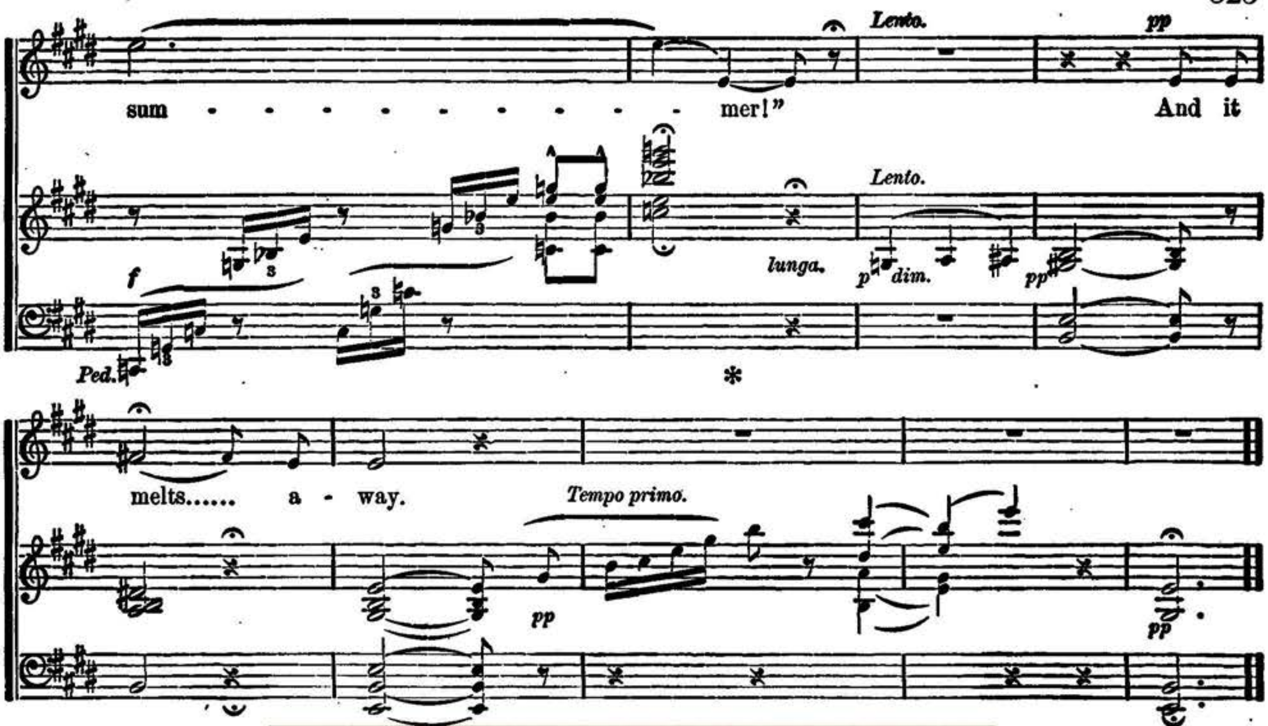
AN EGYPTIAN SINGING GIRL.

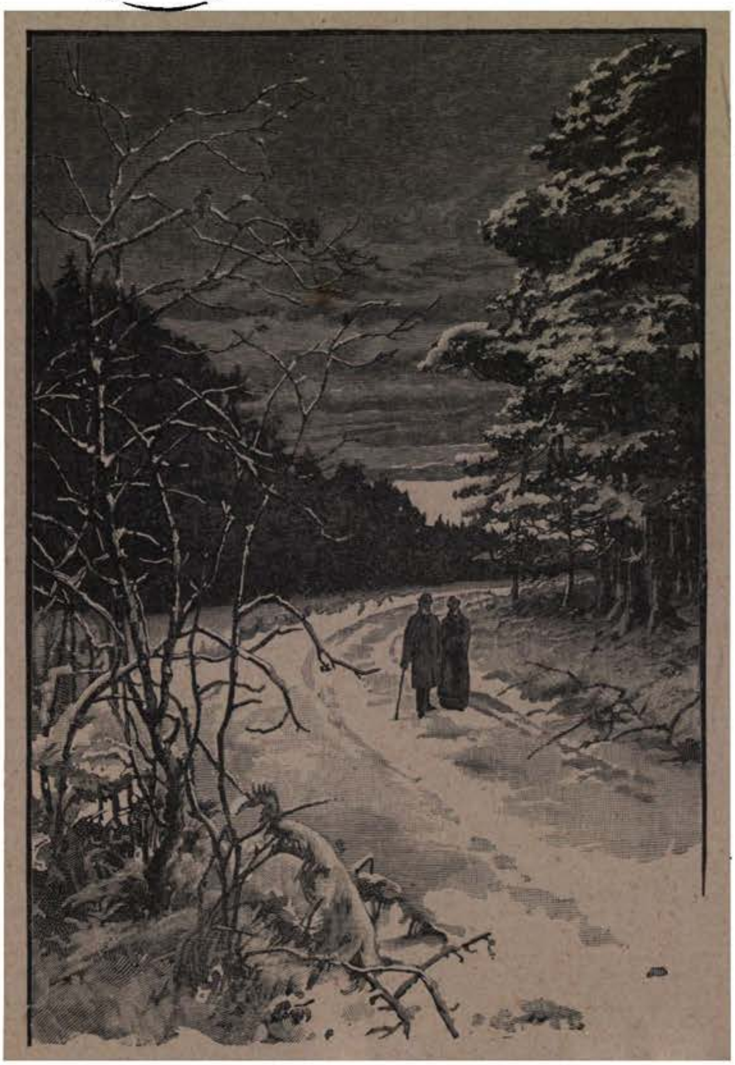
SNOWFLAKES.

Frederick Hymen Cowen, one of the most clearly inspired of modern English composers, has written this song to the words of an American writer of distinction, **Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge**, the author of many meritorious works and the editor of "St. Nicholas." The song was dedicated to Mrs. George Henschel, an American songstress who married a German baritone singer and composer and went with him to England, where they were great favorites, and took high rank among the interpreters of the best music.


Allegretto non troppo.
p
1. Whene'er a snow-flake leaves the sky, It turns and turns to say "good-bye! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!" Then light - ly trav-els on its way.......
2. And when a snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day," it says, "good-day to thee! Thou are so bare and lone - ly, dear, Thou art so bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."....
cres.
poco rit.
colla voce.
rit.
D.C. for 2d verse.


a tempo.
mf
agitato e cres.
3. But when a snow - flake, brave and meek, Lights on a
a tempo.
mf
agitato e cres.
ro - - sy maid - en's cheek, It starts— "How
a tempo.
p tranquillo.
a tempo. tranquillo.
f
pp
warm and soft the day, how warm and soft the day, 'Tis
mf
cres. ed accel.
poco piu vivo.
cres.
f
sum - - - - mer, 'tis sum - - - - mer, 'tis
poco piu vivo.
mf
3
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

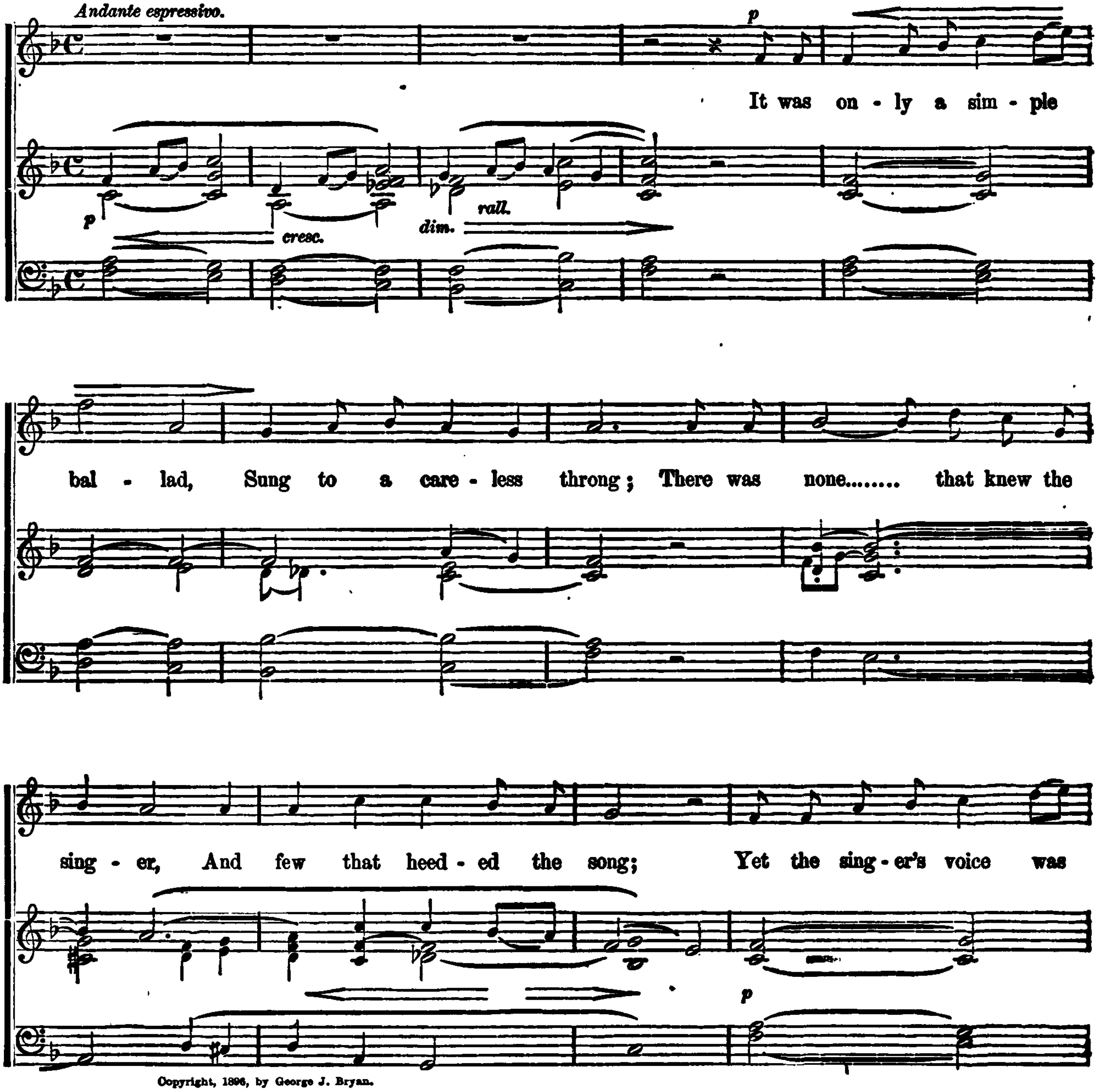

Lento.
pp
sum - - - - - - - - - - - - - mer!"
And it
f
Ped.
lunga.
Lento.
p dim.
pp
*
melts...... a - way.
Tempo primo.
pp
pp



"ONLY A SONG."

A LEADING New York Daily Newspaper recently published a little poem entitled "Only a Song." It was followed by a note stating that it was "borrowed from that prolific poet, Anonymous." This little poem is set to music by D. M. LEVETT of New York City.

Mr. Levett was born in New York in 1844, and is the son of a famous dentist. He was educated in the public schools of his native state. His first steps in musical culture were guided by S. B. Mills. He afterwards entered the Leipsic Conservatory, where he remained three years. Mr. Levett has written several compositions for orchestra, besides a large number of piano and vocal compositions. Several of them, including his melodramatic music to the poem "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," have met with great success. At present he holds a professorship at the New York College of Music, where he is doing excellent educational work.


Andante espressivo.
p
It was on - ly a sim - ple
p
cresc.
dim.
rall.
bal - lad, Sung to a care - less throng; There was none........ that knew the
sing - er, And few that heed - ed the song; Yet the sing - er's voice was
p

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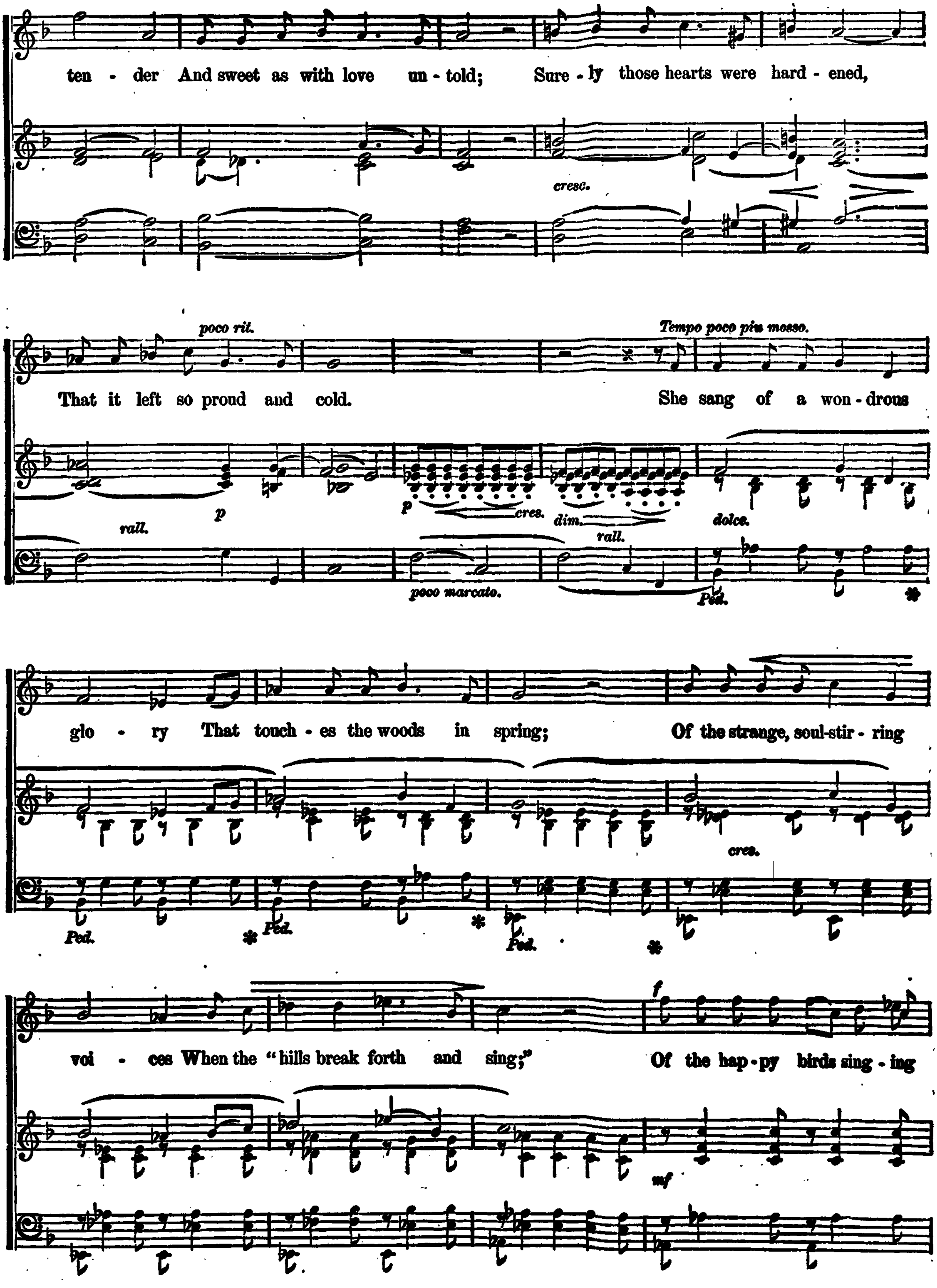
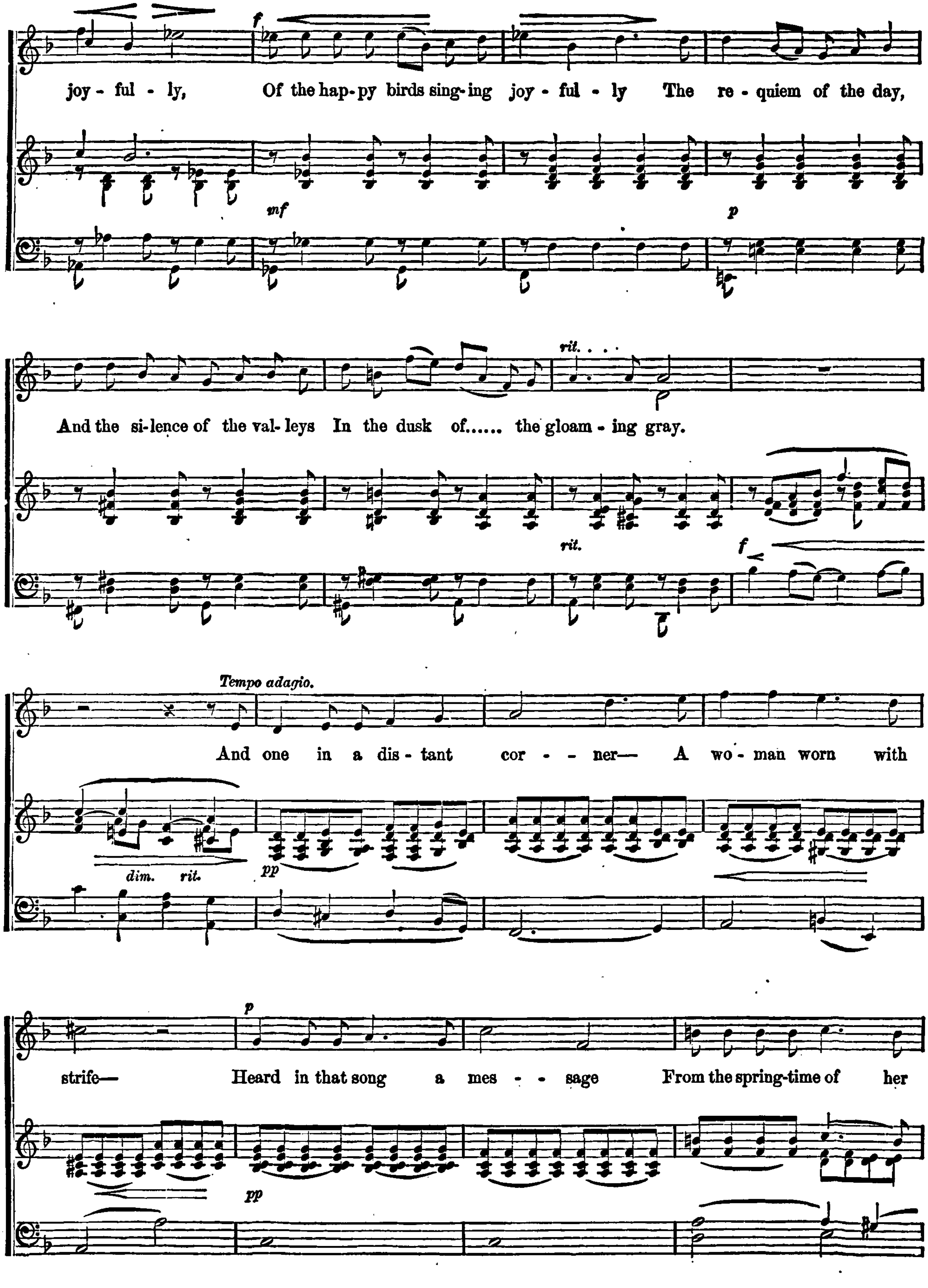
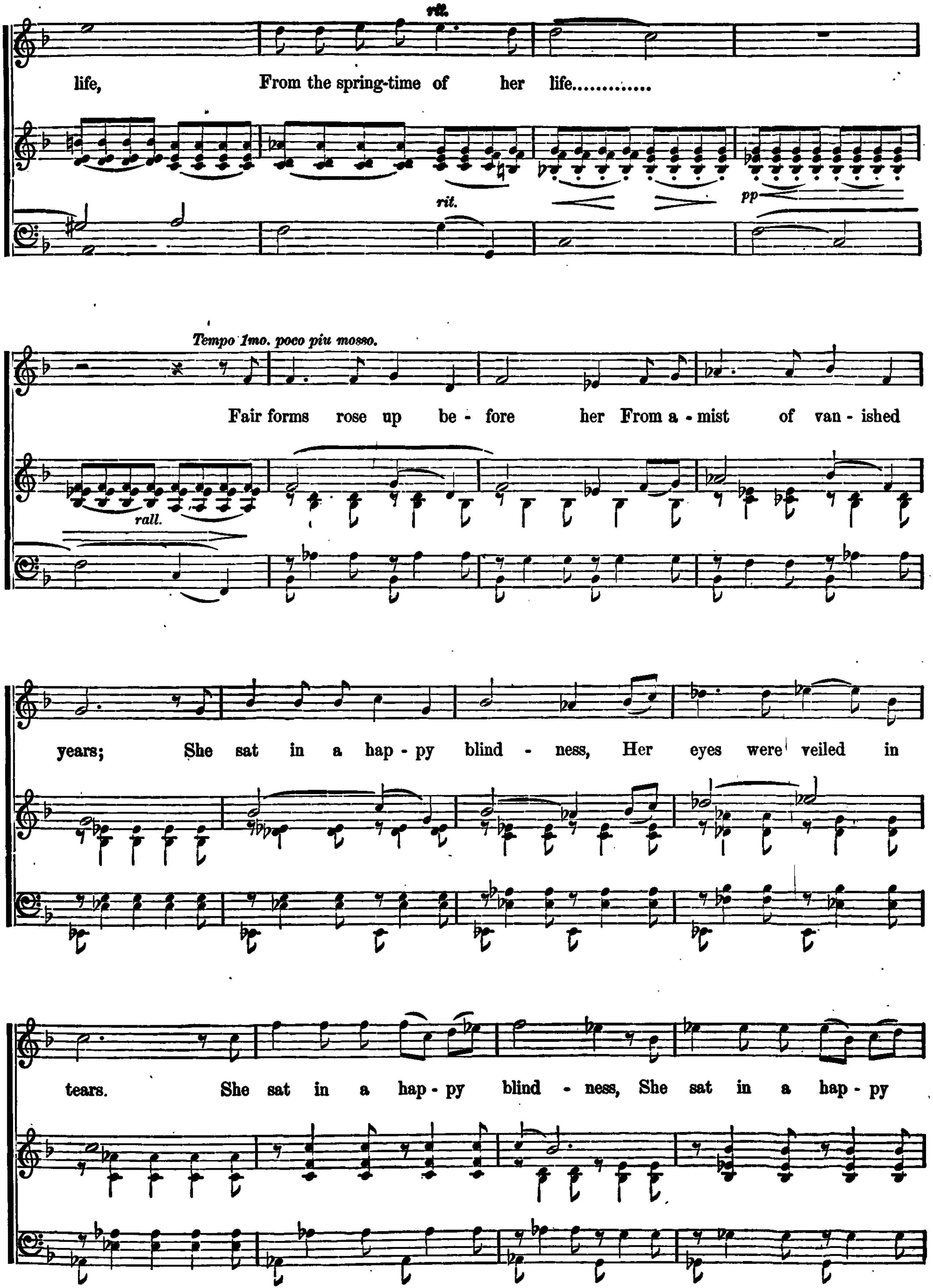
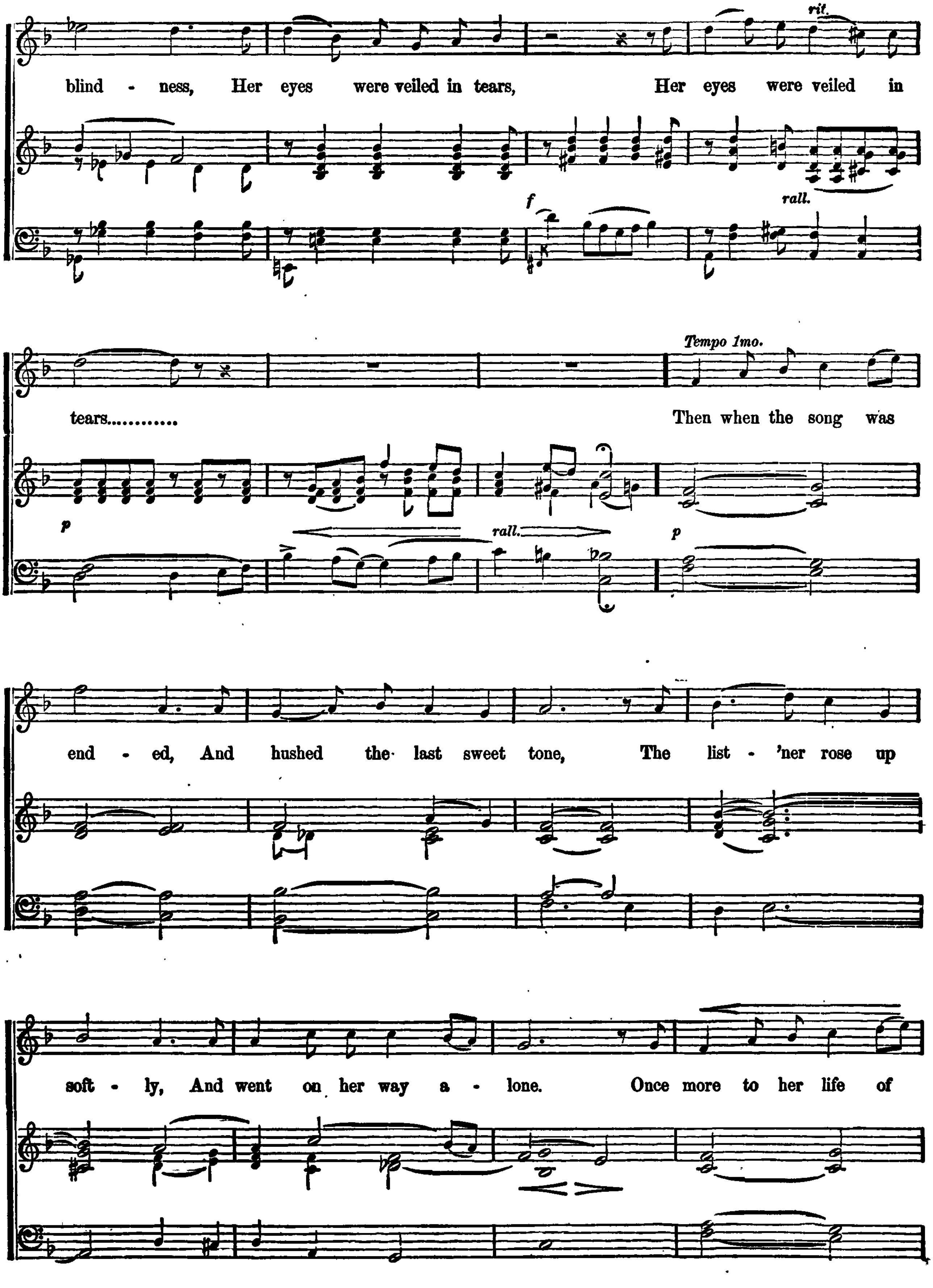
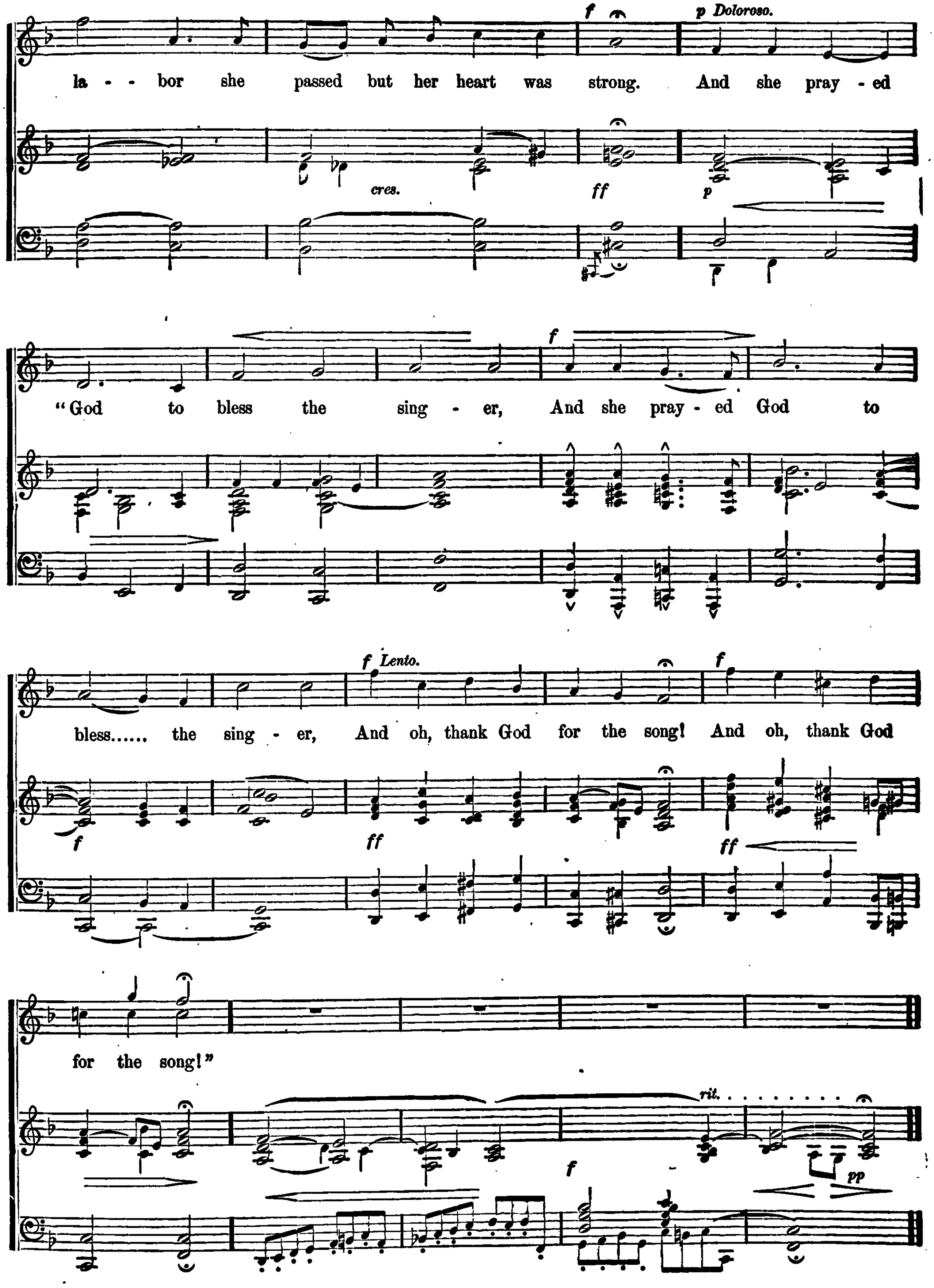

ten - der And sweet as with love un - told; Sure - ly those hearts were hard - ened,
cresc.
poco rit.
Tempo poco più mosso.
That it left so proud and cold. She sang of a won - drous
rall.
p
p
cres.
dim.
rall.
dolce.
poco marcato.
Ped.
*
glo - ry That touch - es the woods in spring; Of the strange, soul-stir - ring
cres.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
voi - ces When the "hills break forth and sing;" Of the hap - py birds sing - ing
f
mf


f
mf
p
joy - ful - ly, Of the hap-py birds sing-ing joy - ful - ly The re - quiem of the day,
rit. . . .
rit.
f
And the si-lence of the val-leys In the dusk of...... the gloam - ing gray.
Tempo adagio.
dim. rit.
pp
And one in a dis - tant cor - - ner— A wo - man worn with
p
pp
strife— Heard in that song a mes - - sage From the spring-time of her

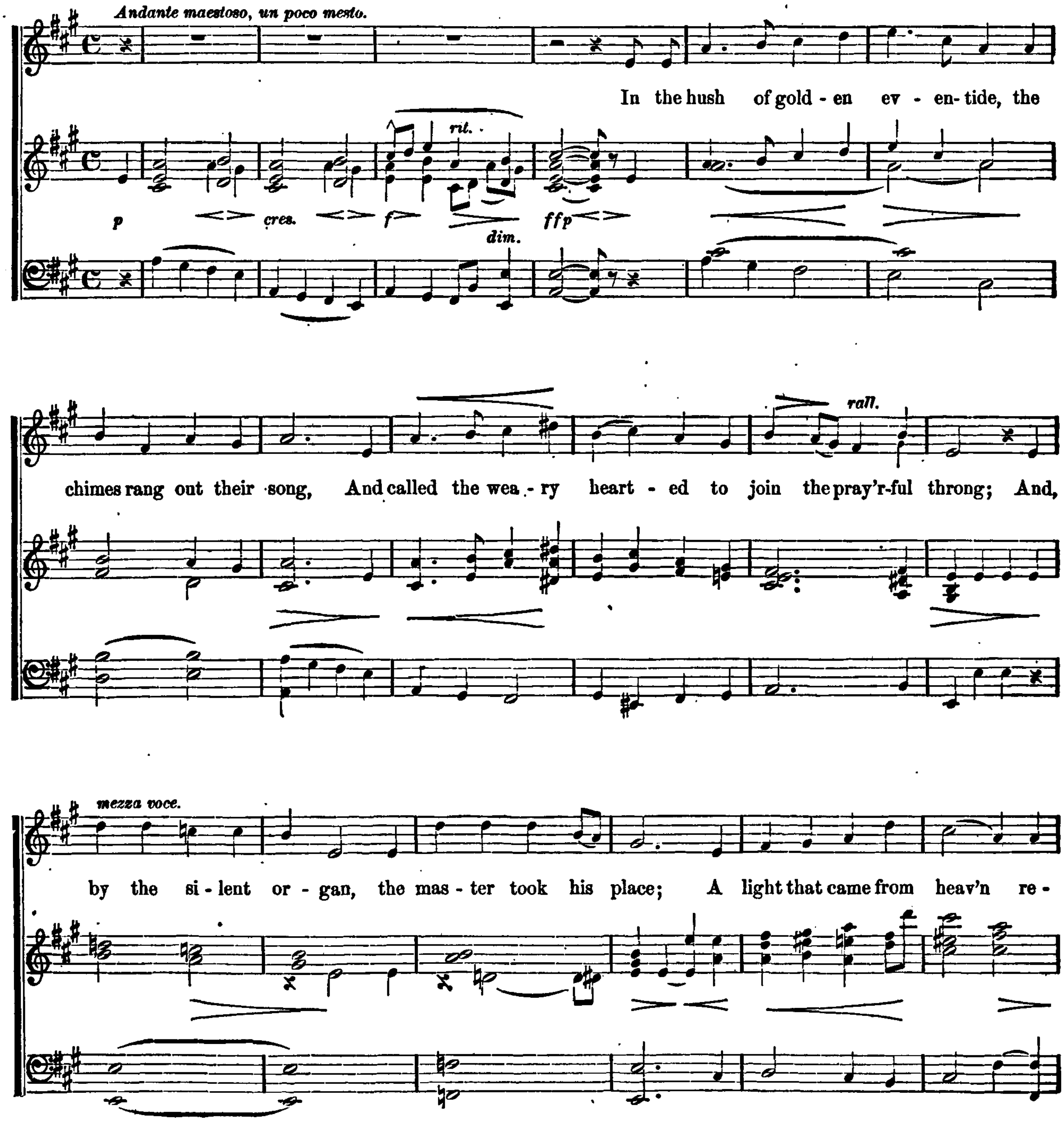

rit.
life, From the spring-time of her life............
rit.
pp
Tempo 1mo. poco piu mosso.
Fair forms rose up be - fore her From a - mist of van - ished
rall.
years; She sat in a hap - py blind - ness, Her eyes were veiled in
tears. She sat in a hap - py blind - ness, She sat in a hap - py

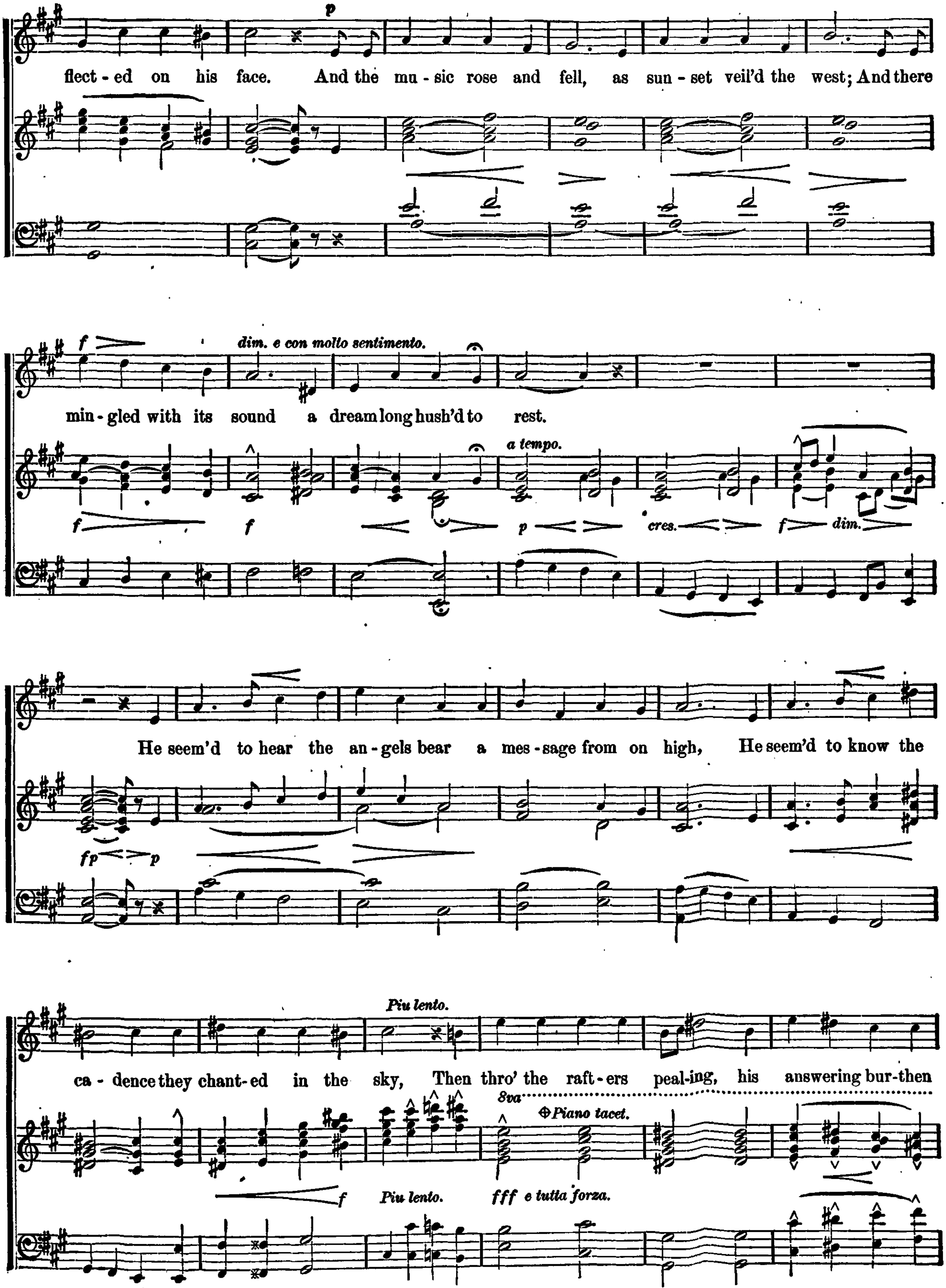

rit.
blind - ness, Her eyes were veiled in tears, Her eyes were veiled in
f
rall.
tears............
Tempo 1mo.
Then when the song was
p
rall.
p
end - ed, And hushed the last sweet tone, The list - 'ner rose up
soft - ly, And went on her way a - lone. Once more to her life of


f
p Doloroso.
labor she passed but her heart was strong. And she pray-ed
cres.
ff
p
f
"God to bless the sing-er, And she pray-ed God to
f Lento.
f
bless...... the sing-er, And oh, thank God for the song! And oh, thank God
f
ff
ff
for the song!"
rit.
f
pp

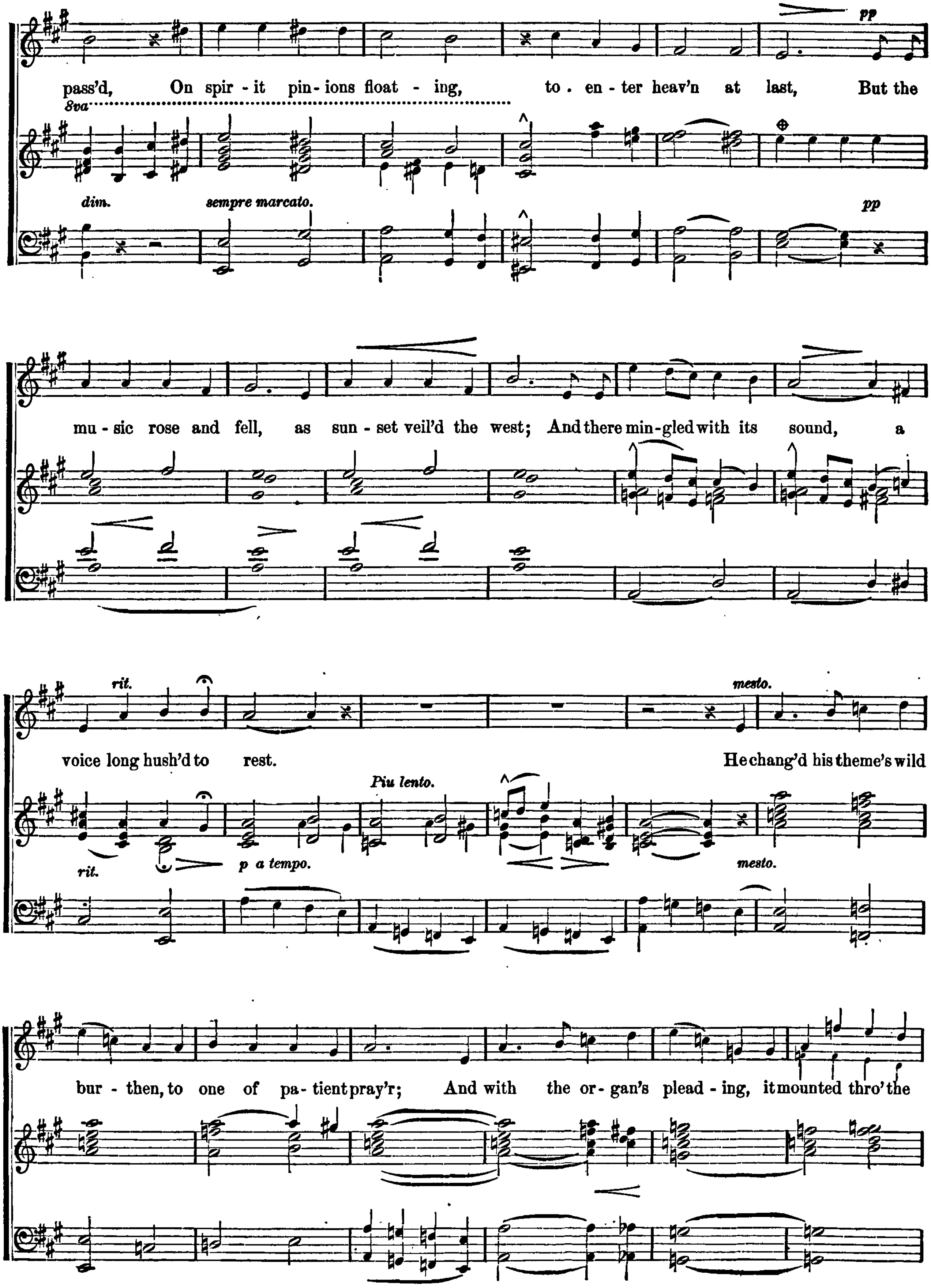
AT BENEDICTION.

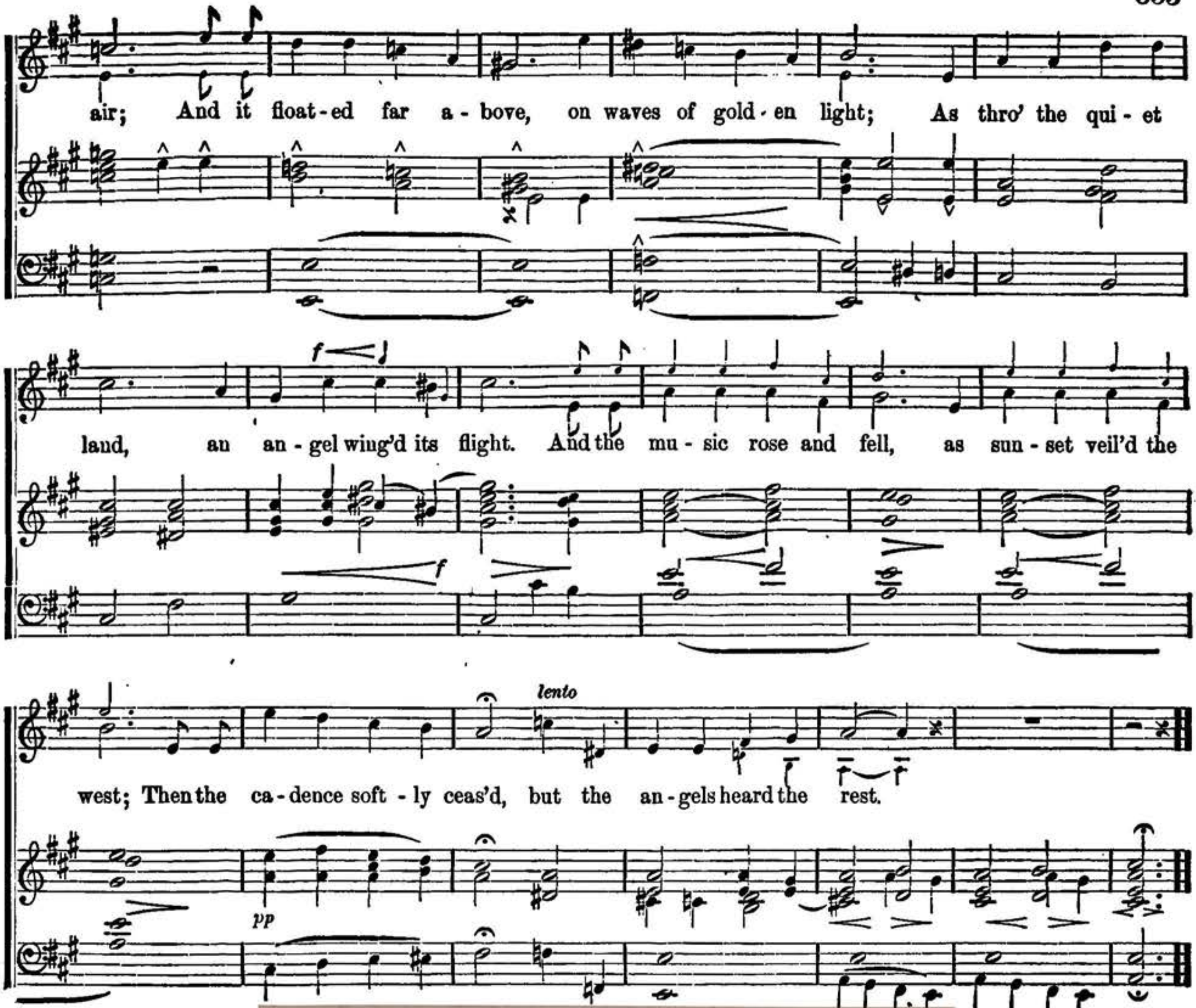
In this song the composer has most happily succeeded in his purpose of suggesting in the music the theme to express which he wrote it. It is almost as felicitous as "The Lost Chord" in its rendering of the atmosphere of the sacred edifice at eventide, the gathering of "the prayerful throng," the deep devotional tones of the organ, and finally, the celestial presence of the angelic host. Its effect, especially if accompanied with the organ, is profound. The song is one of the most fortunate efforts of Odoardo Barri, a composer who is chiefly known by songs of a lighter character. The words were written by Mary Mark-Lemon.

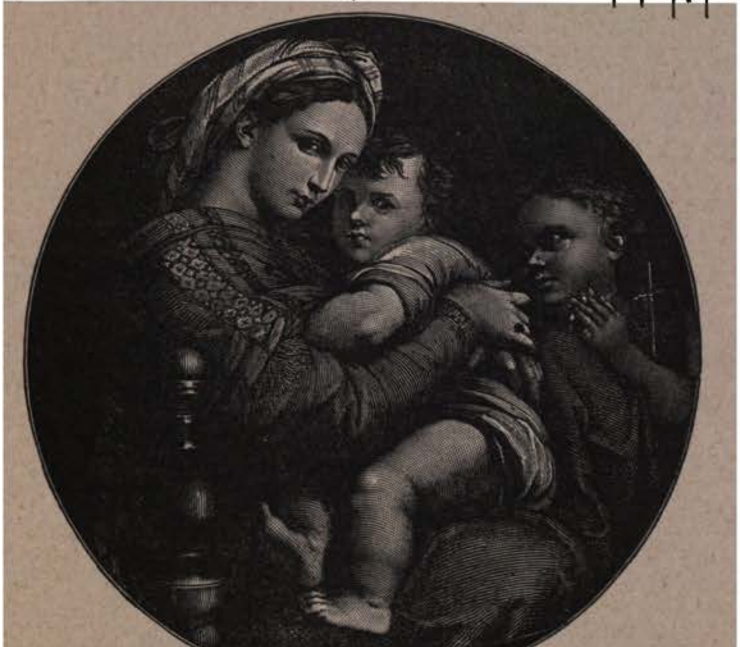

Andante maestoso, un poco mesto.
In the hush of gold - en ev - en- tide, the
p
cres.
f
rit.
dim.
ffp
chimes rang out their song, And called the wea - ry heart - ed to join the pray'r-ful throng; And,
rall.
mezza voce.
by the si - lent or - gan, the mas - ter took his place; A light that came from heav'n re -


p
flect - ed on his face. And the mu - sic rose and fell, as sun - set veil'd the west; And there
f
dim. e con molto sentimento.
min - gled with its sound a dream long hush'd to rest.
a tempo.
f
f
p
cres.
f
dim.
He seem'd to hear the an - gels bear a mes - sage from on high, He seem'd to know the
fp
p
Piu lento.
ca - dence they chant - ed in the sky, Then thro' the raft - ers peal - ing, his answering bur - then
8va
⊕Piano tacet.
f
Piu lento.
fff e tutta forza.

⊕⊕ Organ may take between the signs as Solo.


pp
pass'd, On spir - it pin - ions float - ing, to . en - ter heav'n at last, But the
8va
dim.
sempre marcato.
pp
mu - sic rose and fell, as sun - set veil'd the west; And there min - gled with its sound, a
rit.
mesto.
voice long hush'd to rest. He chang'd his theme's wild
Piu lento.
rit.
p a tempo.
mesto.
bur - then, to one of pa - tient pray'r; And with the or - gan's plead - ing, it mounted thro' the

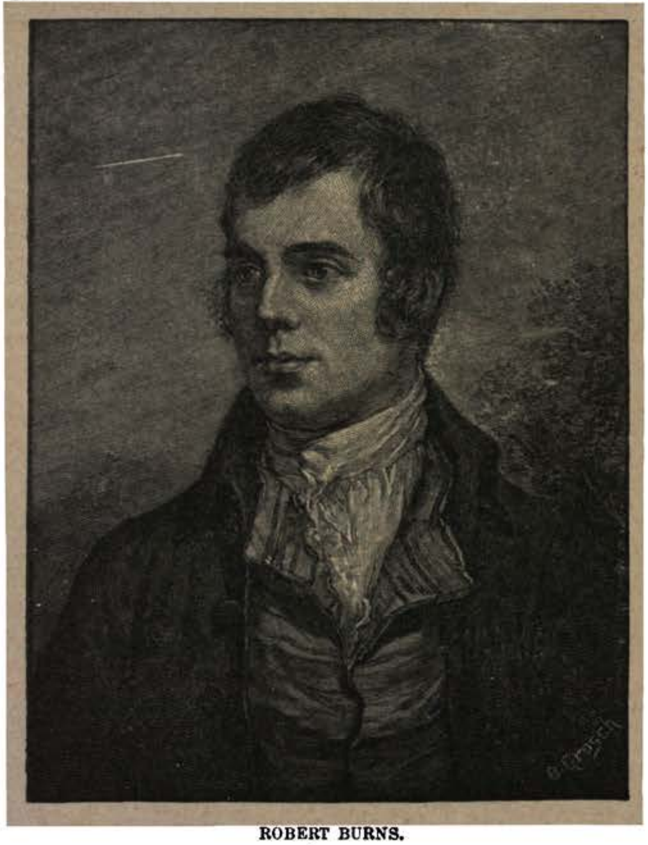

air; And it float-ed far a-bove, on waves of gold-en light; As thro' the qui-et
land, an an-gel wing'd its flight. And the mu-sic rose and fell, as sun-set veil'd the
west; Then the ca-dence soft-ly ceas'd, but the an-gels heard the rest.
f
lento
pp



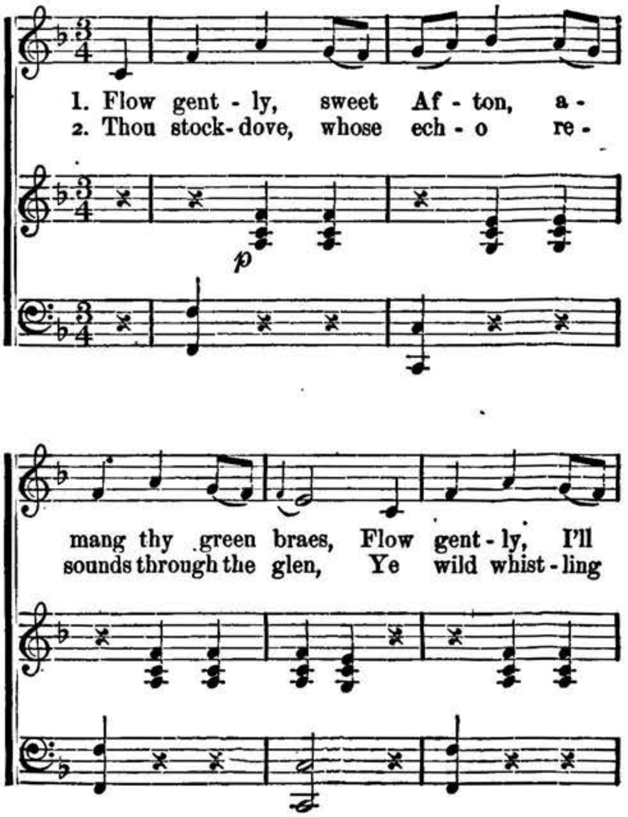
AFTON WATER.

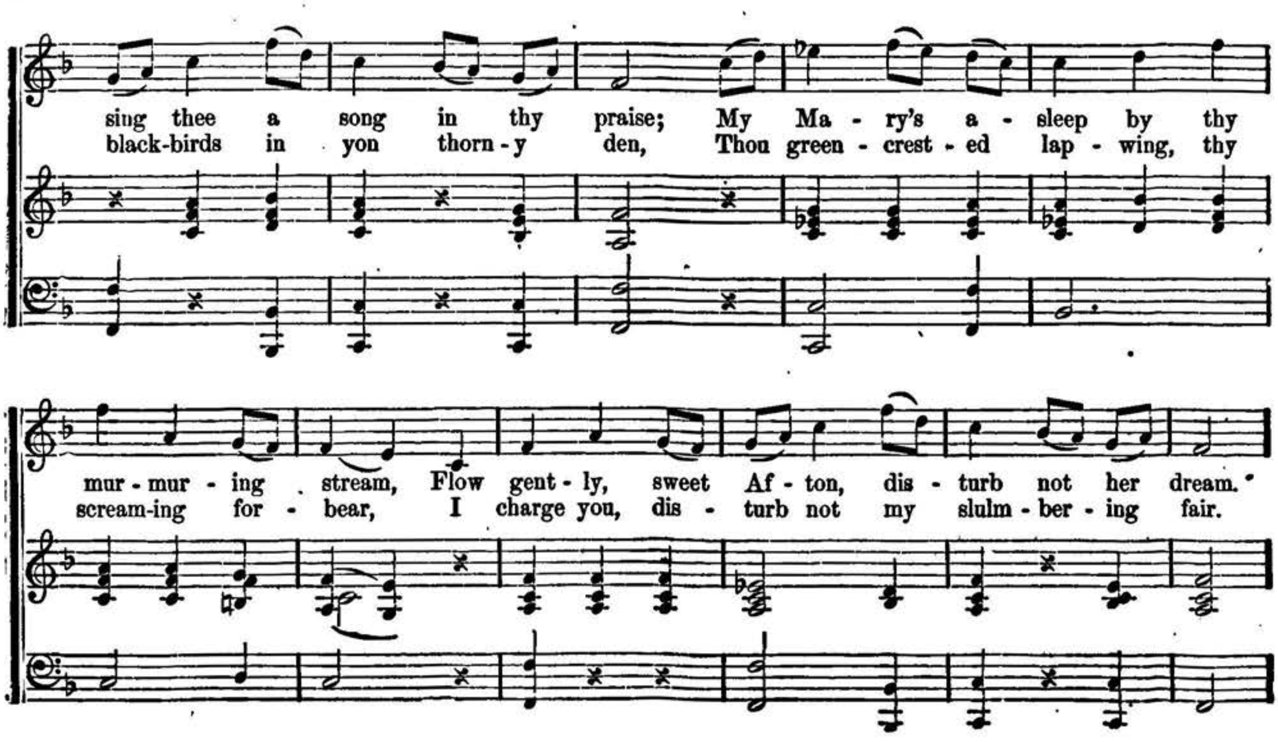
THE following song was written by ROBERT BURNS in honor of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the first person of high position who noticed or encouraged him. Mrs. Stewart inherited Afton Lodge, which was situated on the bank of Sweet Afton, a small river in Ayrshire.

The melody to which MR. J. E. SPILMAN set these plaintive words, is so sweet and so familiar, that I give it in addition to the more elaborate Scottish air.

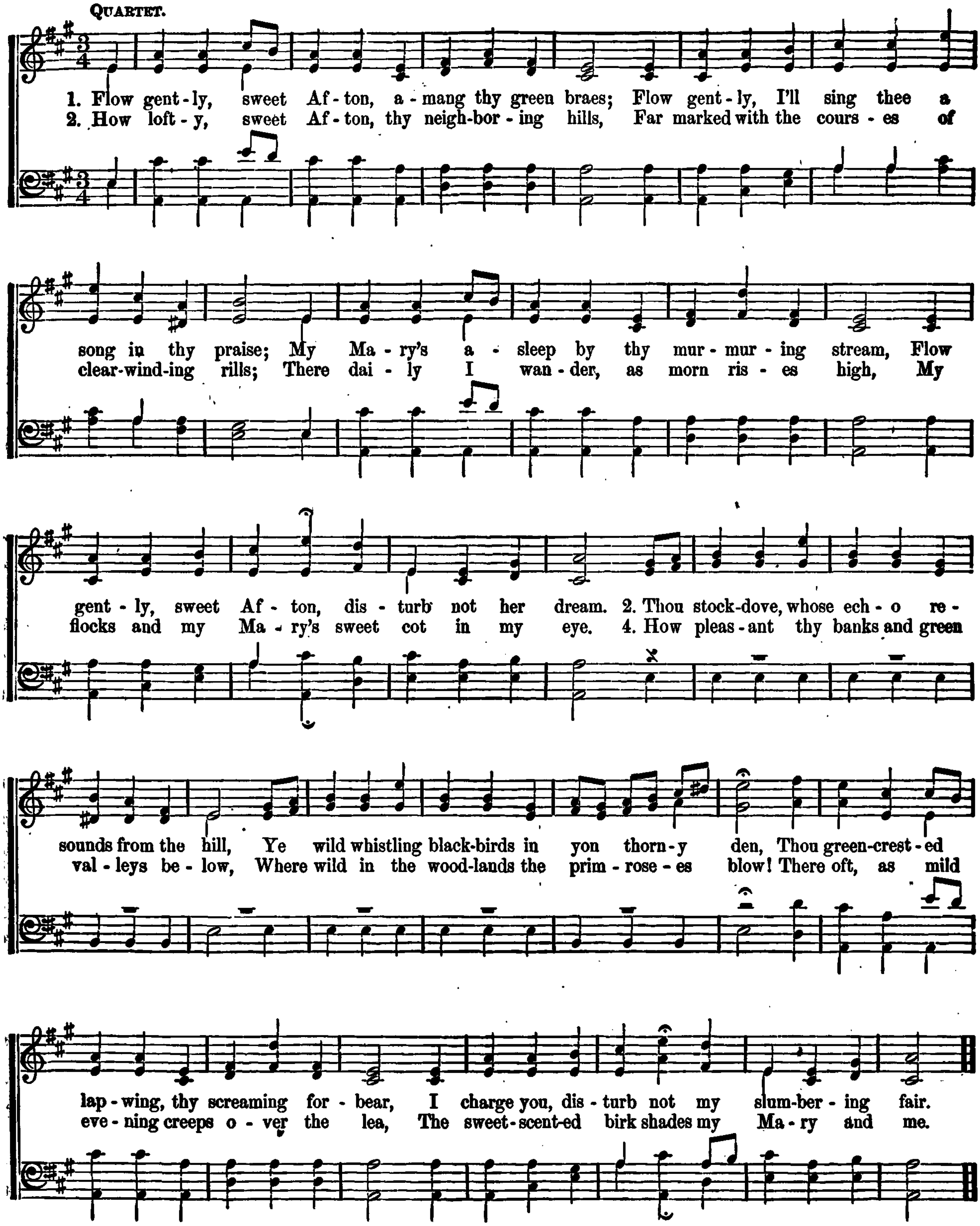


ROBERT BURNS.


1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a -
2. Thou stock- dove, whose ech - o re -
p
mang thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll
sounds through the glen, Ye wild whist - ling


sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
black-birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

QUARTET.


1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow
clear-wind-ing rills; There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My
gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. 2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-
flocks and my Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. 4. How pleas-ant thy banks and green
sounds from the hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed
val-leys be-low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-rose-es blow! There oft, as mild
lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.

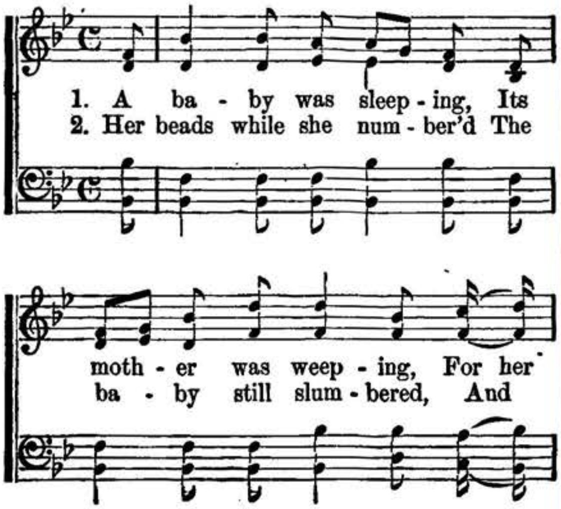
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!

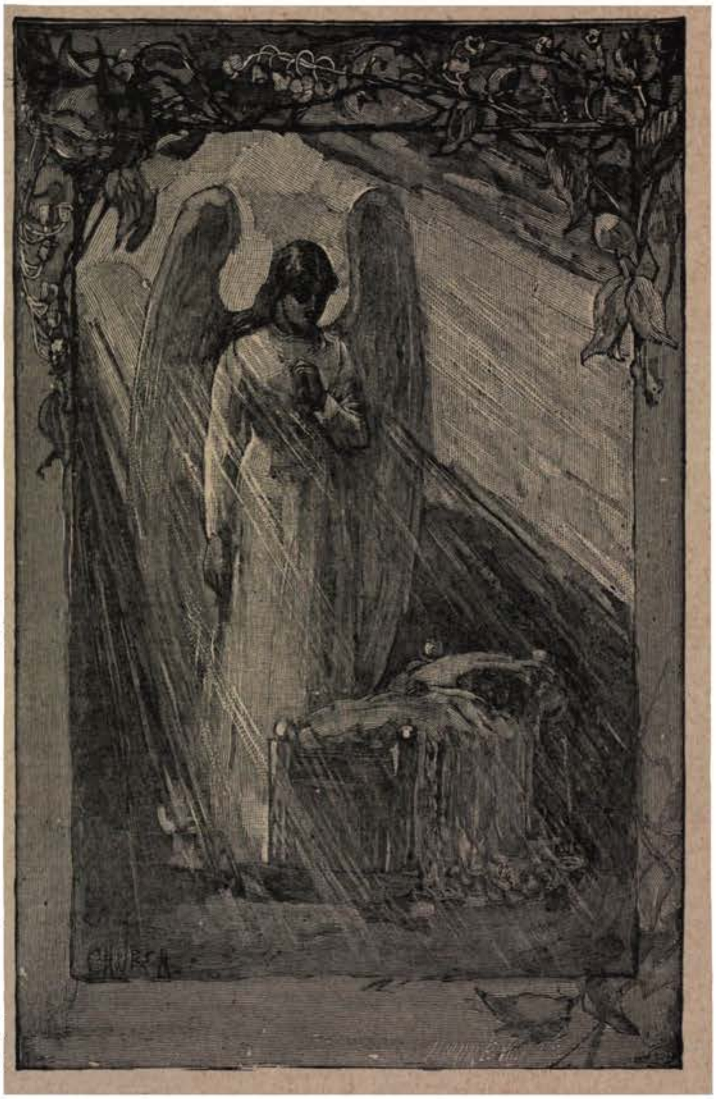
Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

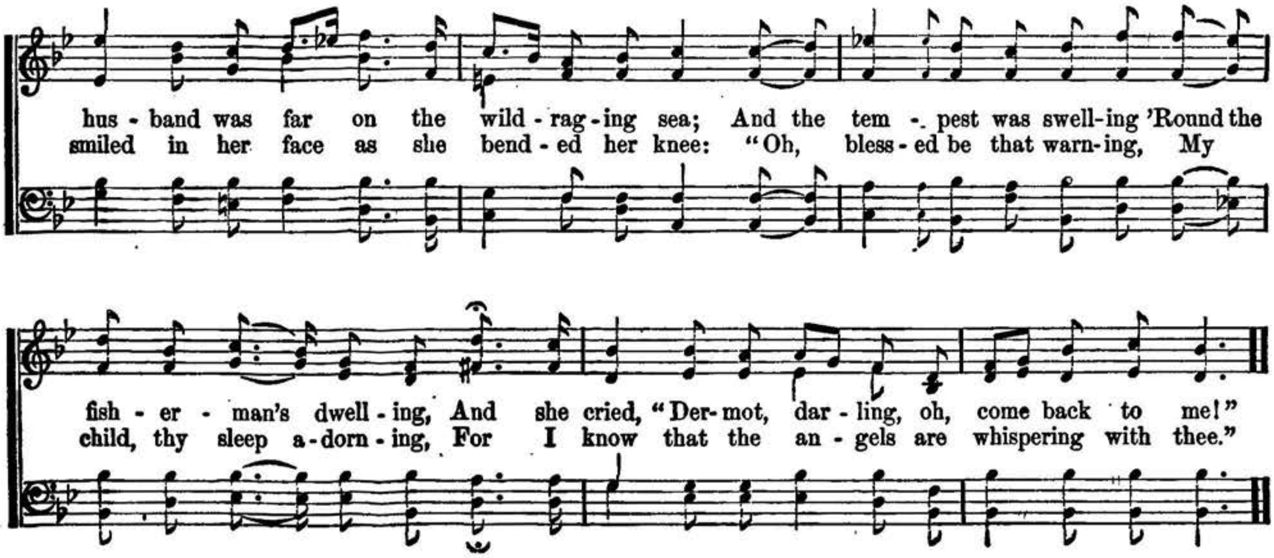
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Samuel Lover wrote a series of poems upon the superstitious fancies of the Irish people, and this song is one of them. Most of the traditions which he embodies, are common to various nations, and we are all familiar with the pretty one upon which "The Angel's Whisper" is founded. The fancy is, that when a child smiles in its sleep, angels are talking with it.

Of the music, Lover says: "The song was written to an old Irish air (one of the few Moore left untouched,) entitled, 'Mary, do you fancy me?' Words have been written to it, but they were ineffective, and left the air still in oblivion, while mine had better fortune, and made this charming melody widely known; and I think it may be allowed to be pardonably pleasing to an author, that it is now known by the name of 'The Angel's Whisper.'"


1. A ba - by was sleep - ing, Its
2. Her beads while she num - ber'd The
moth - er was weep - ing, For her
ba - by still slum - bered, And




hus - band was far on the wild - rag - ing sea; And the tem - pest was swell - ing 'Round the
smiled in her face as she bend - ed her knee: "Oh, bless - ed be that warn - ing, My
fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she cried, "Der - mot, dar - ling, oh, come back to me!"
child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing, For I know that the an - gels are whispering with thee."

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild-raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling,
'Round the fisherman's dwelling,
As she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me!"

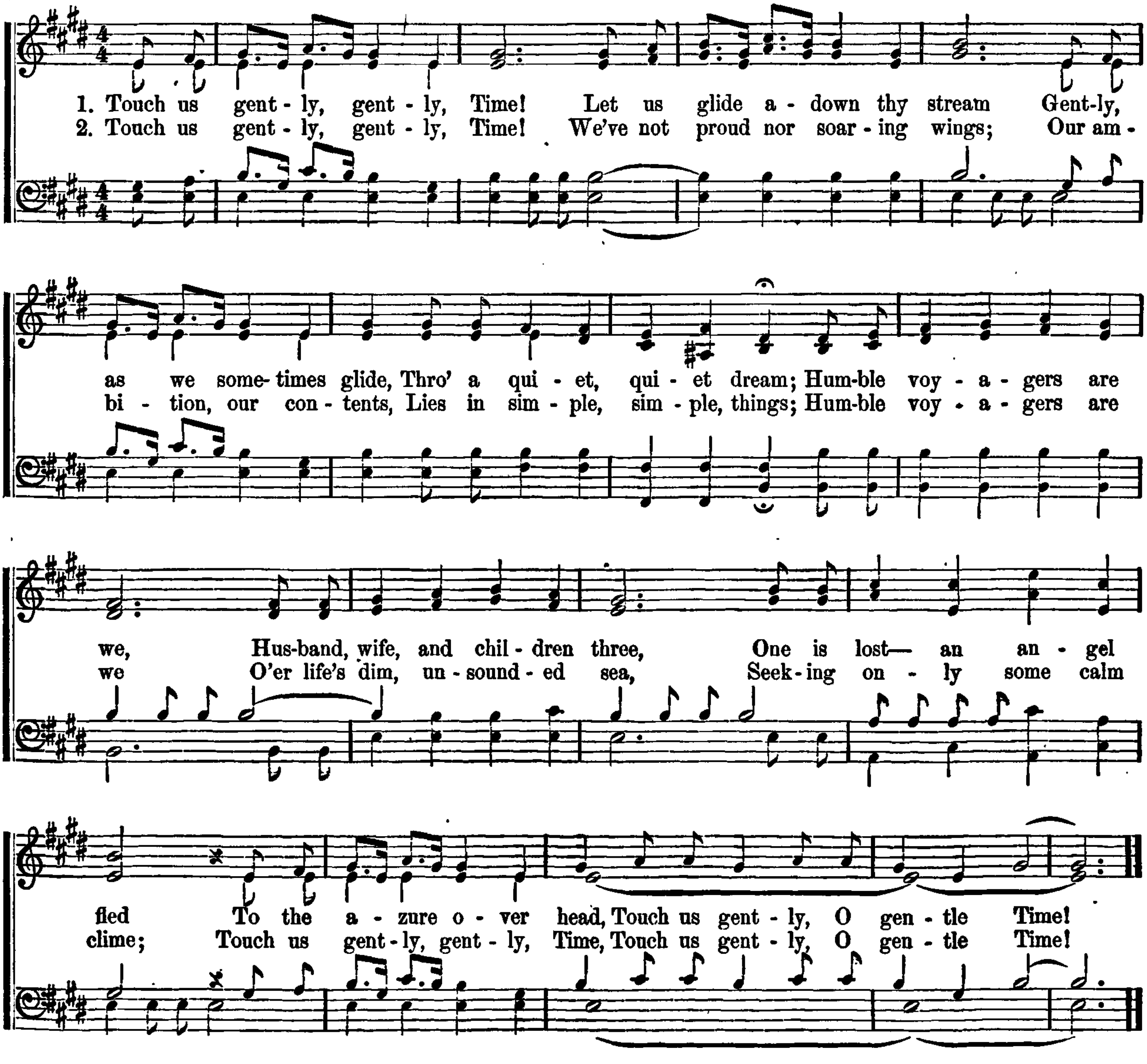
Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping,
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou would'st rather
They watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels were whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning,
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

This is one of Bryan Waller Procter's (Barry Cornwall) songs, and very characteristic of his gentle, winsome style it is.


1. Touch us gent - ly, gent - ly, Time! Let us glide a - down thy stream Gent-ly,
2. Touch us gent - ly, gent - ly, Time! We've not proud nor soar - ing wings; Our am -
as we some- times glide, Thro' a qui - et, qui - et dream; Hum-ble voy - a - gers are
bi - tion, our con - tents, Lies in sim - ple, sim - ple, things; Hum-ble voy - a - gers are
we, Hus-band, wife, and chil - dren three, One is lost— an an - gel
we O'er life's dim, un - sound - ed sea, Seek - ing on - ly some calm
fled To the a - zure o - ver head, Touch us gent - ly, O gen - tle Time!
clime; Touch us gent - ly, gent - ly, Time, Touch us gent - ly, O gen - tle Time!

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THIS is one of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most widely popular of the songs which MOORE wrote for old airs, and published under the general title of "Irish Melodies." Its tune is altered from an old one called "The Groves of Blarney."

Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," who had a passionate fondness for the Irish national melodies, especially admired "The Last Rose of Summer," and wrote the following little story as an introduction to it:

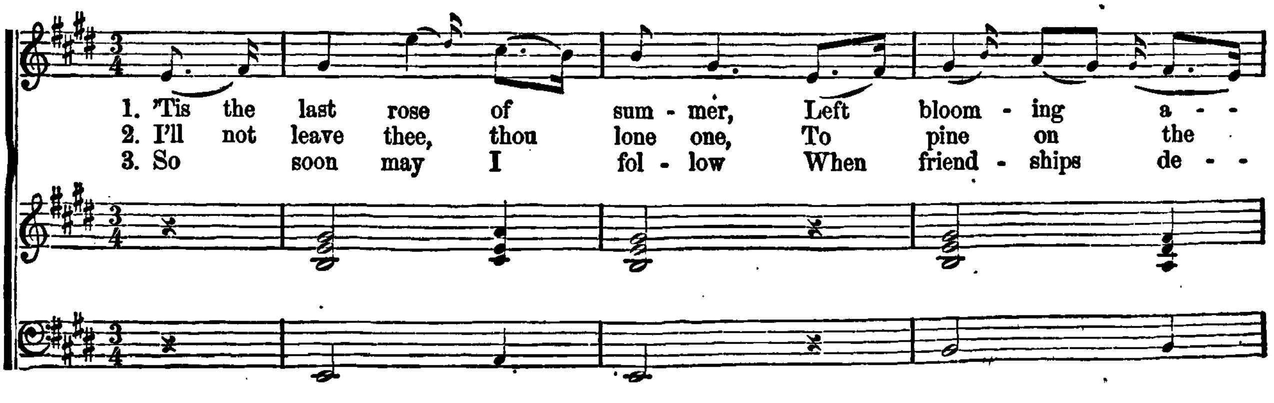
This is the grave of Dermid. He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety.

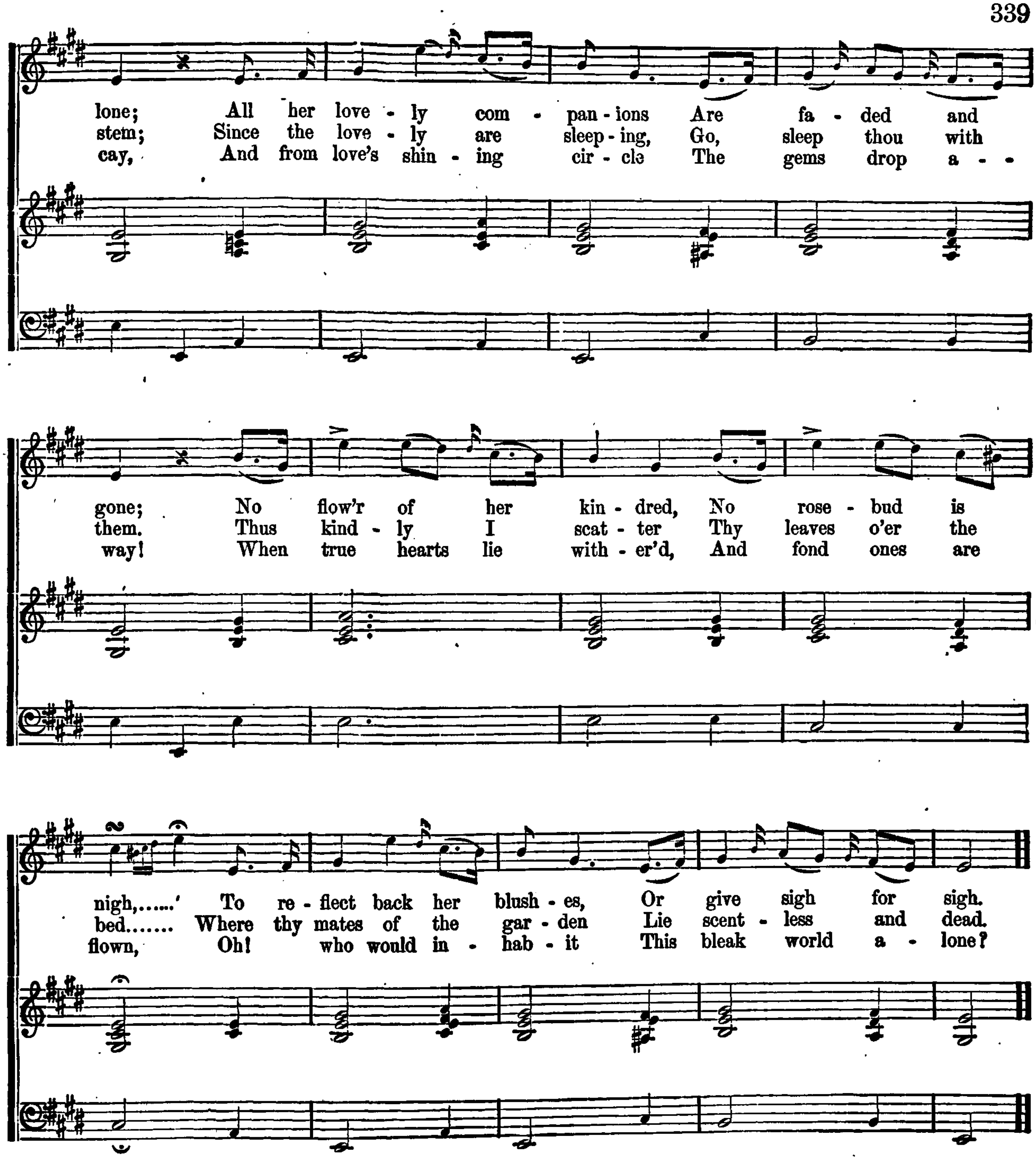
One day, our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world.

For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent,—when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them,—it was the merriest of his collection.

The ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments. His harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp, then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused. Then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen.

We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heartbreaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody. It was about a lonely rose that had outlived all its companions. This he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave.


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de - -


lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fa - ded and
stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - -
gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
them. Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are
nigh,...... To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
bed....... Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

'Tis the last rose of summer,
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
  Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

THE STORM.

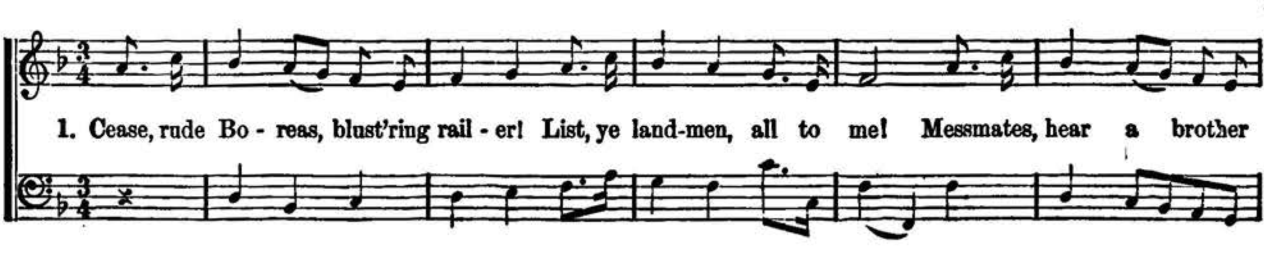
THE authorship of this song has been disputed. **GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS** was born in London, England, but the exact date is not known. He was an actor of no great power, and between poor playing and hard drinking, his finances were in a not very flourishing condition, when he hit upon a scheme for repairing them. He wrote an amazingly funny mixture of wit and nonsense, entitled it "A Lecture on Heads," and gave it to a friend to deliver. As might have been expected, the friend failed to catch the fine points of the composition, and the "heads" fell as if severed on the block. Stevens picked them up and stuck them on again, for a second round. Presto! all the features were in their right places, and every pun was as plain as the nose on a man's face. The lecture was an immense success, and became popular at once. Stevens delivered it amid "unbounded enthusiasm," in Great Britain and Ireland, and then brought it over to delight our staid ancestors on this side of the water. On going back to England, he attempted to lengthen out the joke by adding "half-lengths," and "whole-lengths," but an over-drawn witticism is a dismal thing, and nobody laughed with the disappointed comedian. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote while lying, for debt, in Yarmouth jail:

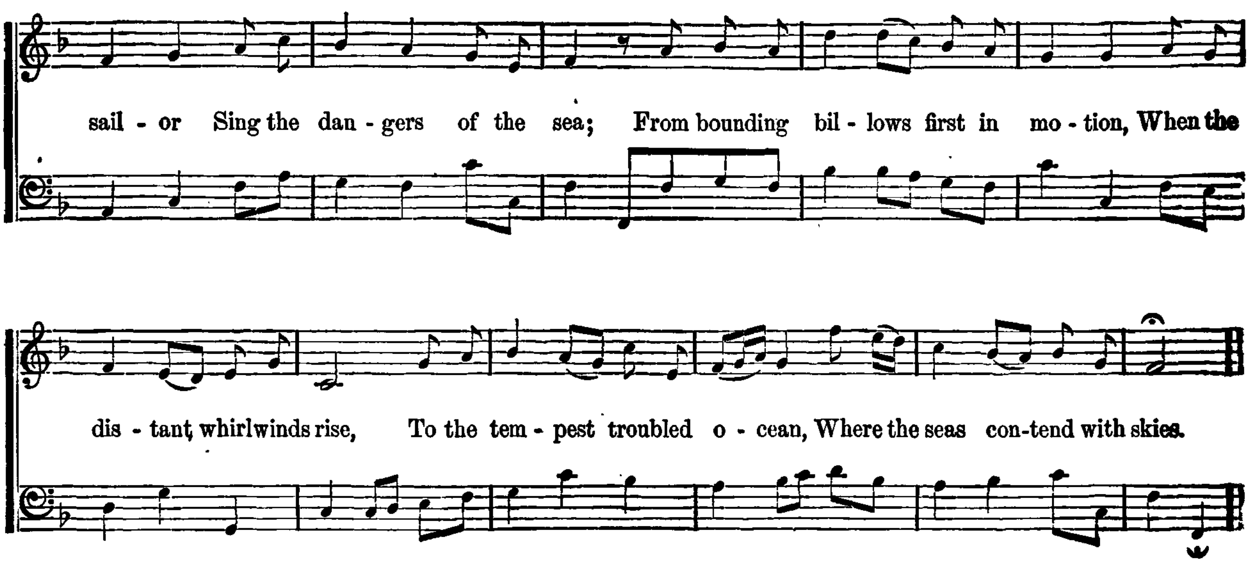
"The week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water. A wig has fed me two days; the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman; a ruffle shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees; the sleeves I breakfasted upon for two weeks; the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months; my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it's ill jesting with edged tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me."

The wonder of his composing so fine a lyric as "The Storm," has led to a doubt whether he really did do it; but, the truth is, that he wrote other songs so famous in their day, that they were printed by various booksellers, without his consent, and very much to his disadvantage. "The Storm" has been attributed to no one else except Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," and the only ground of such a claim was, that he might have done it—that it was somewhat in his line. But Falconer is neither lyrical nor spirited, and the picturesqueness of the song makes all but certain the claim of the actor-poet.

Stevens lived in an age of deep drinking; and as the bowl was the especial inspirer of his verse, so it was the principal receiver of its praises. After several other unsuccessful attempts, he returned to the delivery of "Heads," which he was finally able to sell for money enough to pay for the last carousals of his life which ended miserably in 1784.

The original air to which "The Storm" is set was called, with queer appropriateness to the author's state, "Welcome, brother debtor." It appeared in a collection of songs called "Calliope," published in 1730. Incledon, the English vocalist, sang "The Storm" in this country with great effect.


1. Cease, rude Bo - reas, blust'ring rail - er! List, ye land-men, all to me! Messmates, hear a brother


sail - or Sing the dan - gers of the sea; From bounding bil - lows first in mo - tion, When the
dis - tant whirlwinds rise, To the tem - pest troubled o - cean, Where the seas con-tend with skies.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
  List, ye landmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
  Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows first in motion,
  When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
  Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
  By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
  Down your staysails,—hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
  Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
  Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
  Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
  Of our state vain notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
  Think what fear our mind enthralls!
Harder yet it blows, still harder,
  Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
  See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
  Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
  Reef the mizzen—see all clear—
Hand up, each preventer-brace set—
  Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
  Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
  In our eyes blue lightnings flash:

One wide water all around us,
  All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us,
  Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue, out
  O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
  Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—
  Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
  Four feet water in the hold!

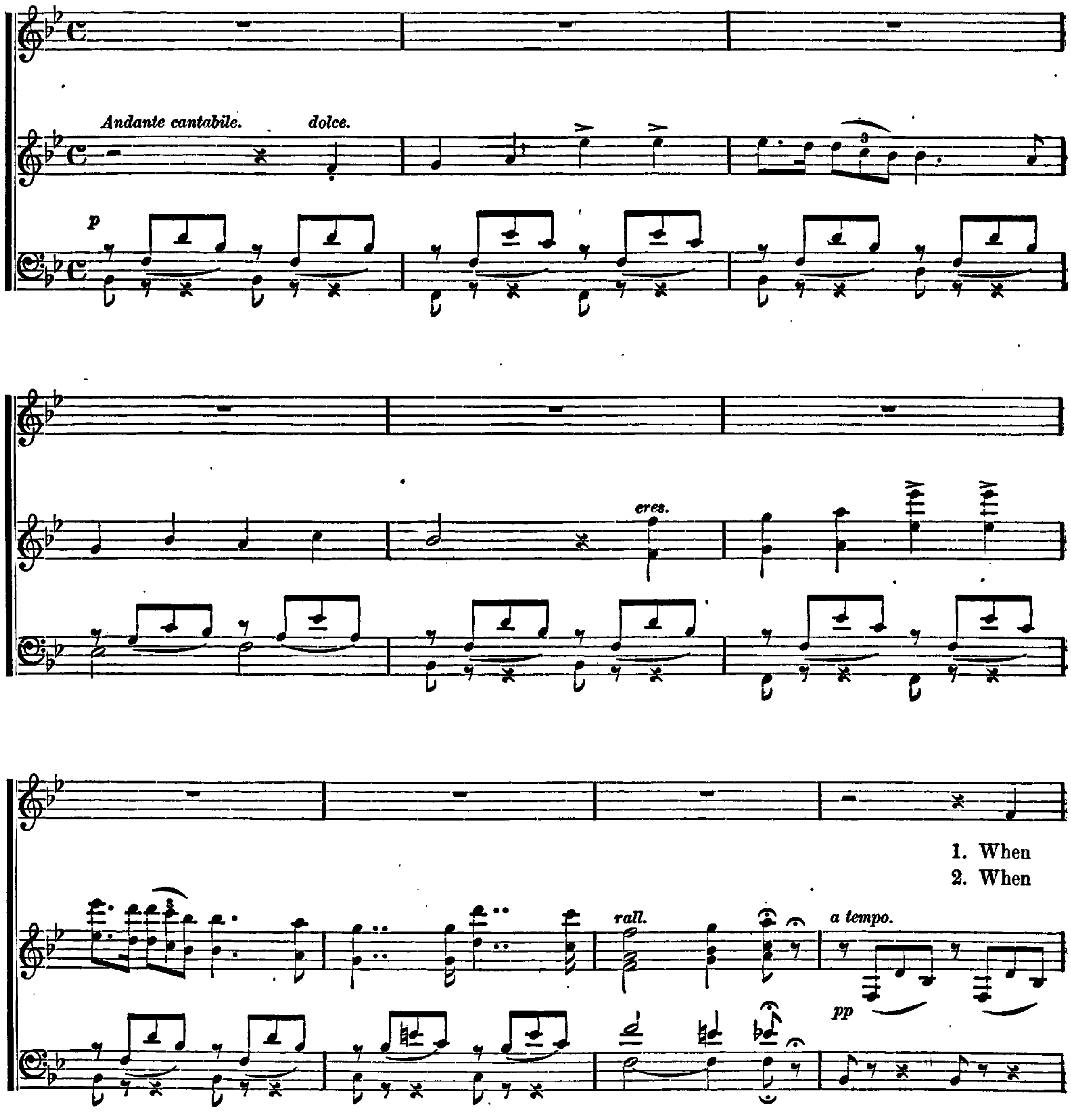
While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
  We for our wives and children mourn;
Alas, from hence there's no retreating!
  Alas, to them, there's no return!
Still the danger grows upon us,
  Wild confusion reigns below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
  For only that can save us now.

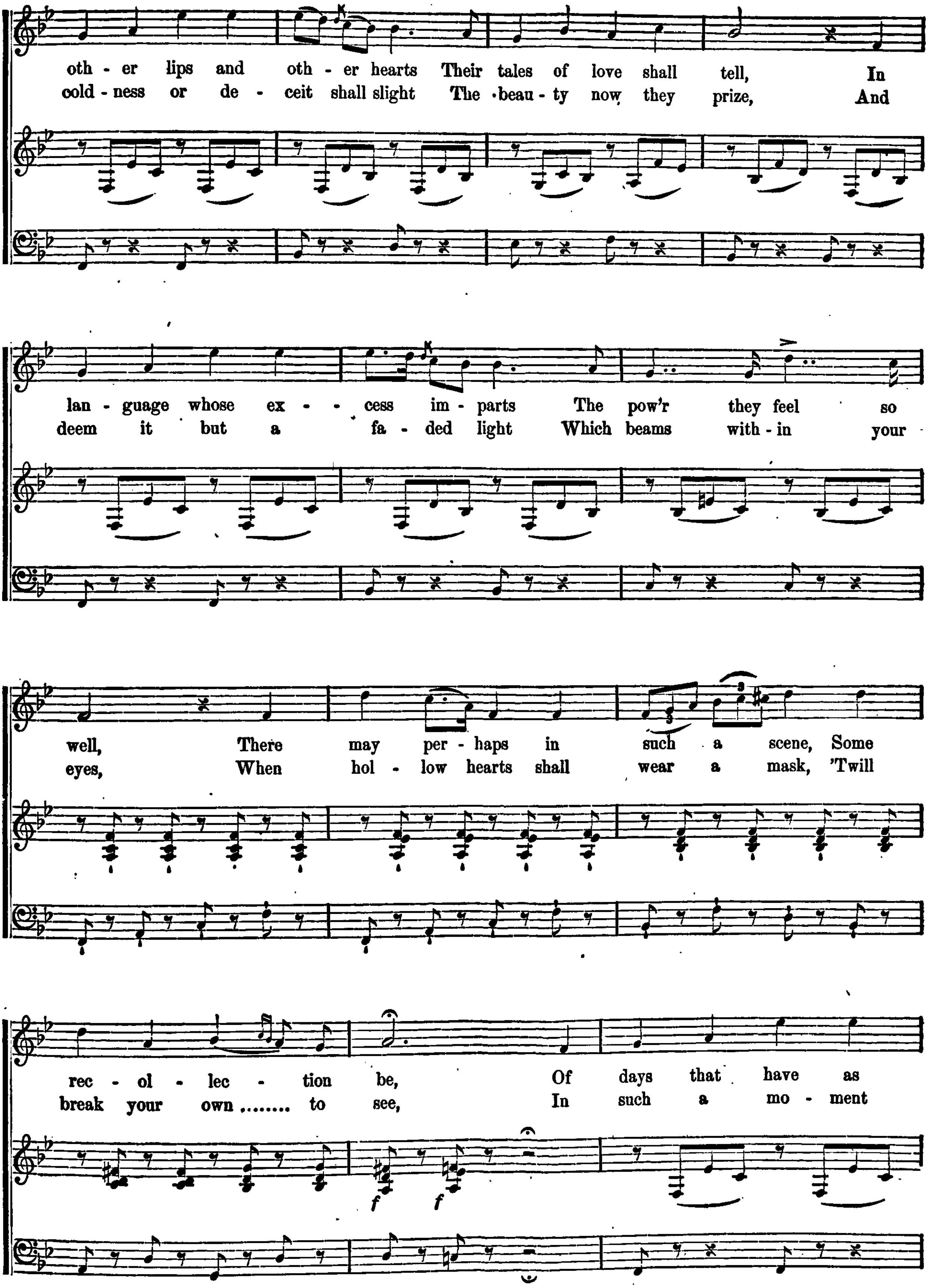
O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
  Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump, come, every hand, boys,
  See, our mizzenmast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
  We've lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast—
  She rights!—she rights!—boys, wear off shore.

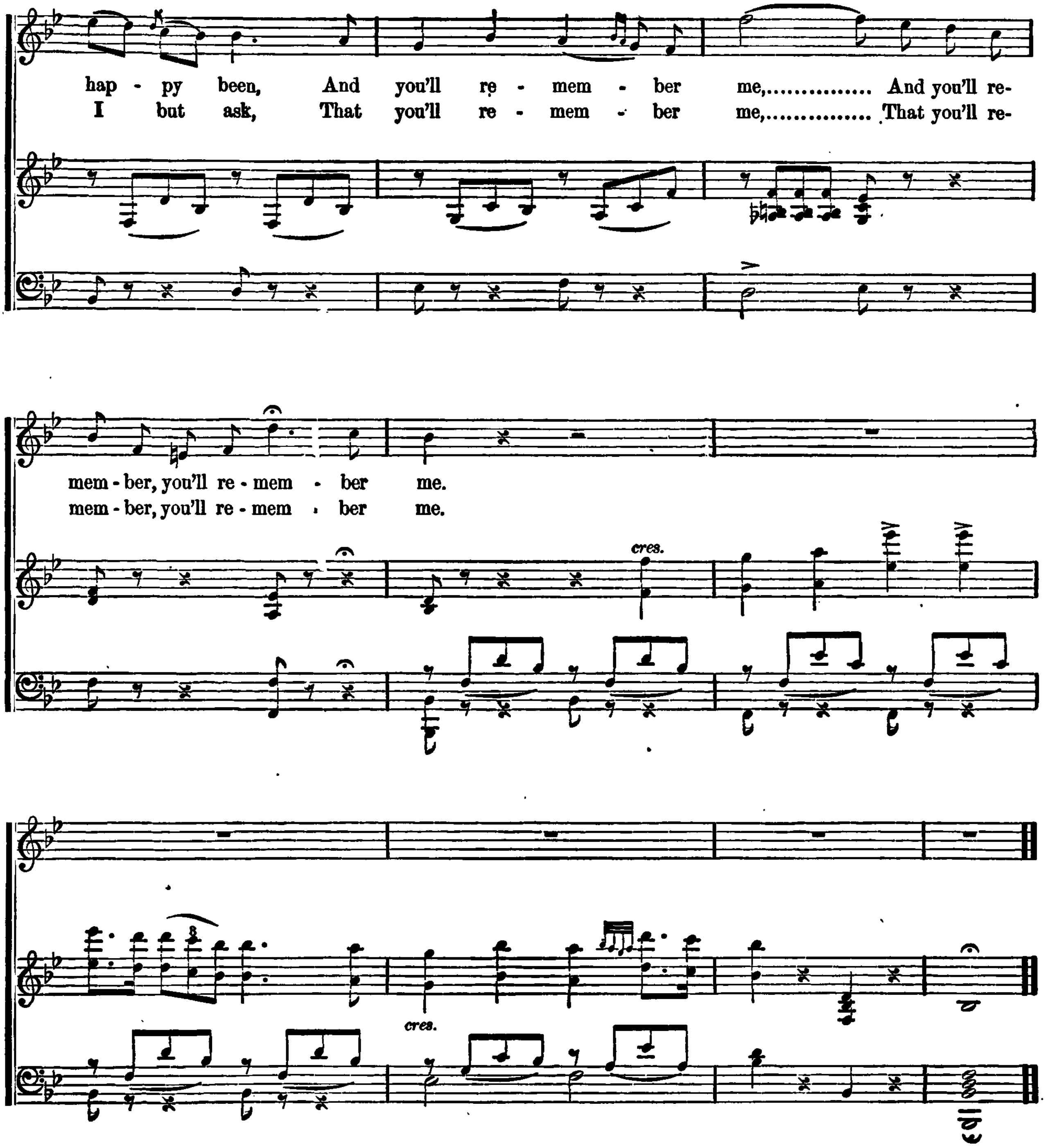
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
  Since kind Heaven has spared our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
  To our sweethearts and our wives:
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
  Close to the lips a brimmer join;—
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
  None—our danger's drowned in wine.

"THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

THE popularity of the "Bohemian Girl," the opera from which this song is taken, when first produced, and its influence upon society, were unparalleled. Everything was tinged with a gypsy complexion. Numbers of songs of gypsy life were published. Society wore brilliant gypsy colors in its costumes, and affected traits belonging to the wandering tribe. And not only was London gypsy mad, but so were also numerous towns on the Continent. Vienna had three theatres where the opera was being sung at the same time, and in Florence and Paris the work was given in Italian and French dress. A young tenor, by the name of Harrison, first sang this song at the first performance of the opera on the 27th of November, 1843, and was compelled on that occasion to twice repeat it. During its first run of 100 nights the opera had no more popular number than this song. The composer is M. W. BALFE.

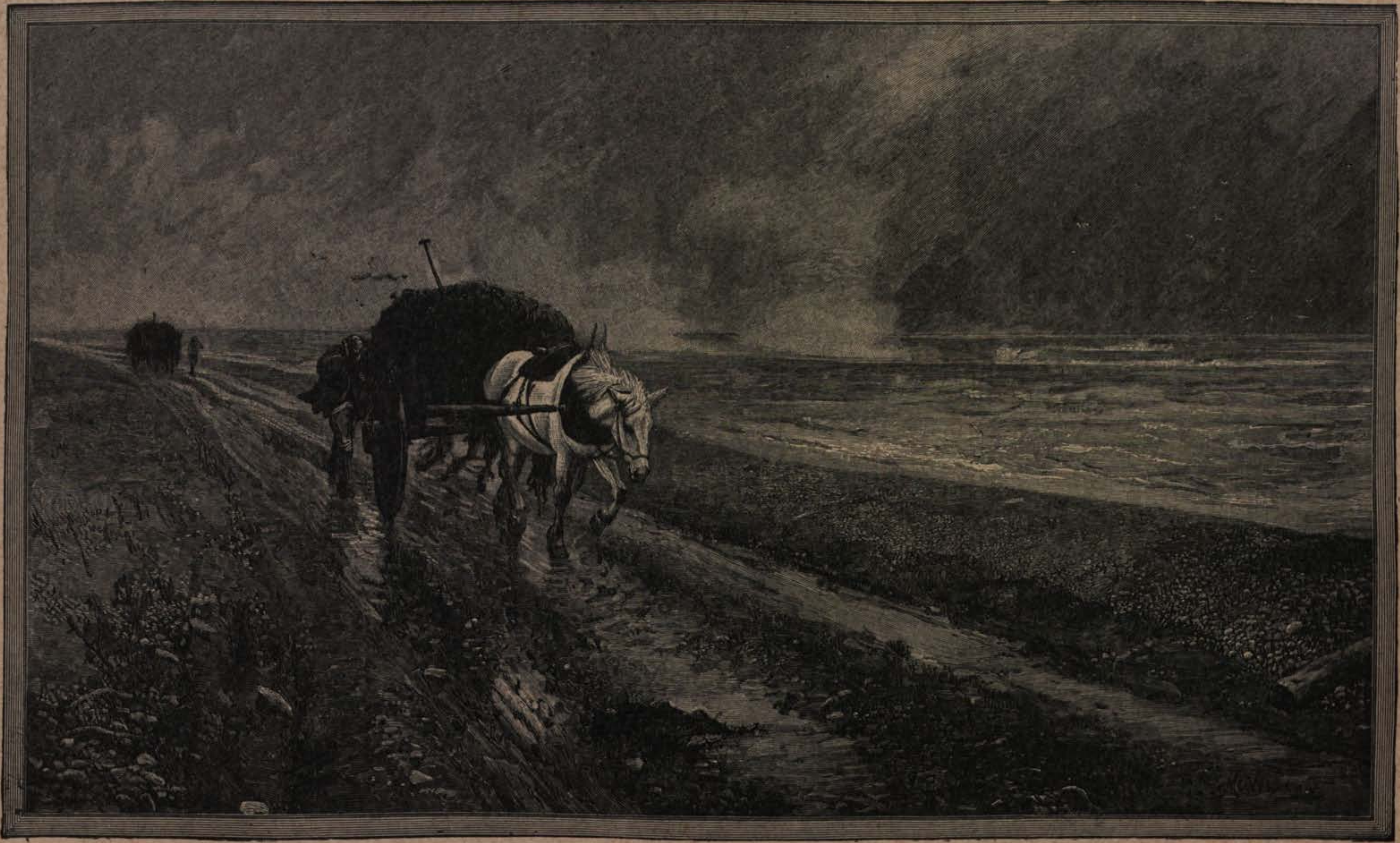



oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And
lan - guage whose ex - - - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
deem it but a fa - ded light Which beams with - in your
well, There may per - haps in such a scene, Some
eyes, When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill
rec - ol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as
break your own .... to see, In such a mo - ment
f
f


hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber me,............... And you'll re-
I but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber me,............... That you'll re-
mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
cres.
cres.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

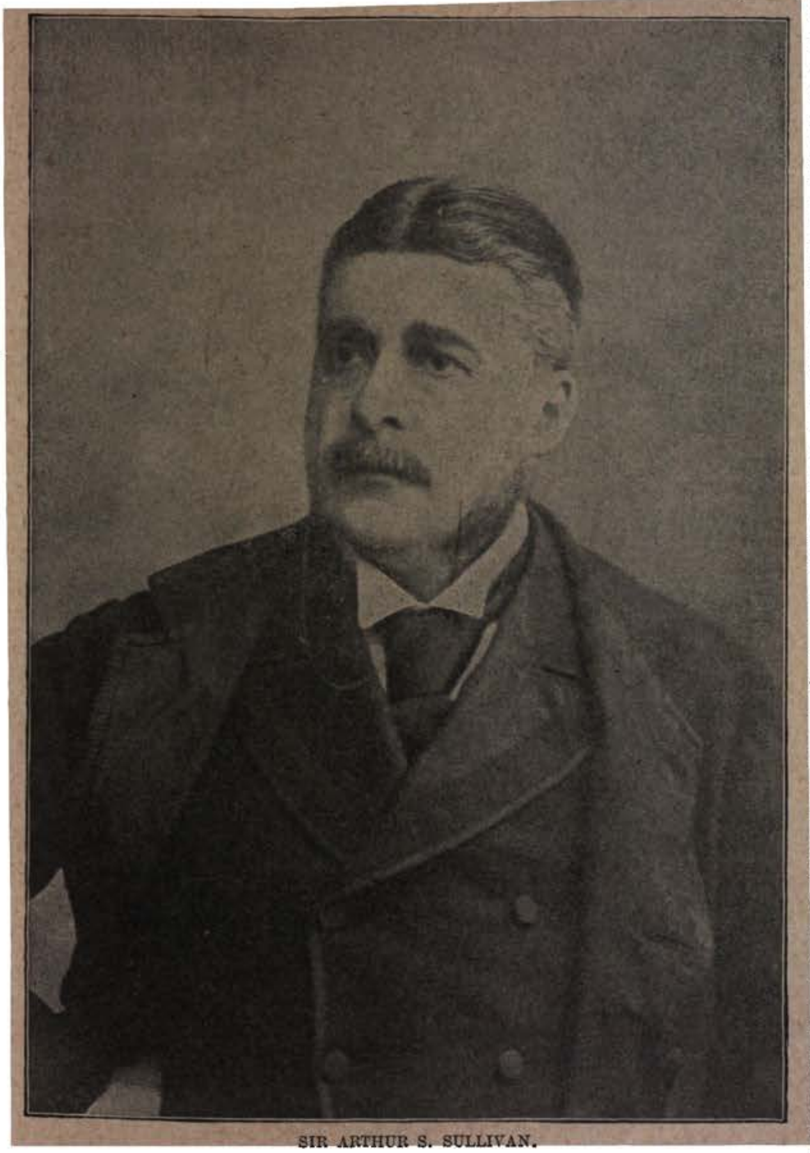
When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.



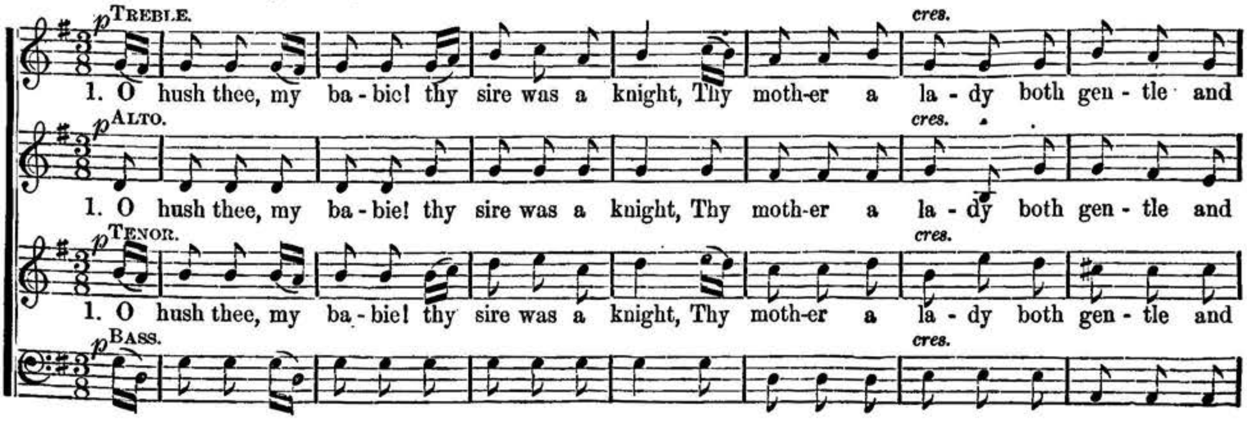
EVENING BY THE SEASIDE.

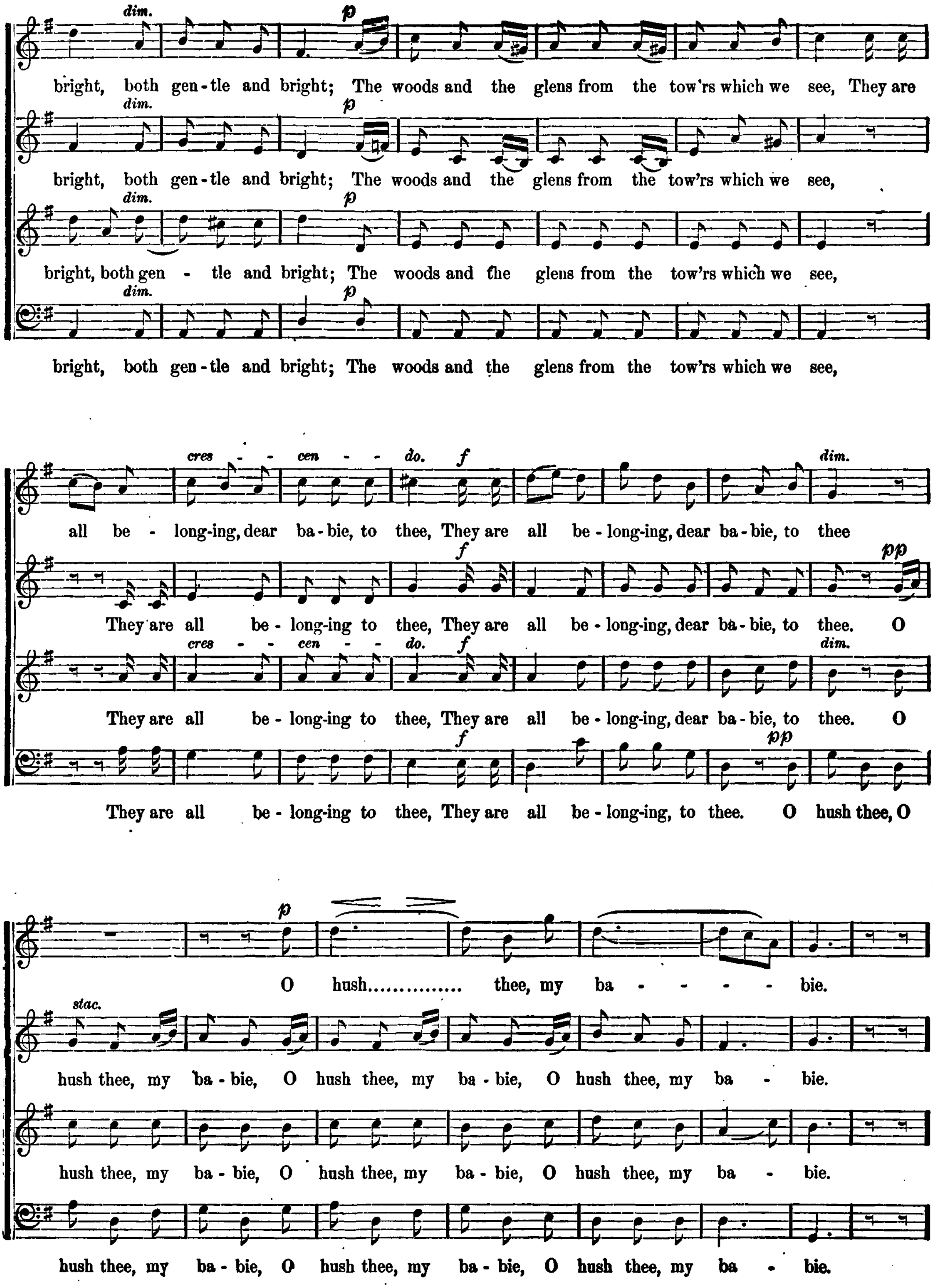
OH HUSH THEE, MY BABIE!

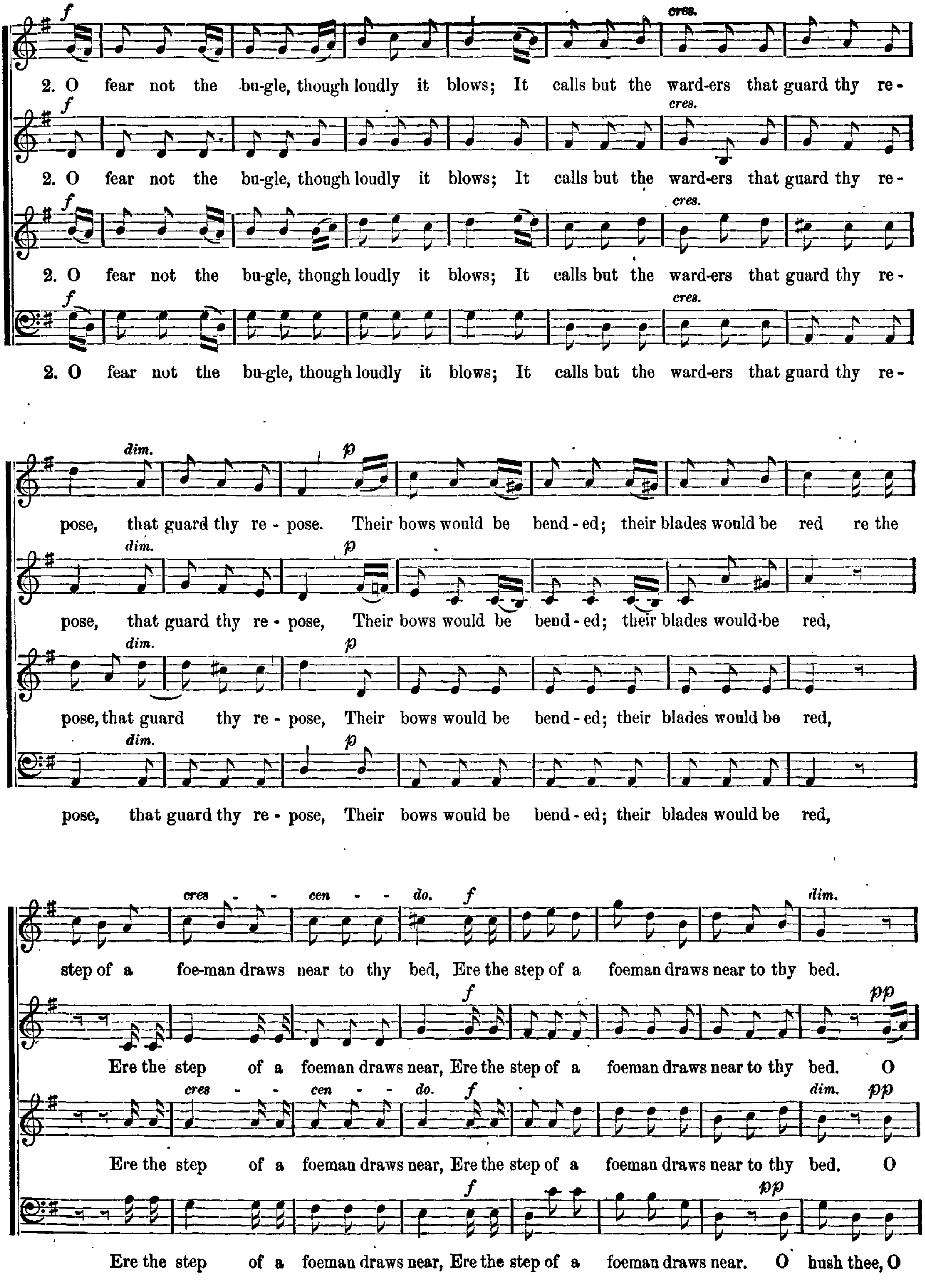
It is scarcely possible in the limits of a paragraph to give even an outline of the strikingly full and successful musical career of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, the composer of this song. Born in London in 1842, the son of a bandmaster, his first effort was as a boy singer in a choir, from twelve to fifteen years of age, during which period he composed small pieces, some of which were published. Taking the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1856 he was admitted to the privileges of the Royal Academy of Music and afterwards continued his studies in Leipsic, his return from whence was the occasion of a great musical and social success. For more than thirty years he has been eminent in the musical world, composing cantatas, ballet music, symphonies, important works for the great musical festivals and noted occasions; publishing numerous songs which have attained enormous popularity; editing hymn collections and contributing to them tunes which have become endeared to the whole Christian world—every material contribution he has made to the musical composition of his time being produced as a signal event in musical progress. His widest vogue and popularity has undoubtedly been based on the series of English operas for which he composed the music to the words of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, among which were "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado," etc. He has filled many important positions as organist of churches, conductor of musical festivals, and director of musical education. His abilities and services were recognized by the honor of Knighthood in 1883. The list of even his widely popular compositions is too long for reproduction. But the composer of the operas mentioned, of such songs as "The Lost Chord," "Orpheus with His Lute," "O Fair Dove," "If Doughty Deeds," etc., and of such hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "Heaven is my Home," etc., is not only honored while he is yet laboring among his fellows, but will live in the future with posterity.

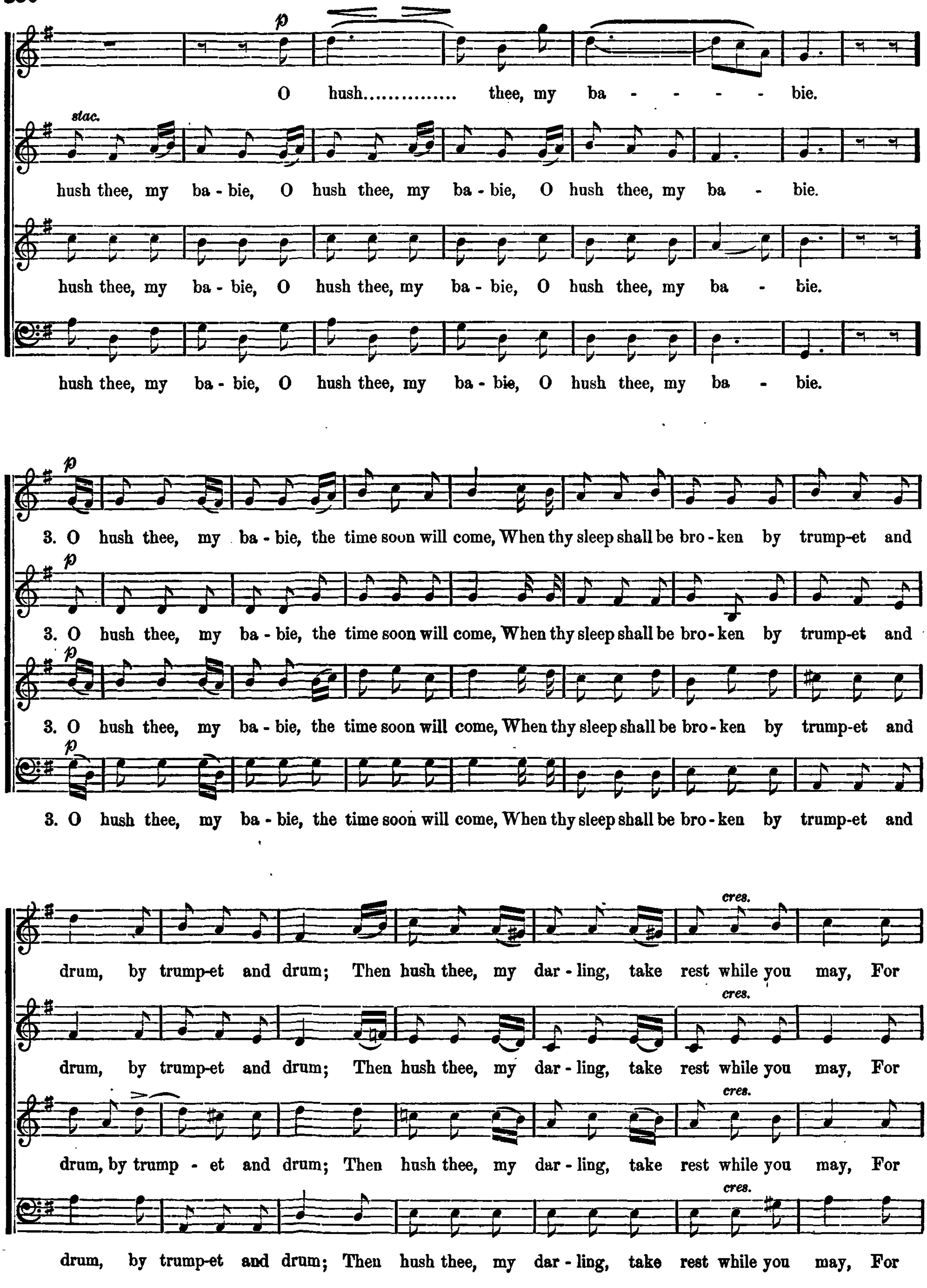


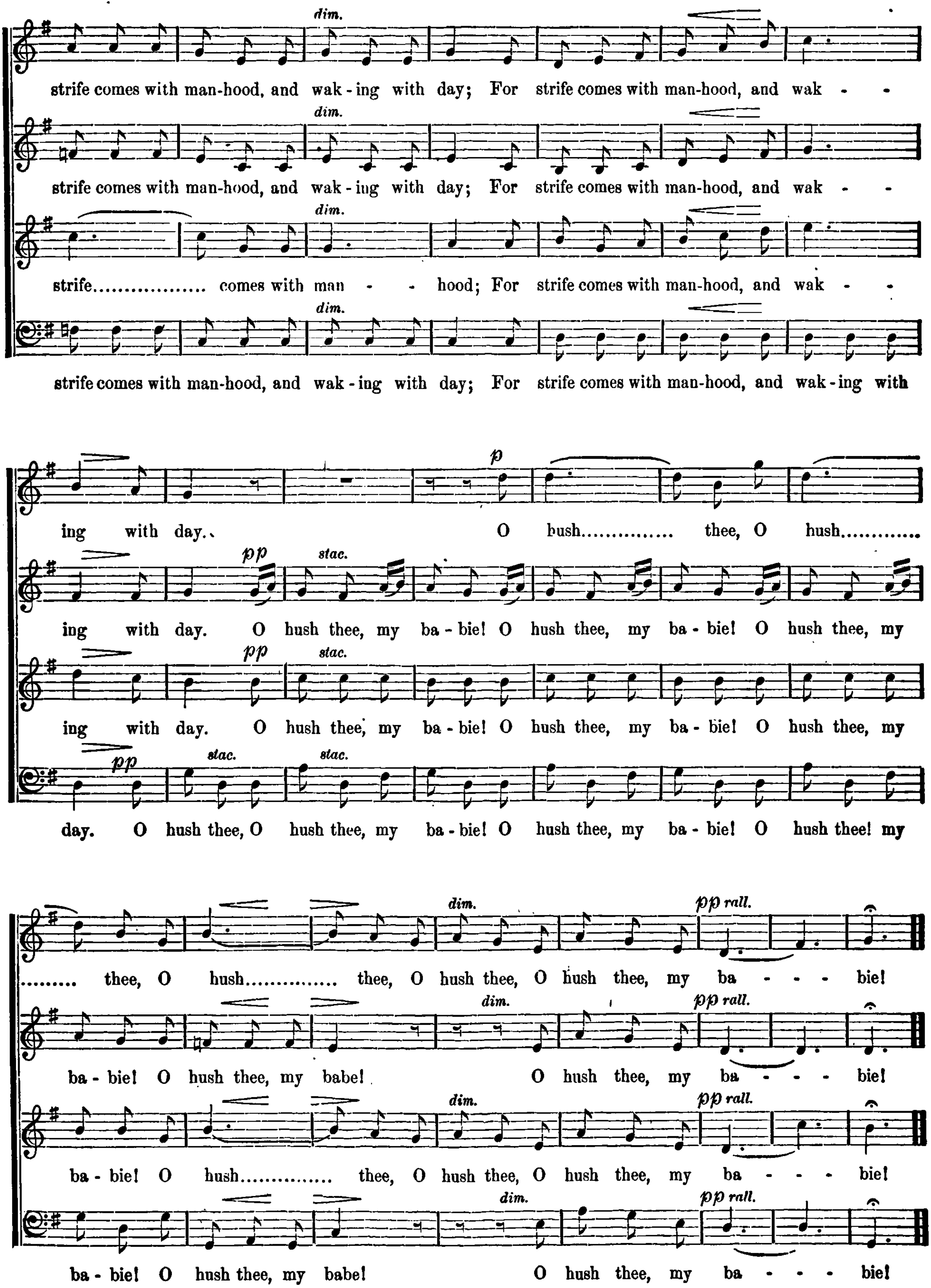
SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


p Treble.
cres.
1. O hush thee, my ba - bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la - dy both gen - tle and
p Alto.
cres.
1. O hush thee, my ba - bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la - dy both gen - tle and
p Tenor.
cres.
1. O hush thee, my ba - bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la - dy both gen - tle and
p Bass.
cres.


dim.
p
bright, both gen-tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are
bright, both gen-tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see,
bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see,
bright, both gen-tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see,
cres - - cen - - do.
f
all be - long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee, They are all be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee
pp
They are all be - long-ing to thee, They are all be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee. O
They are all be - long-ing to thee, They are all be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee. O
They are all be - long-ing to thee, They are all be-long-ing, to thee. O hush thee, O
stac.
O hush............... thee, my ba - - - - - bie.
hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.


f
cres.
2. O fear not the bu-gle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-
f
cres.
2. O fear not the bu-gle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-
f
cres.
2. O fear not the bu-gle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-
f
cres.
2. O fear not the bu-gle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-
dim.
p
pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be bend - ed; their blades would be red re the
dim.
p
pose, that guard thy re - pose, Their bows would be bend - ed; their blades would-be red,
dim.
p
pose, that guard thy re - pose, Their bows would be bend - ed; their blades would be red,
dim.
p
pose, that guard thy re - pose, Their bows would be bend - ed; their blades would be red,
cres - - cen - - do.
f
dim.
step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
f
pp
Ere the step of a foeman draws near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O
cres - - cen - - do.
f
dim.
pp
Ere the step of a foeman draws near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O
f
pp
Ere the step of a foeman draws near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near. O hush thee, O


p
O hush............... thee, my ba - - - - - bie.
stac.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trump-et and
p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trump-et and
p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trump-et and
p
3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trump-et and
cres.
drum, by trump-et and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For
cres.
drum, by trump-et and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For
cres.
drum, by trump - et and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For
cres.
drum, by trump-et and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For

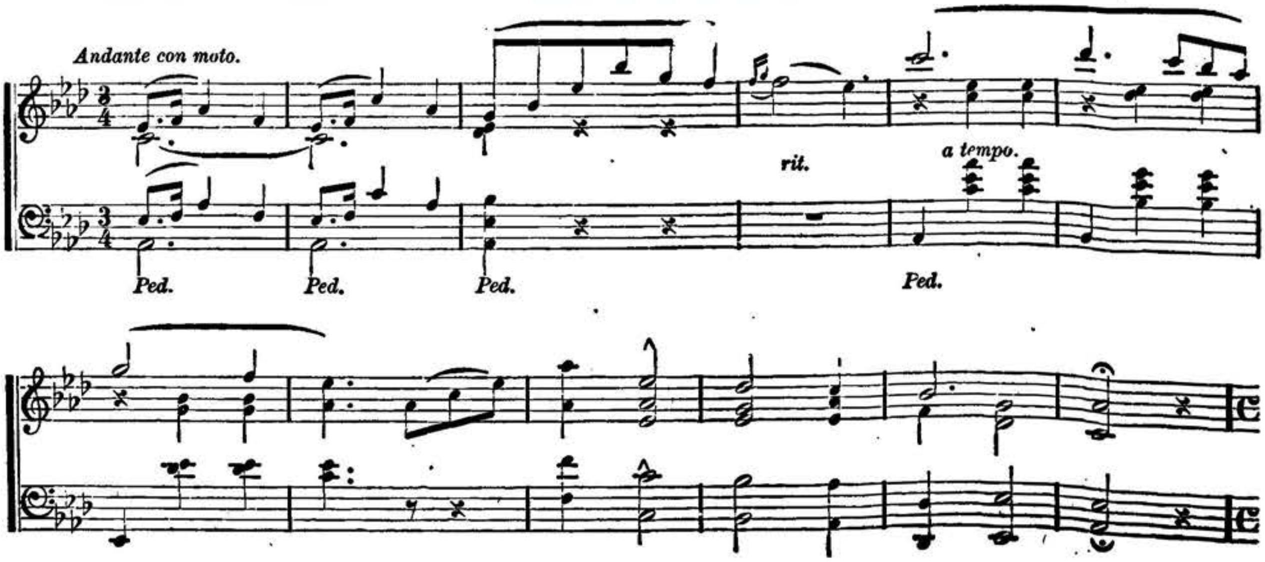

dim.
strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day; For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - -
strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day; For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - -
strife.................. comes with man - - hood; For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - -
strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day; For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with
p
pp
stac.
ing with day. O hush.............. thee, O hush............
ing with day. O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my
ing with day. O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my
day. O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee, my ba - bie! O hush thee! my
pp rall.
.... thee, O hush............... thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - - bie!
ba - bie! O hush thee, my babe! O hush thee, my ba - - - bie!
ba - bie! O hush............... thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - - bie!
ba - bie! O hush thee, my babe! O hush thee, my ba - - - bie!

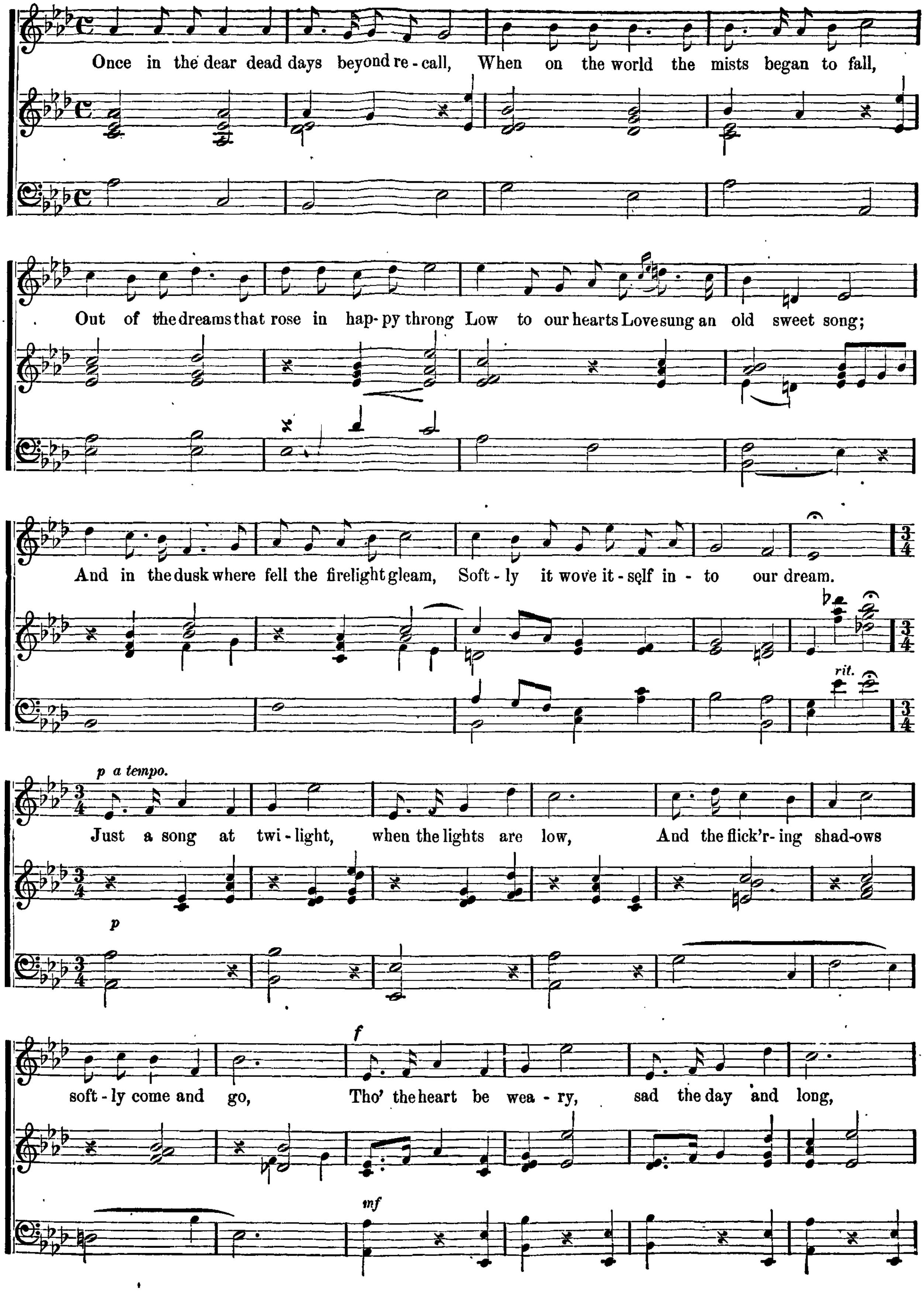
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

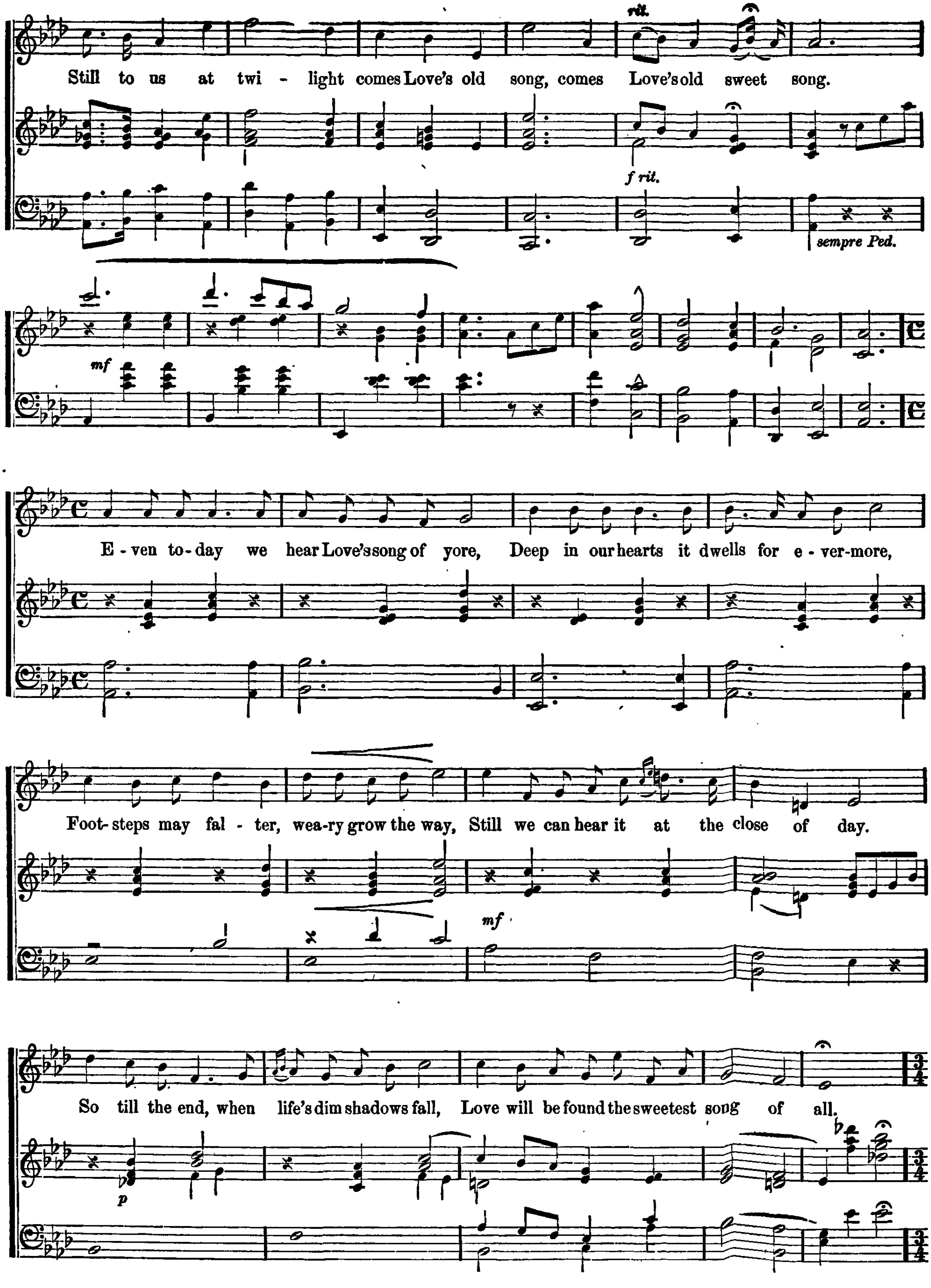
Frederick W. Freer

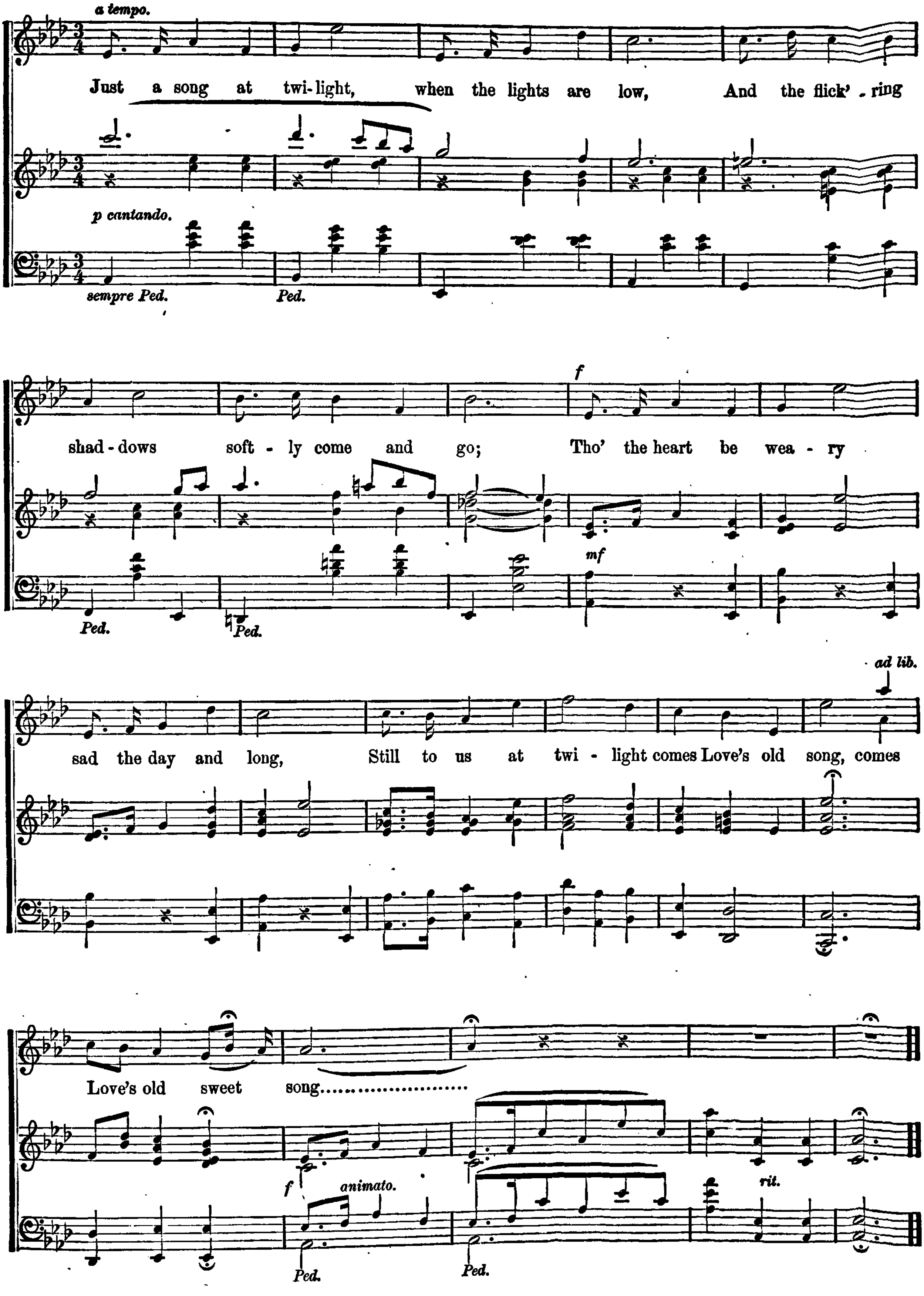
It is due to a variety rather than a sameness of quality, that the songs of J. L. Molloy, have attained the degree of popularity they have achieved. For although there are in musical style, as in literary style, certain shades of individuality that indicate the source of particular words, the originality of a prolific writer must continue if his works are to hold their place as favorites of the public. The scope of Molloy's work is indicated by the following citation of his best known songs, which range "from grave to gay"—"Blue Eyes," "By the River," "Clang of the Wooden Shoon," "Clochette," "Colleen," "Darby and Joan," "Drifting Boat," "Golden Gleamed the River," "Jack's Farewell," "Jamie," "Kerry Dance," "London Bridge," "Polly," "The Postillion," "Thady O'Flynn," "The Vagabond," "Wandering Jew," and "Will O' the Wisp." The tenderness of his style is well illustrated in the selection here given "Love's Old Sweet Song." The words are by G. Clifton Bingham.

* * *



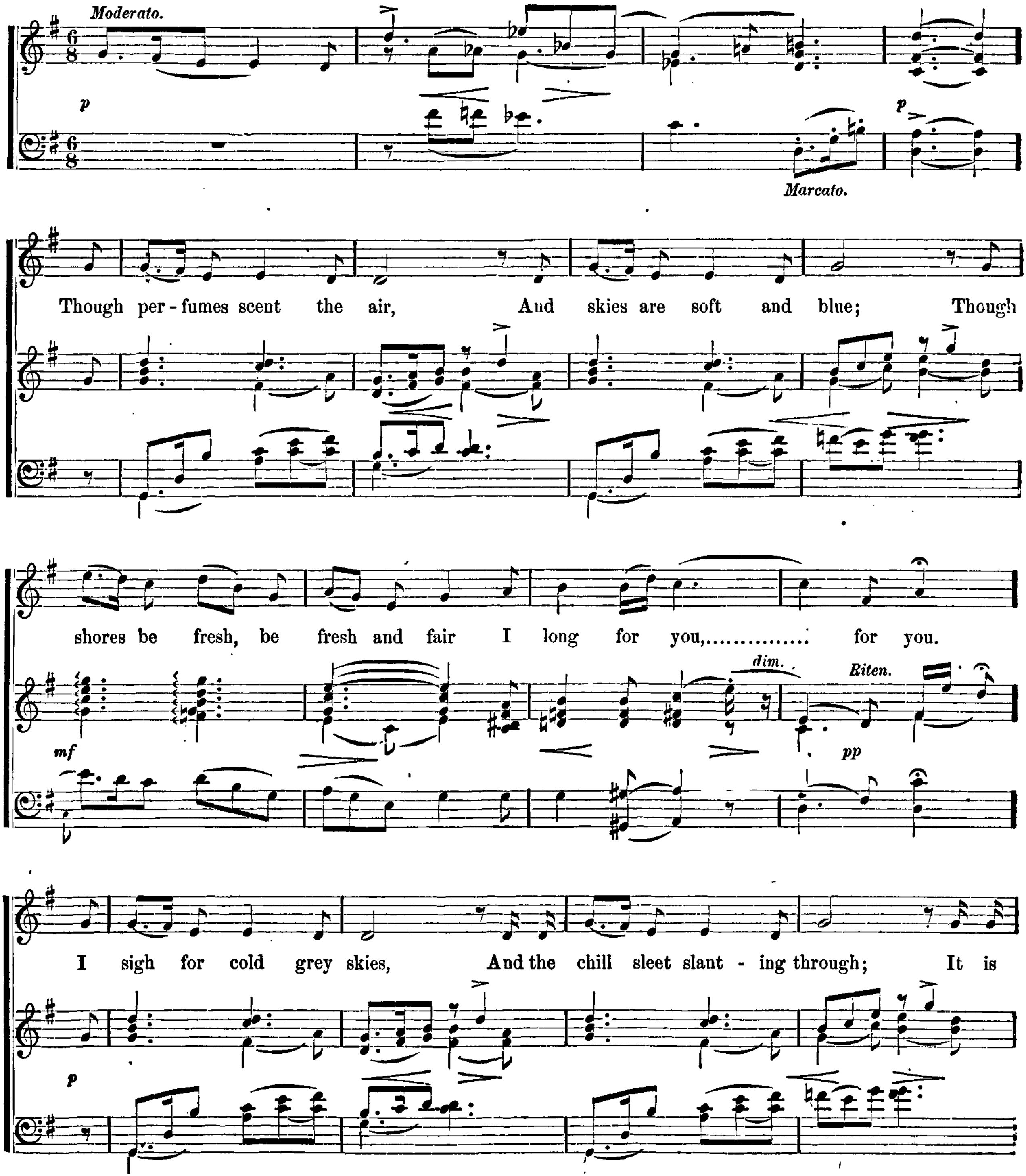

Once in the dear dead days beyond re - call, When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
rit.
p a tempo.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'r - ing shad - ows
p
soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,
f
mf


rit.
Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.
f rit.
sempre Ped.
mf
E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for e - ver-more,
Foot- steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.
mf
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
p


a tempo.
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring
p cantando.
sempre Ped.
Ped.
shad-dows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry
f
mf
Ped.
Ped.
ad lib.
sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes
Love's old sweet song……………………
f
animato.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.

I LONG FOR YOU.

Walter Learned, who wrote the words of this song, was born in New London, Conn. After graduating from school in that city he secured employment in the City Savings Bank, where he is now acting as treasurer. As a boy Mr. Learned showed talent for verse writing. He is now a regular contributor to various magazines. His collected poems, entitled "Between Times," was published in 1880. It contains songs well suited to the needs of the musician. Many of them have been set to music. The musical setting of "I Long For You," is by W. P. Brown, a well known composer, and a member of the Manuscript Society of the United States.


Moderato.
p
Marcato.
p
Though per-fumes scent the air, And skies are soft and blue; Though shores be fresh, be fresh and fair I long for you,............... for you.
mf
dim.
Riten.
pp
I sigh for cold grey skies, And the chill sleet slant-ing through; It is
p

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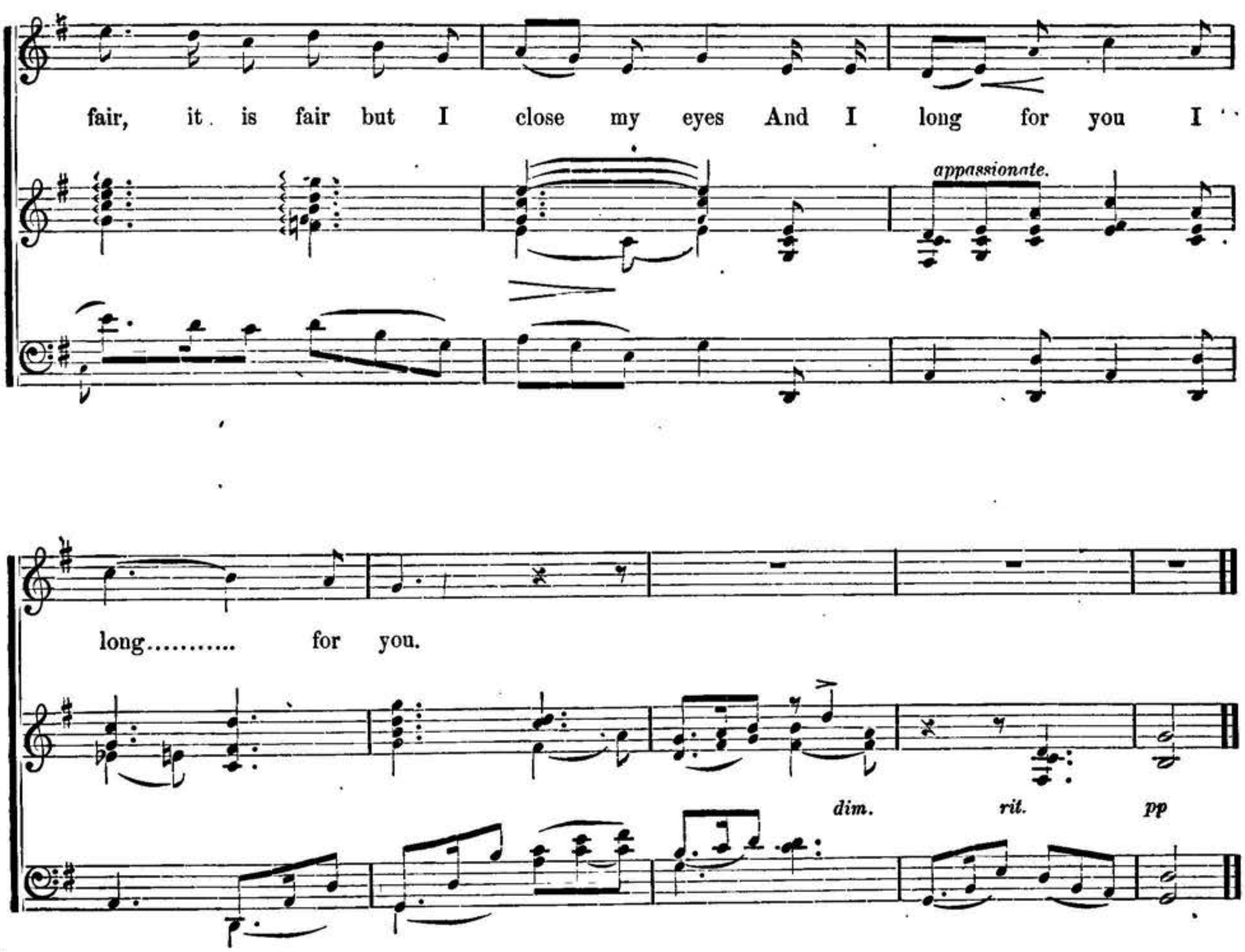
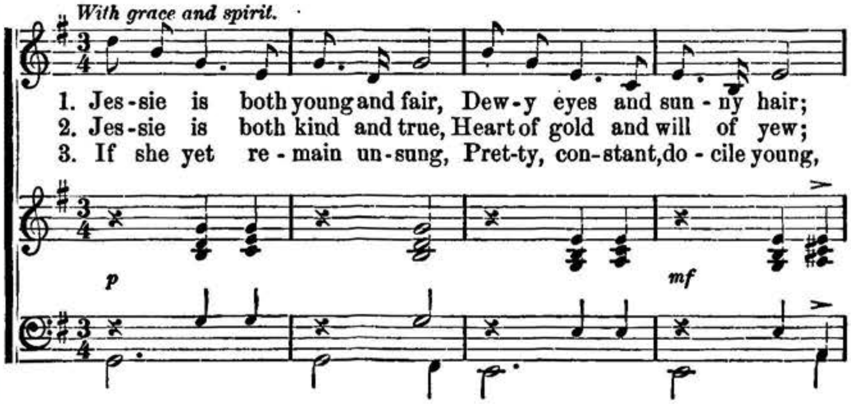
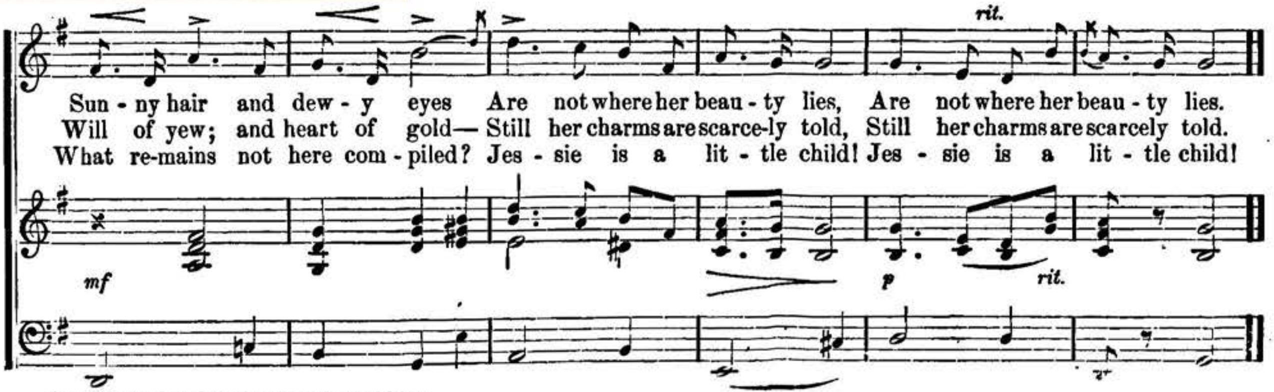

fair, it is fair but I close my eyes And I long for you I
appassionate.
long……….. for you.
dim.
rit.
pp

JESSIE.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, distinguished as a writer of stories of western life and character, has also given us many poems of merit; of which the beautiful child-song "Jessie" is an example worthy of the appropriate musical setting of Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Bret Harte was born in 1839 at Albany, N. Y., where his father was president of a female college. He removed in early life to California; where he became prominent as a journalist and novelist. He returned to the East in 1871; was appointed United States consul at Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1880.


With grace and spirit.
1. Jes-sie is both young and fair, Dew-y eyes and sun-ny hair;
2. Jes-sie is both kind and true, Heart of gold and will of yew;
3. If she yet re-main un-sung, Pret-ty, con-stant, do-cile young,
p
mf


rit.
Sun-ny hair and dew-y eyes Are not where her beau-ty lies, Are not where her beau-ty lies.
Will of yew; and heart of gold— Still her charms are scarce-ly told, Still her charms are scarcely told.
What re-mains not here com-piled? Jes-sie is a lit-tle child! Jes-sie is a lit-tle child!
mf
p
rit.

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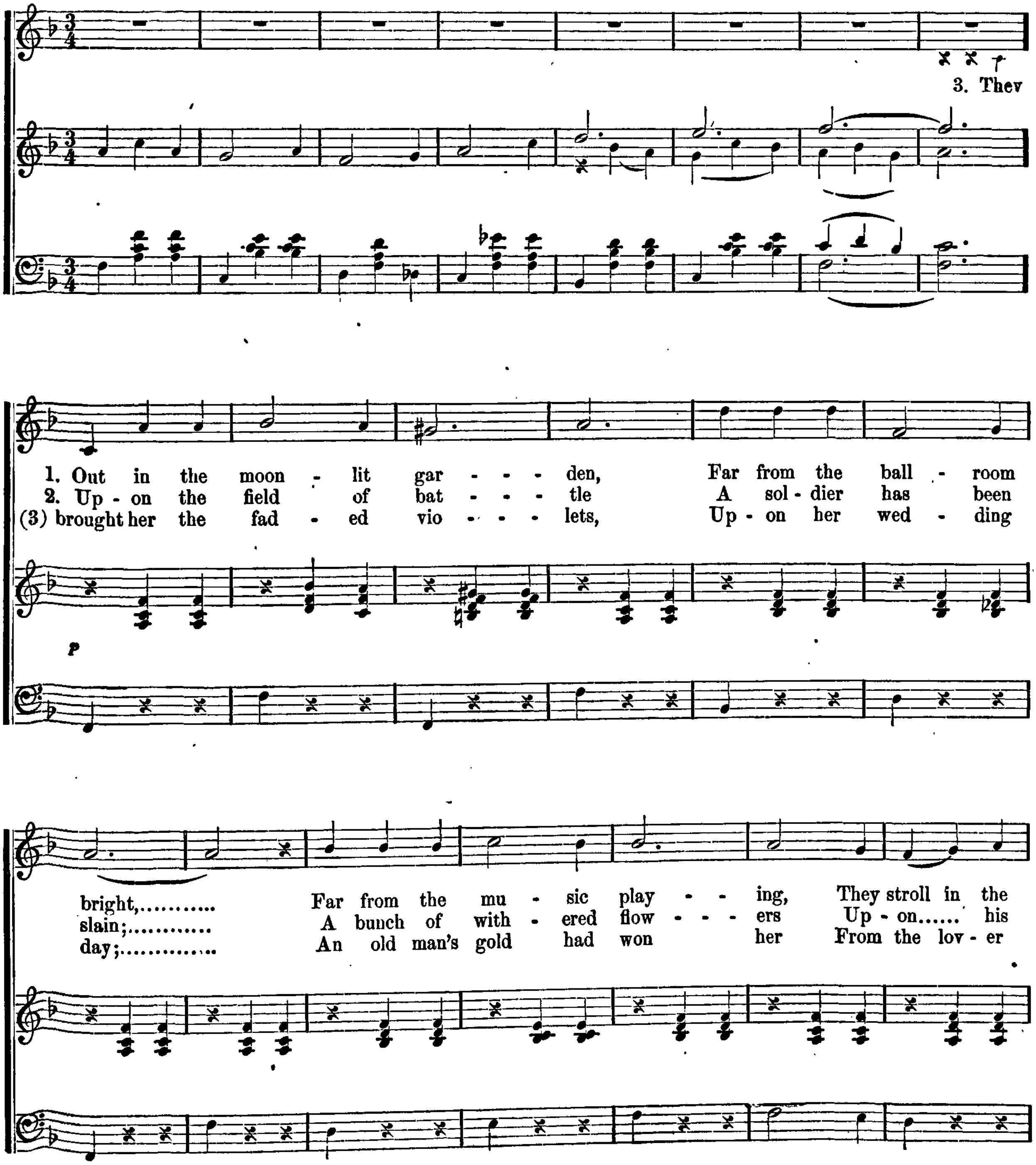
A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A sentimental song, offering few difficulties to voices of moderate compass, this is one of the most recent productions of **Floyd McKinstry Schoonmaker**, an American composer of to-day. The words are by **Walter Pleugh.** The range from sentiment to tragedy and mourning affords excellent opportunity for variety of expression in rendering the song.


3. They
1. Out in the moon - lit gar - - - den, Far from the ball - room
2. Up - on the field of bat - - - tle A sol - dier has been
(3) brought her the fad - ed vio - - - lets, Up - on her wed - ding
p
bright,........... Far from the mu - sic play - - ing, They stroll in the
slain;............ A bunch of with - ered flow - - - ers Up - on...... his
day;.............. An old man's gold had won her From the lov - er

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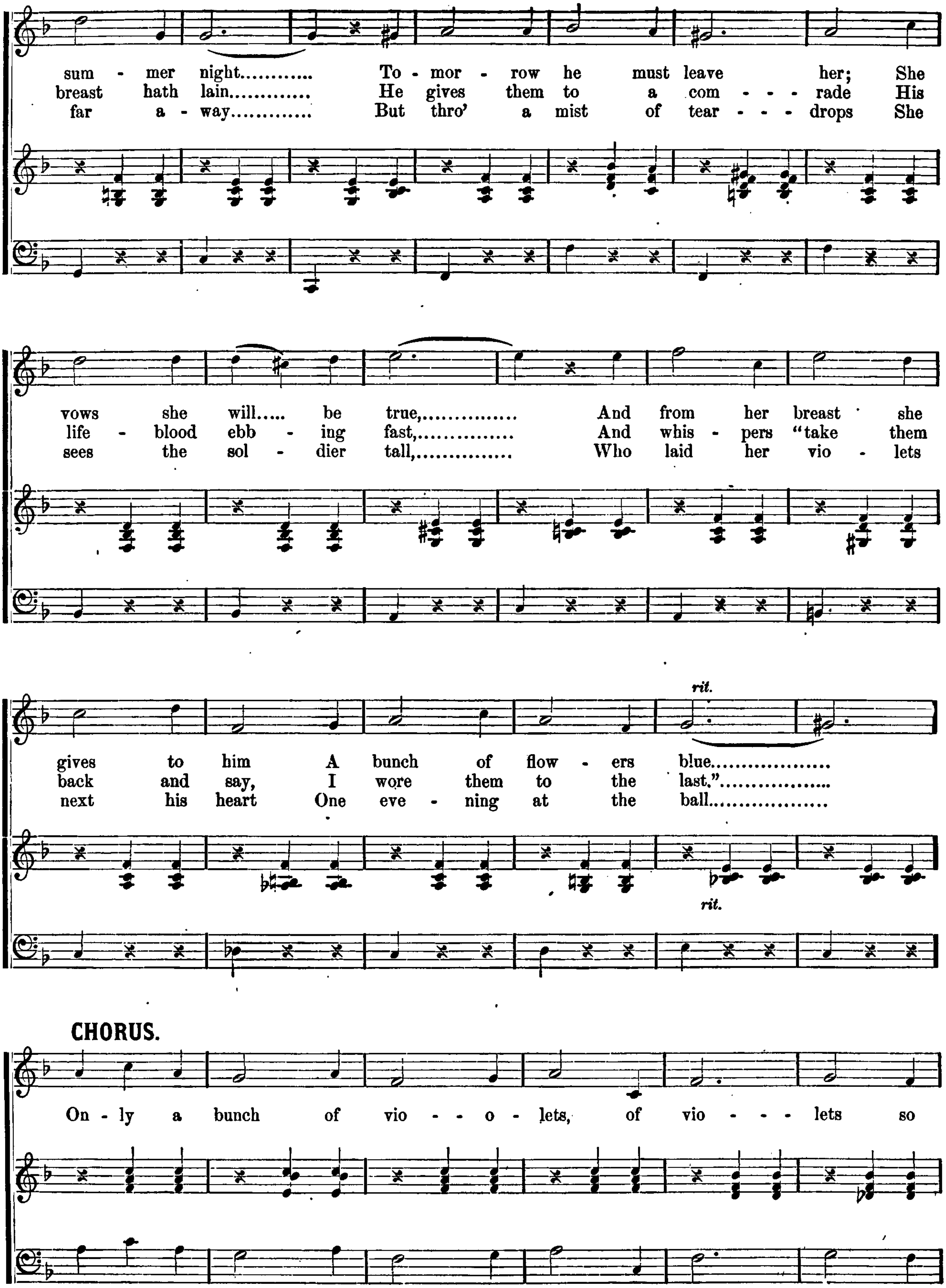
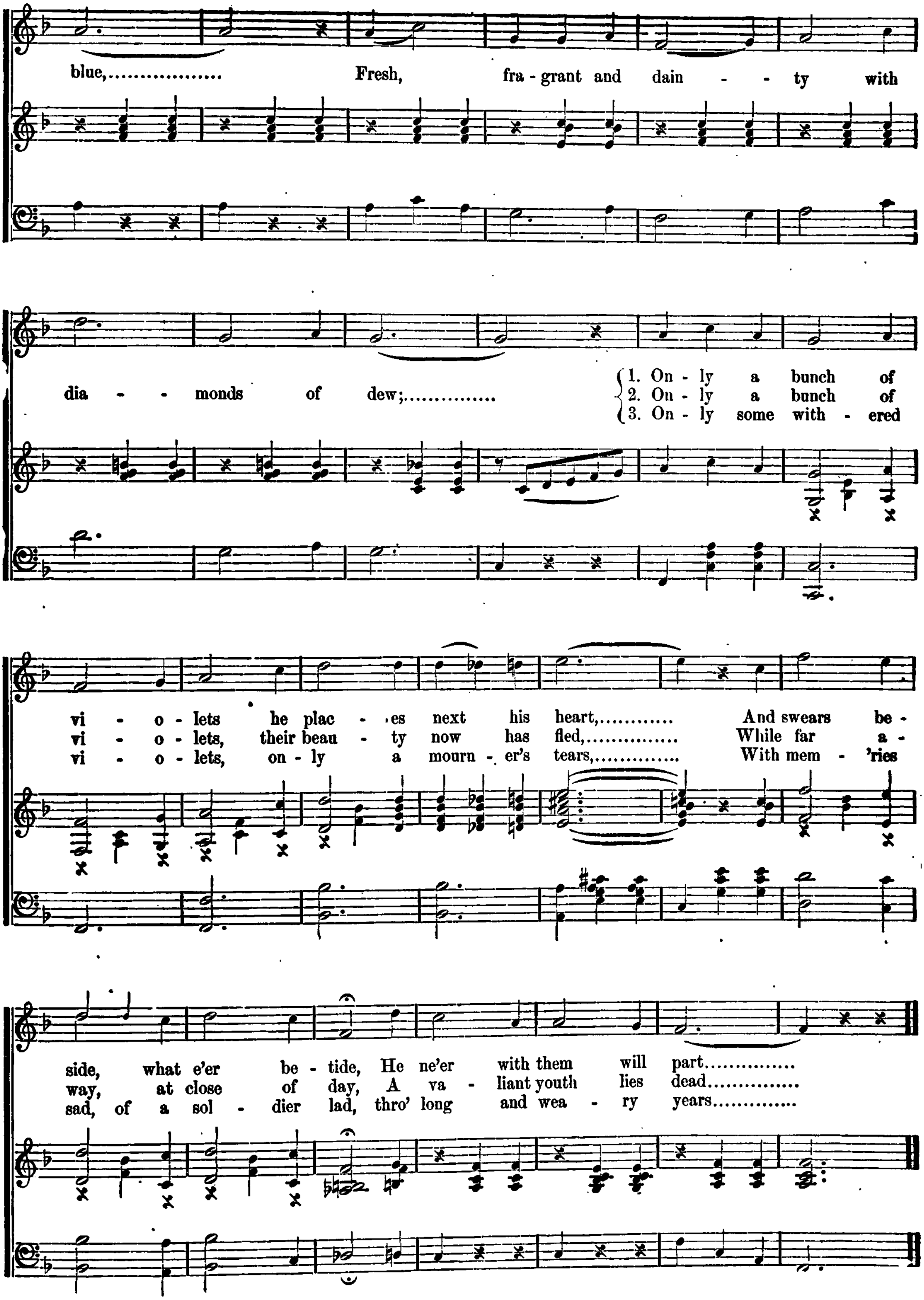
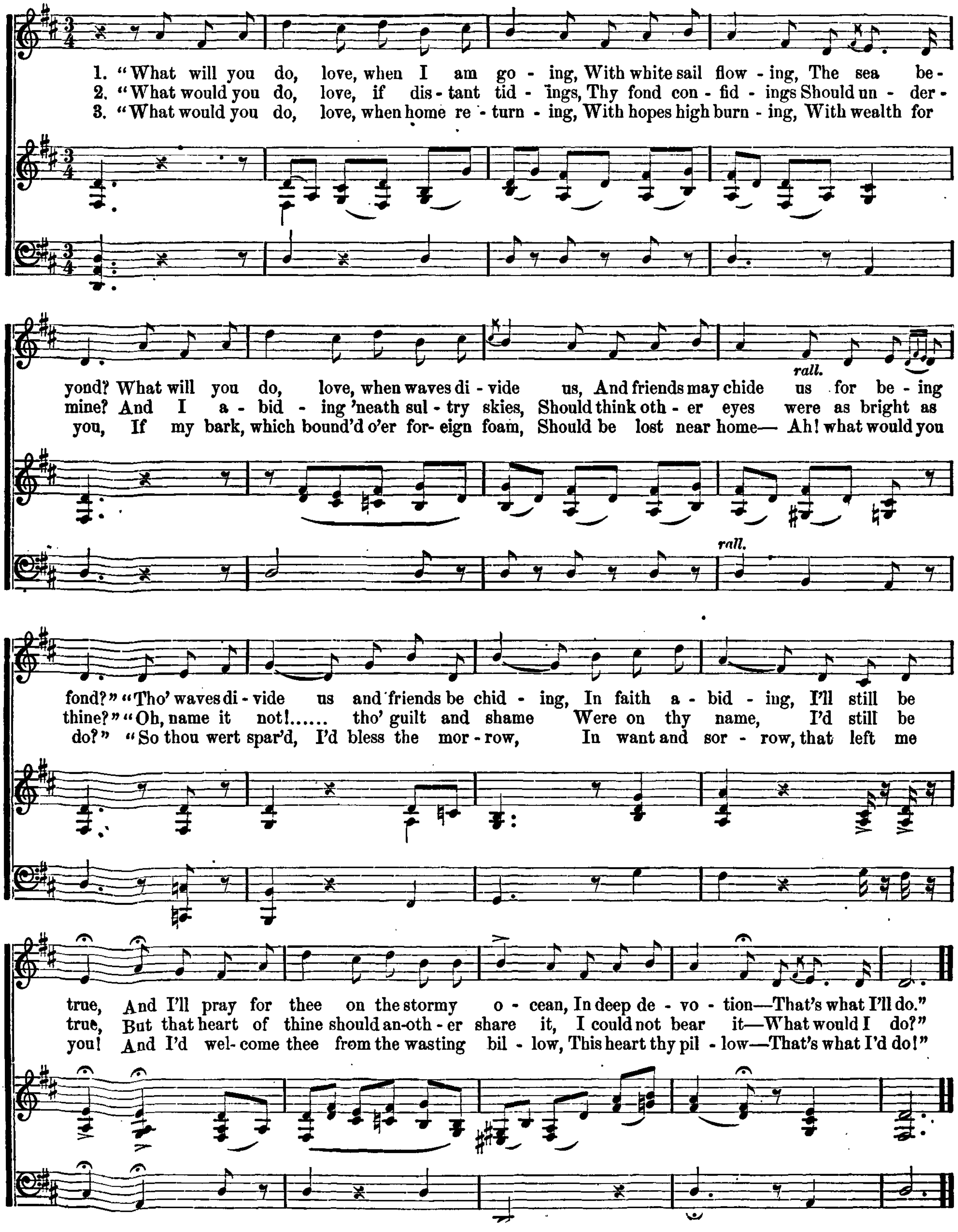
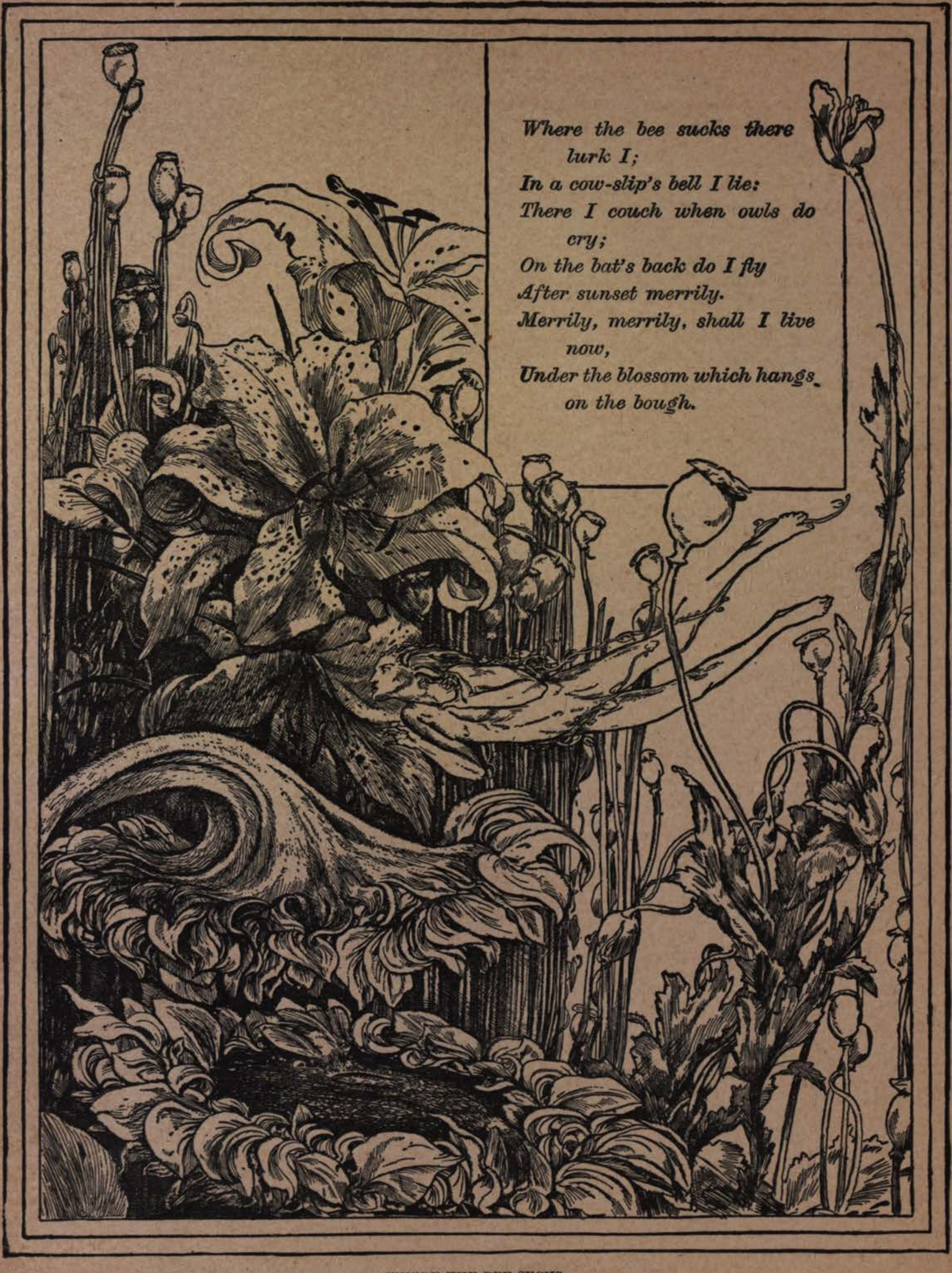

sum - mer night............ To - mor - row he must leave her; She
breast hath lain............. He gives them to a com - - - rade His
far a - way............ But thro' a mist of tear - - - drops She
vows she will..... be true,............... And from her breast she
life - blood ebb - ing fast,............... And whis - pers "take them
sees the sol - dier tall,............... Who laid her vio - lets
rit.
gives to him A bunch of flow - ers blue..................
back and say, I wore them to the last."..................
next his heart One eve - ning at the ball..................
rit.
CHORUS.
On - ly a bunch of vio - - - o - lets, of vio - - - lets so


blue,.................. Fresh, fra - grant and dain - - ty with
dia - - monds of dew;..............
1. On - ly a bunch of
2. On - ly a bunch of
3. On - ly some with - ered
vi - o - lets he plac - es next his heart,............ And swears be -
vi - o - lets, their beau - ty now has fled,............... While far a -
vi - o - lets, on - ly a mourn - er's tears,.............. With mem - 'ries
side, what e'er be - tide, He ne'er with them will part...............
way, at close of day, A va - liant youth lies dead...............
sad, of a sol - dier lad, thro' long and wea - ry years.............

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

Both the words and the music of this song were written by **Samuel Lover**, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."


1. "What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flow - ing, The sea be-
2. "What would you do, love, if dis - tant tid - ings, Thy fond con - fid - ings Should un - der-
3. "What would you do, love, when home re - turn - ing, With hopes high burn - ing, With wealth for
yond? What will you do, love, when waves di - vide us, And friends may chide us for be - ing
mine? And I a - bid - ing 'neath sul - try skies, Should think oth - er eyes were as bright as
you, If my bark, which bound'd o'er for - eign foam, Should be lost near home— Ah! what would you
rall.
fond?" "Tho' waves di - vide us and friends be chid - ing, In faith a - bid - ing, I'll still be
thine?" "Oh, name it not!...... tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name, I'd still be
do?" "So thou wert spar'd, I'd bless the mor - row, In want and sor - row, that left me
true, And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion—That's what I'll do."
true, But that heart of thine should an-oth - er share it, I could not bear it—What would I do?"
you! And I'd wel - come thee from the wasting bil - low, This heart thy pil - low—That's what I'd do!"
rall.

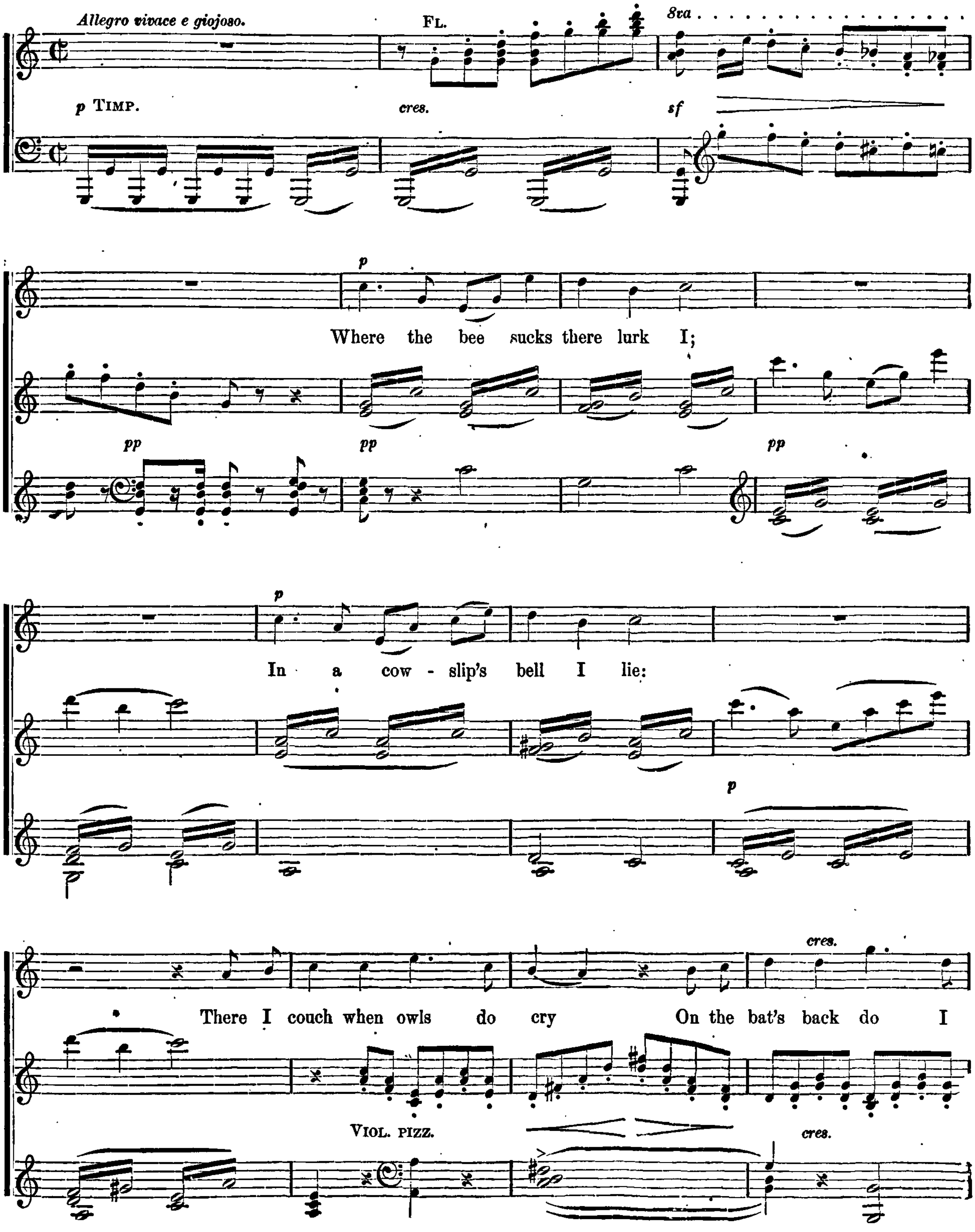


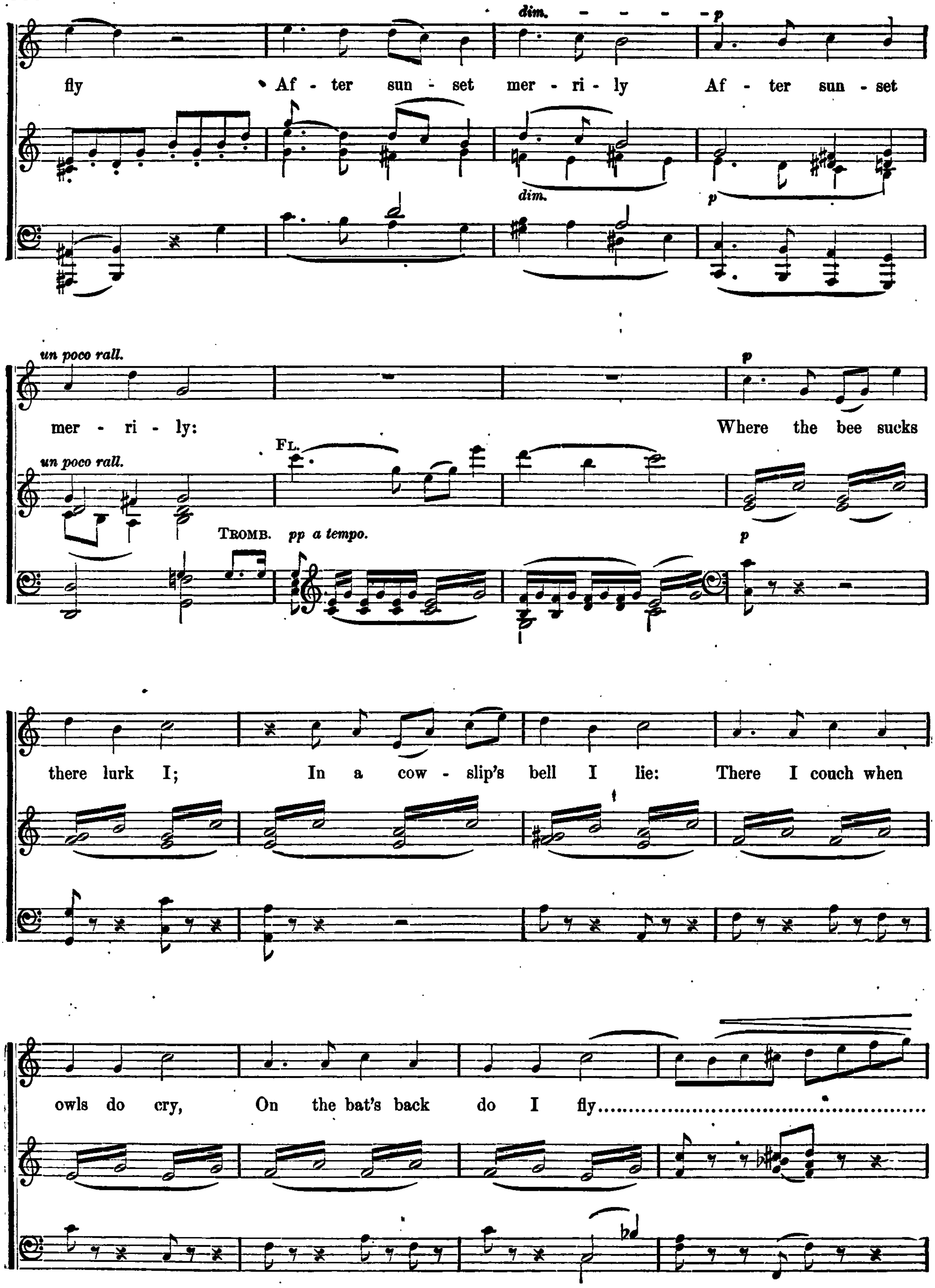
Where the bee sucks there
lurk I;
In a cow-slip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do
cry;
On the bat's back do I fly
After sunset merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live
now,
Under the blossom which hangs
on the bough.

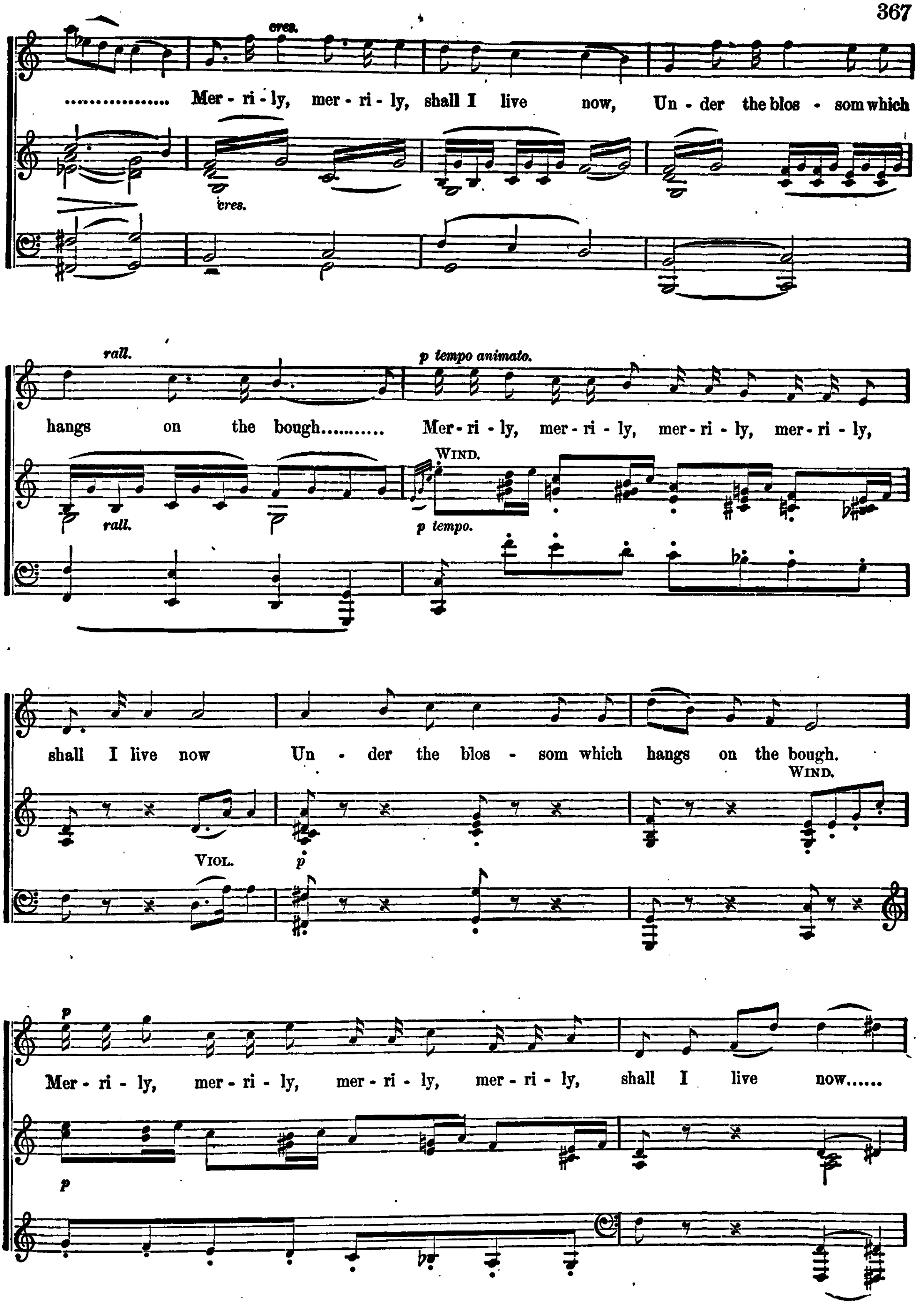
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

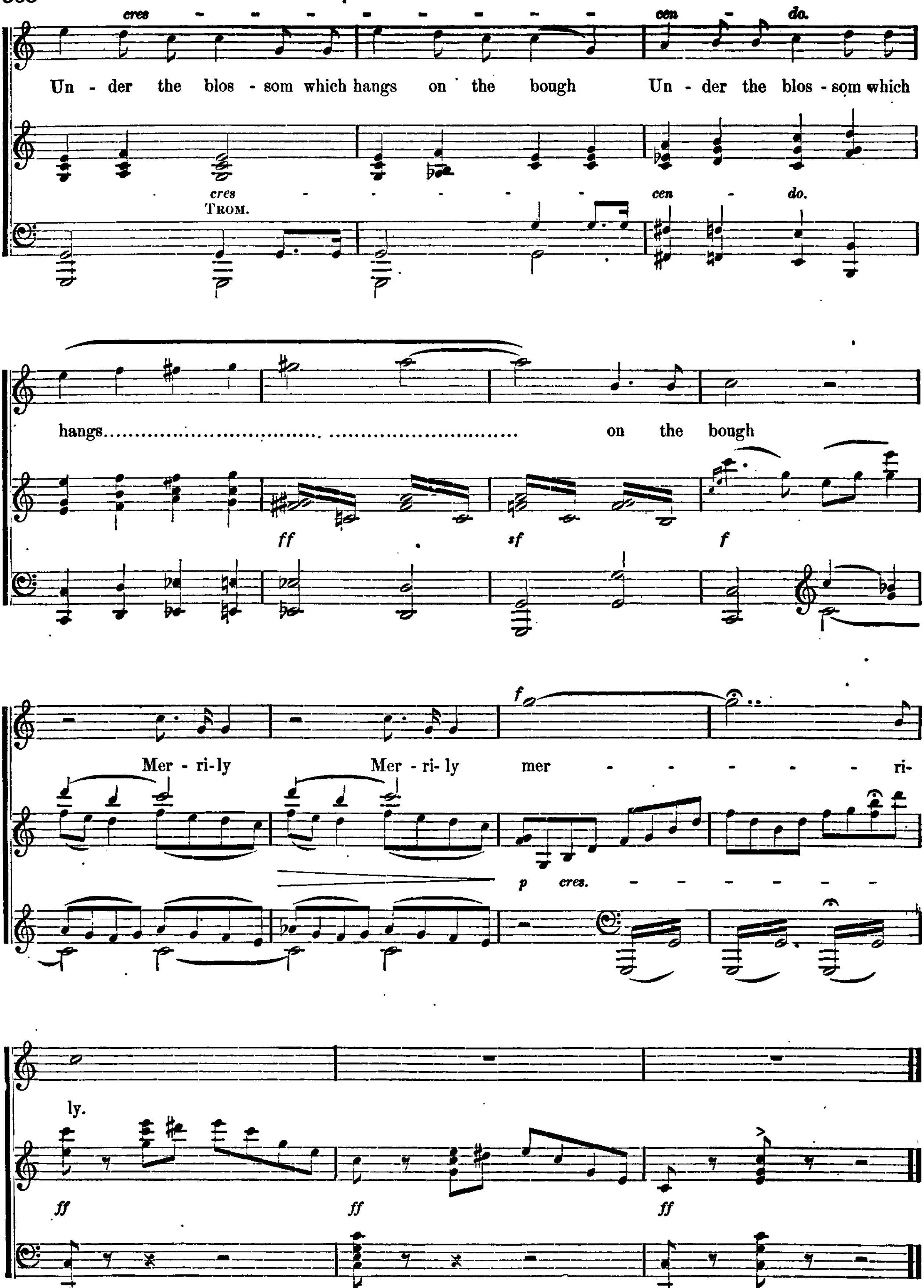
"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."

This is one of the best known of Shakespeare's songs set to music by **Arthur S. Sullivan.**


Allegro vivace e giojoso.
Fl.
8va
p Timp.
cres.
sf
p
Where the bee sucks there lurk I;
pp
pp
pp
p
In a cow - slip's bell I lie:
p
There I couch when owls do cry On the bat's back do I
Viol. pizz.
cres.
cres.


dim.
p
fly After sun - set mer - ri - ly After sun - set
dim.
p
un poco rall.
mer - ri - ly: Where the bee sucks
un poco rall.
Fl.
Tromb. pp a tempo.
p
p
there lurk I; In a cow - slip's bell I lie: There I couch when
owls do cry, On the bat's back do I fly…………………………………

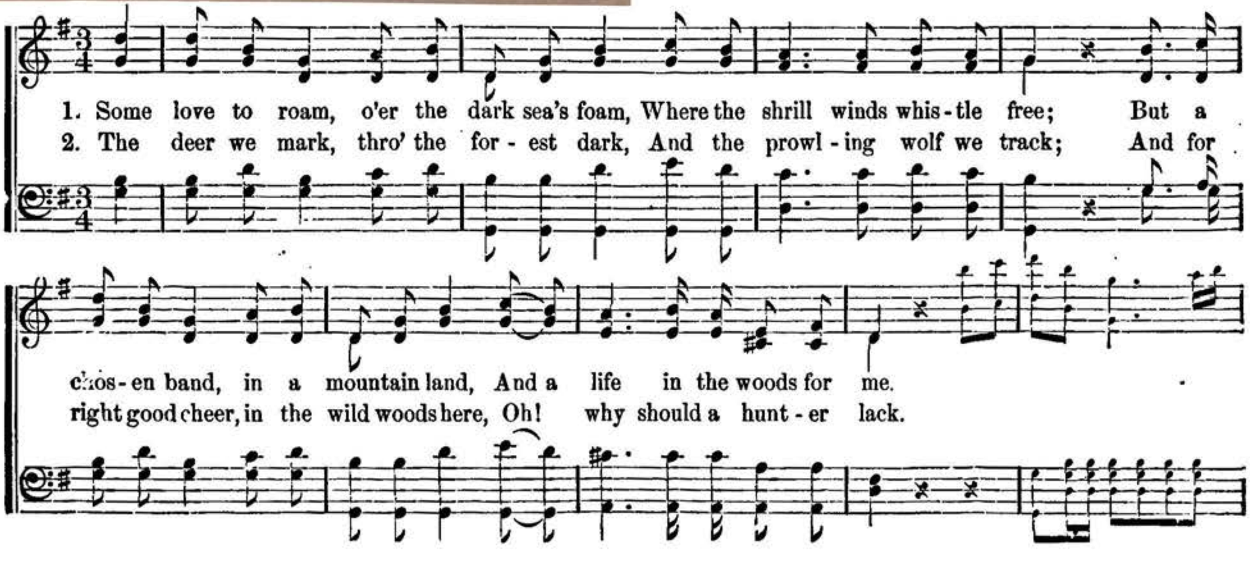

cres.
.... Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the blos - som which
cres.
rall.
hangs on the bough........... Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
p tempo animato.
Wind.
rall.
p tempo.
shall I live now Un - der the blos - som which hangs on the bough.
Wind.
Viol.
p
p
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now......
p

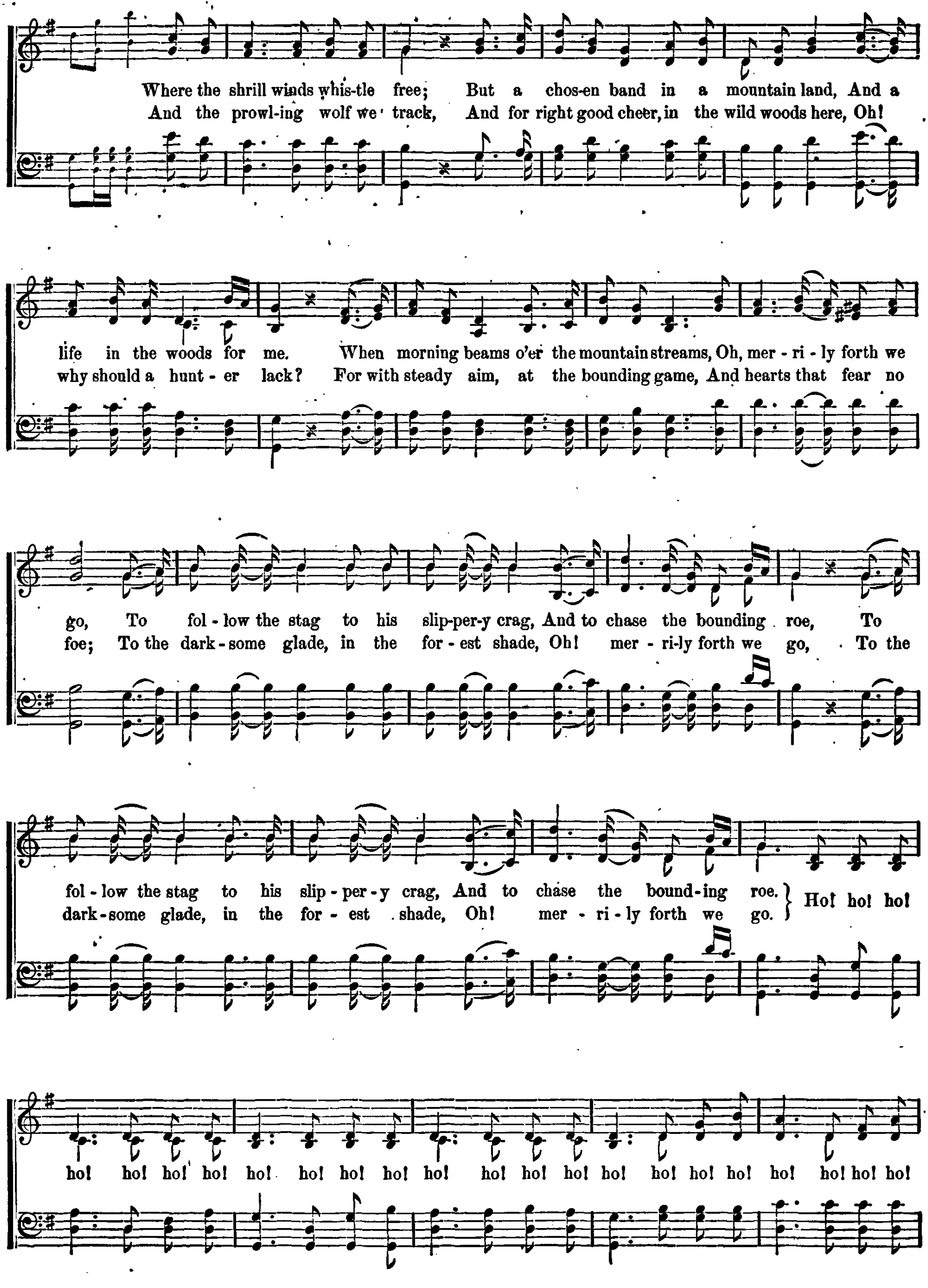

cres - - - - - - - - cen - do.
Un - der the blos - som which hangs on the bough Un - der the blos - som which
cres - - - - - - - cen - do.
Trom.
hangs.. on the bough
ff
sf
f
Mer - ri - ly Mer - ri - ly mer - - - - - - - ri-
f
p cres. - - - - - - -
ly.
ff
ff
ff

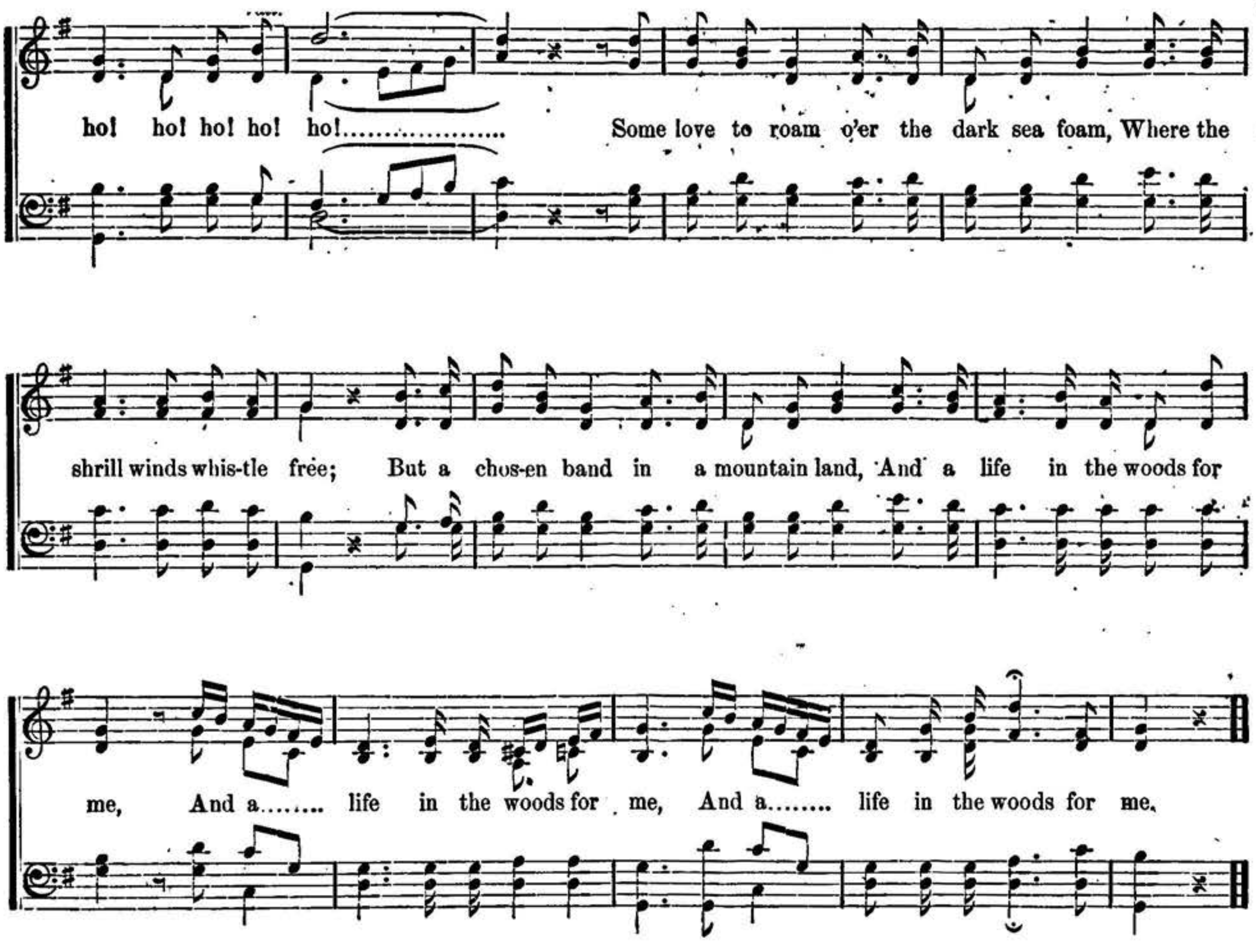
SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

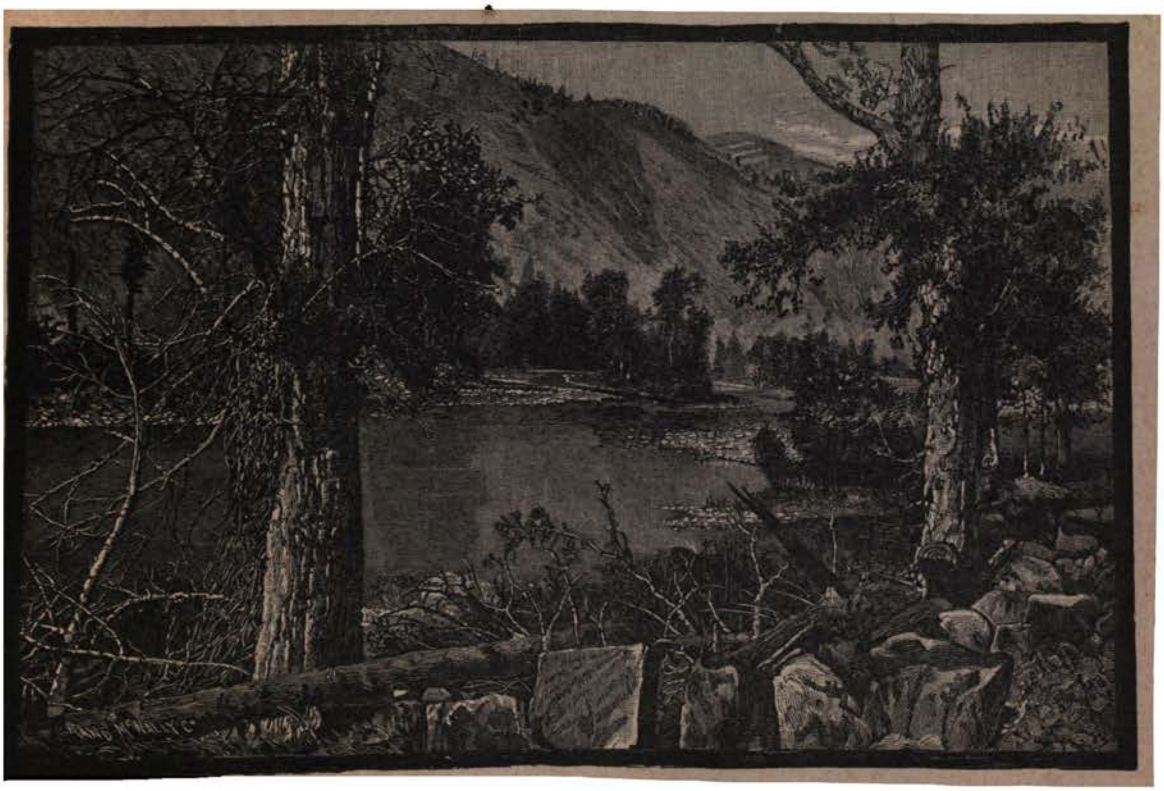
CHARLES MACKAY, author of this lyric, was born in 1812, in Perth, Scotland, of an ancient and honorable family. His life has been spent mainly in London, where he has been an editor of newspapers, reviews, and books of antiquarian research, a writer of prose, and a maker of songs. He composed many of the airs for the latter, and, in connection with Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, arranged one hundred of the choicest English melodies. He visited the United States in 1857, and delivered a lecture in Boston, on "Songs: national, historical, and popular."

The music of this song is the composition of HENRY RUSSELL. Of this singer, a competent judge and a fair critic, Mr. Henry Phillips, says: "At the same period (about 1840), a singer was gradually, but with the most decided certainty, gaining ground as a musical entertainer. Belonging to no particular school, possessing no particular voice, not particularly gifted as a musician, as a declaimer not particularly refined,—still, on he came, and day by day advanced in public favor, casting into shadow the most accomplished vocalists, and seizing with vigor and firmness subjects that enthralled the audience, held them firm within his grasp, and overwhelmed them with a common sense wonder. Who was this stupendous stranger? A lad of Hebrew extraction, whose father had a curiosity-shop near Covent Garden, who sang when a little boy at the Surrey Theatre, in a piece called "Gulliver and the Lilliputians," and who from that time had scarcely been heard of, till he came, the herald of an enormous reputation, the most popular singer of the multitude in England; a man who in due time eclipsed even John Parry in everything but refinement. This wondrous person was Mr. Henry Russell, whose name, long after he had retired, held sway over the minds and hearts of the multitude. Let us see how all this popularity was attained. It was not by voice, appearance, elegance, or knowledge, but by that uncommon circumstance possessed by so few—common sense. He adapted his themes to his powers: he chose subjects well understood by the general public; he gained the habit and power of distinct articulation; and the very coarseness which caused a shudder in the refined listener, awoke the enthusiasm of the throng."


1. Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whis-tle free; But a chos-en band, in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for me.
2. The deer we mark, thro' the for-est dark, And the prowl-ing wolf we track; And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hunt-er lack.

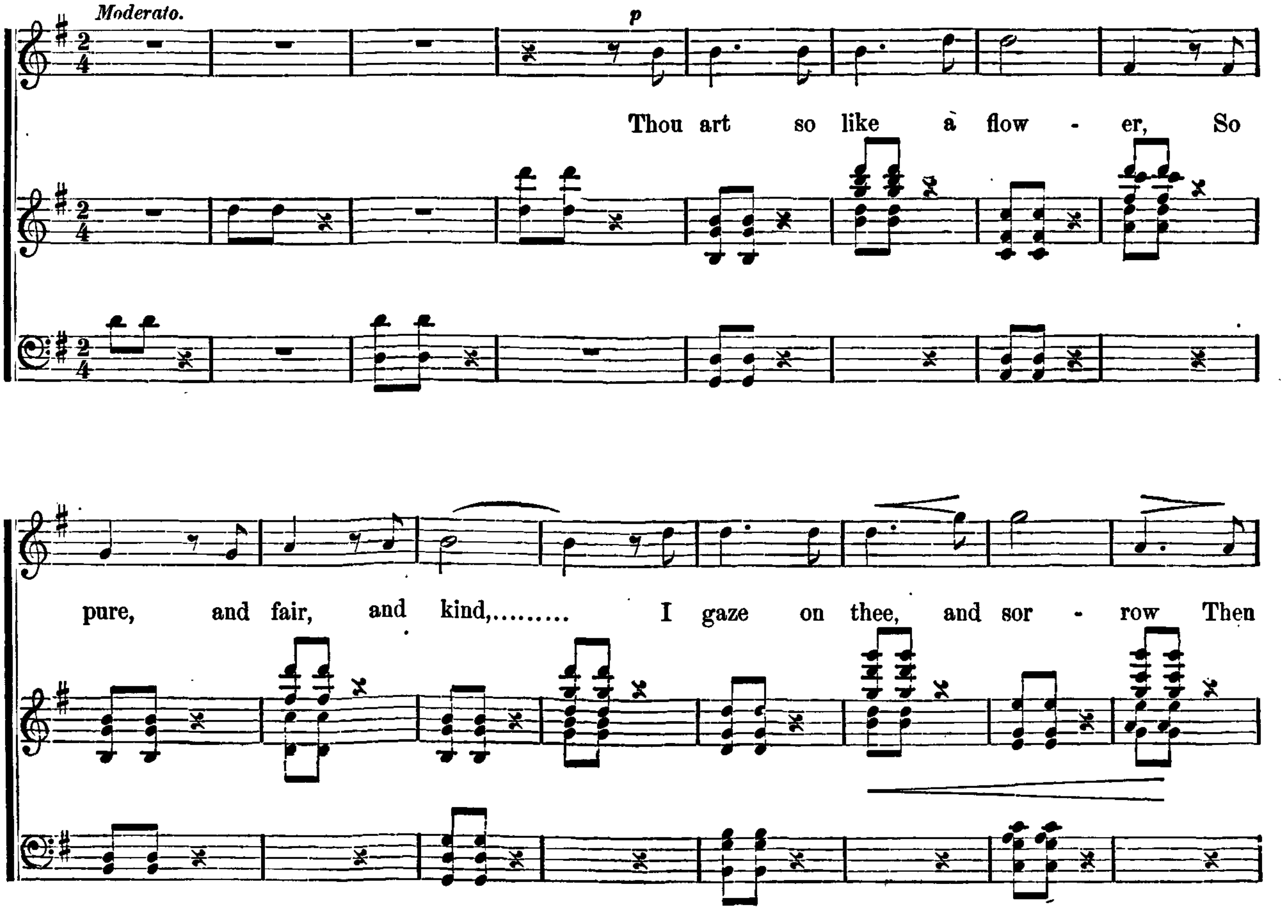

Where the shrill winds whis-tle free; But a chos-en band in a mountain land, And a
And the prowl-ing wolf we track, And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh!
life in the woods for me. When morning beams o'er the mountain streams, Oh, mer - ri - ly forth we
why should a hunt - er lack? For with steady aim, at the bounding game, And hearts that fear no
go, To fol - low the stag to his slip-per-y crag, And to chase the bounding roe, To
foe; To the dark - some glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - ri-ly forth we go, To the
fol - low the stag to his slip - per - y crag, And to chase the bound-ing roe.
dark-some glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we go.
Ho! ho! ho!
ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

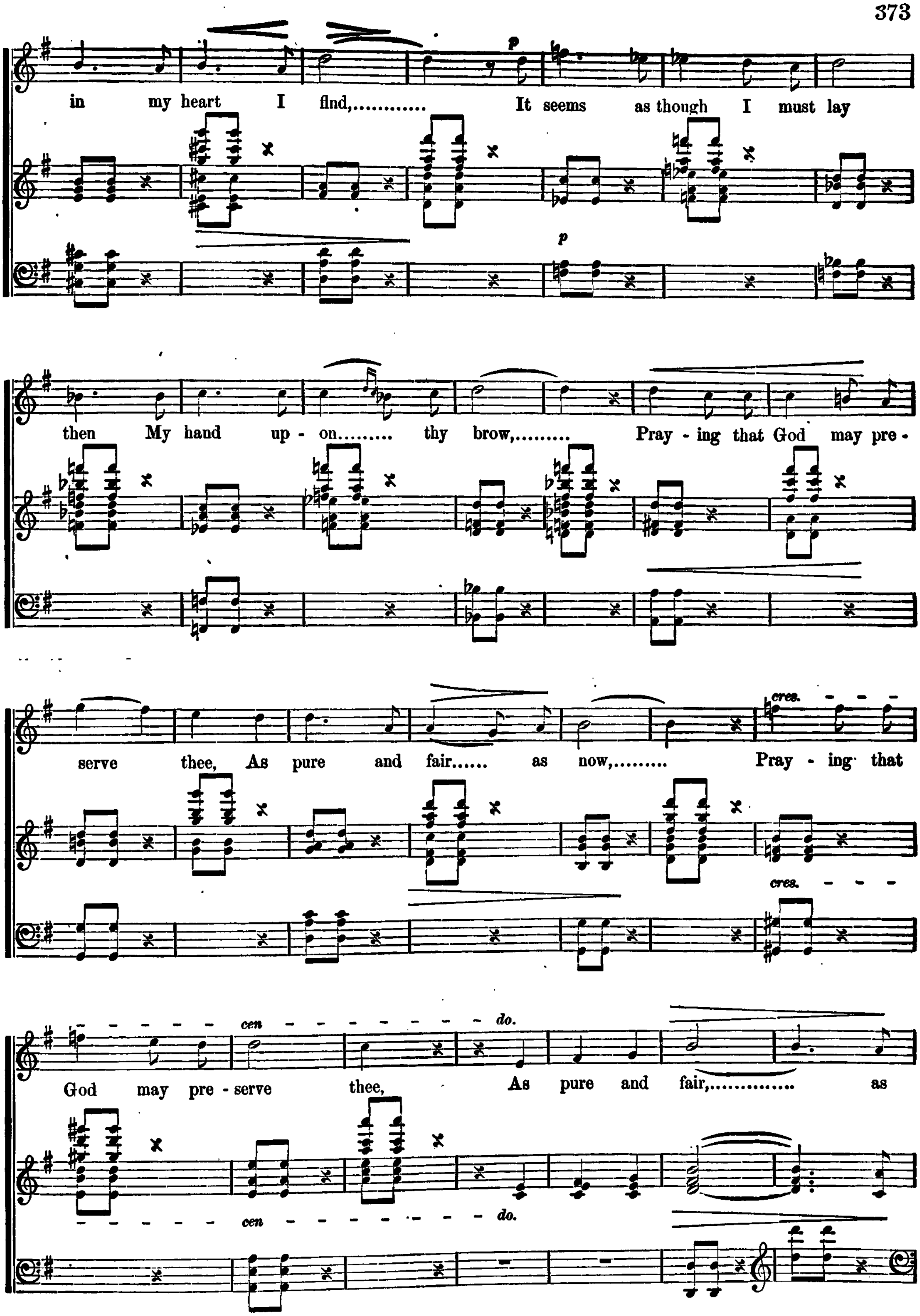

ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!…………………
Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the
shrill winds whis-tle free; But a chos-en band in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for
me, And a…….. life in the woods for me, And a…….. life in the woods for me.

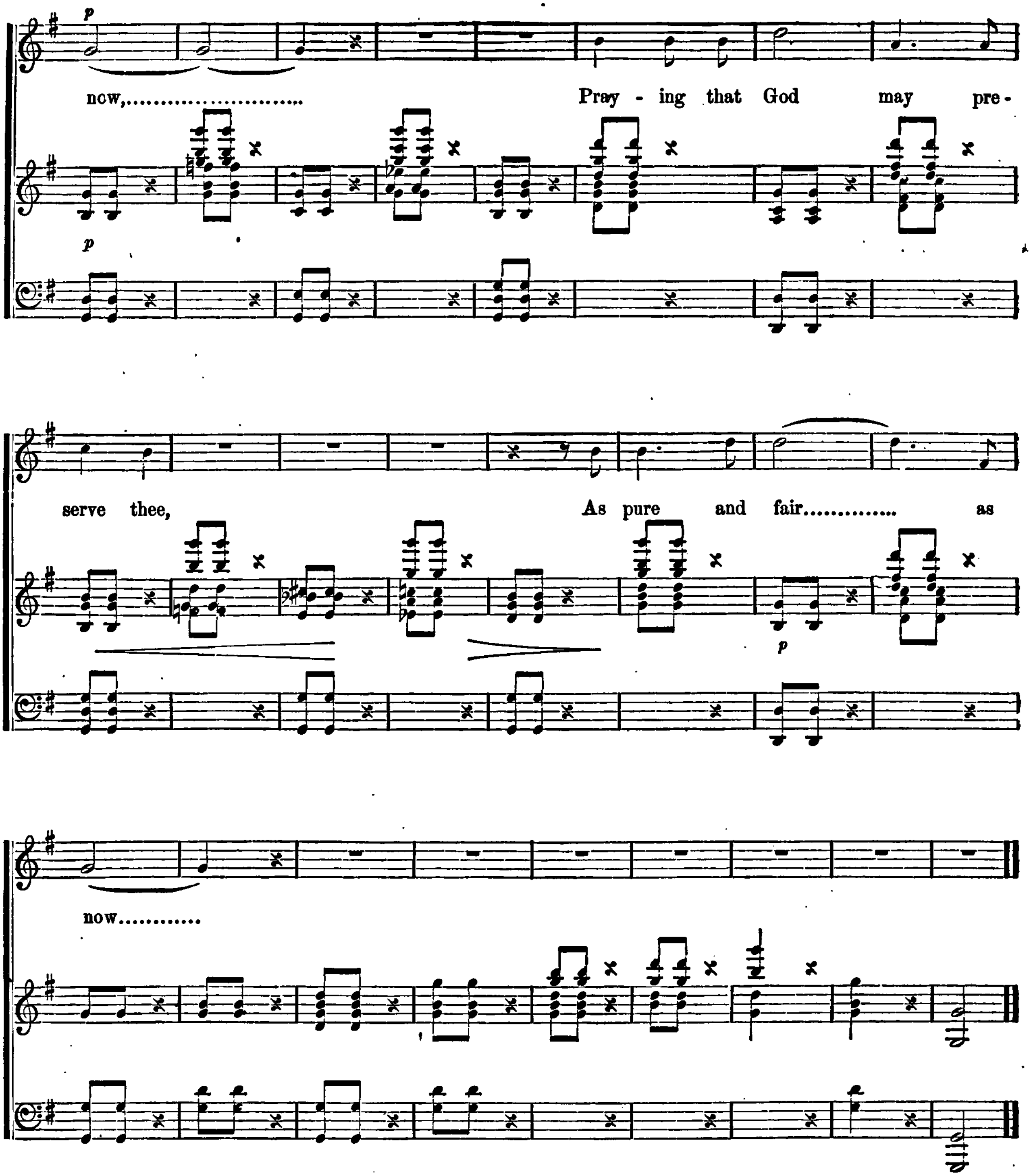


THOU ART LIKE UNTO A FLOWER.

Anton Rubinstein, who has immortalized the words of this song by his musical setting, will ever be remembered as one of the greatest of modern time composers, and as a pioneer in his art in his native country—Russia. It is due to his efforts that Russia has to-day a position among the National music Schools of the world. Rubinstein was once asked by the local authorities his occupation and answered at once "musician." "Are you a player in the orchestra?" "No." "Are you a singer?" "No." Are you a teacher in the Royal Family?" "No, I am a musician" he replied. "In Russia there is no such class of people" said the official, and asking his father's occupation entered Rubinstein's name as that of the son of a member of the Second Guild. Rubinstein left the official with a determination to make for the Russian composer a distinctive title. He organized the celebrated St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1862, and had the satisfaction of knowing in his last days that his mission was accomplished. To-day there is such a thing as a Russian "musician." Rubinstein was born in 1829, and died in 1895. He was well known as a pianist and composer, and exhibited his marvellous skill all over Europe and Great Britain, and came to America twenty years ago playing with great success in the great cities of the United States. Rubinstein essayed nearly every form of composition, many of the great works of modern times having come from his pen; the "Ocean Symphony" is known wherever orchestral music is known. His opera "Nero" and his sacred dramas "Moses" and "Tower of Babel" have received frequent representation in the musical countries of the world. But it is his songs that have made Rubinstein's name a household word. They are sung in every land, and in every language. "Thou art like unto a flower" has been set to music by thirty-seven different composers.


Moderato.
p
Thou art so like a flow - er, So
pure, and fair, and kind,......... I gaze on thee, and sor - row Then

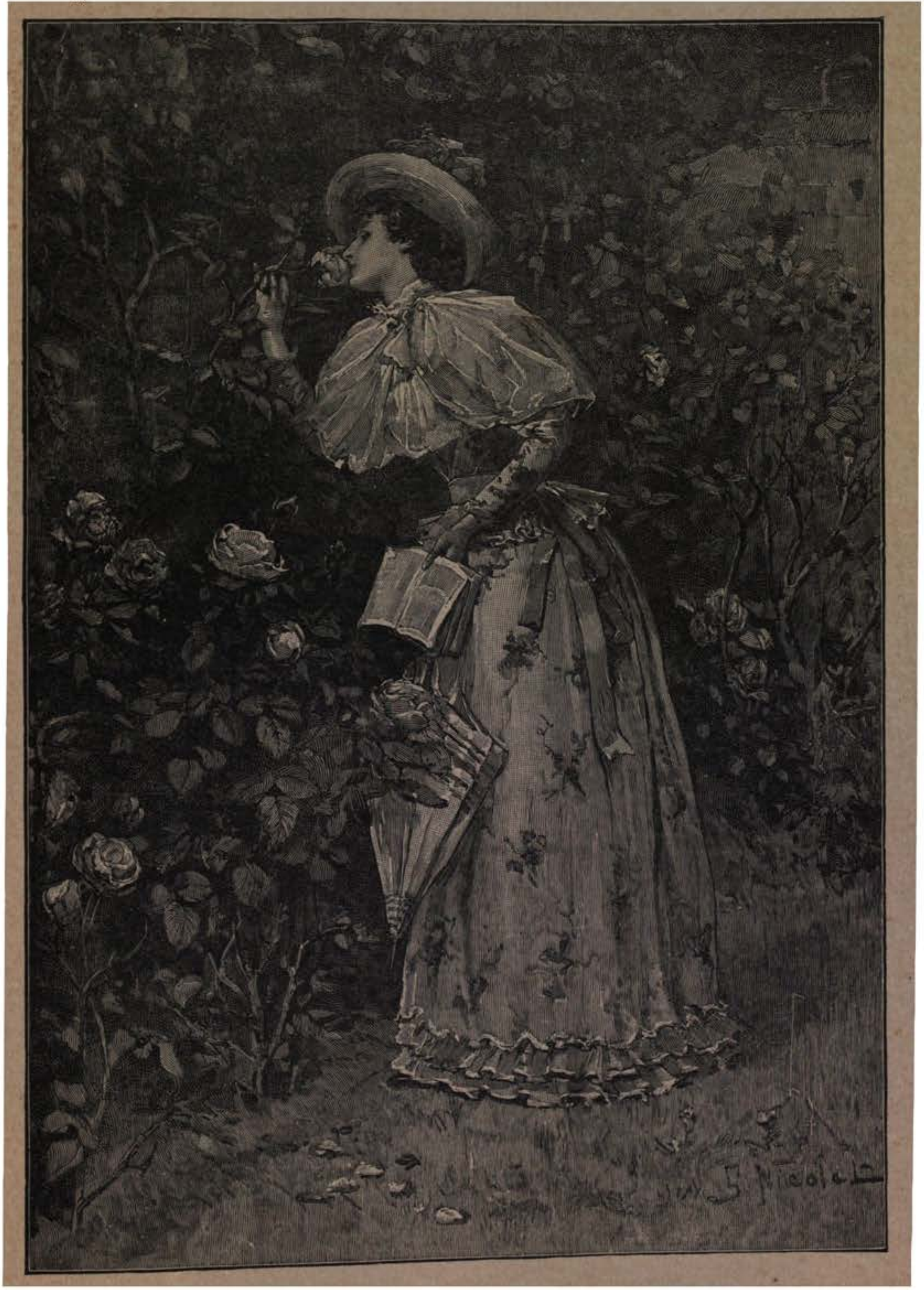

p
in my heart I find,............ It seems as though I must lay
p
then My hand up - on......... thy brow,.......... Pray - ing that God may pre -
serve thee, As pure and fair...... as now,.......... Pray - ing that
cres.
cres.
God may pre - serve thee, As pure and fair,.............. as
cen - do.
cen - do.

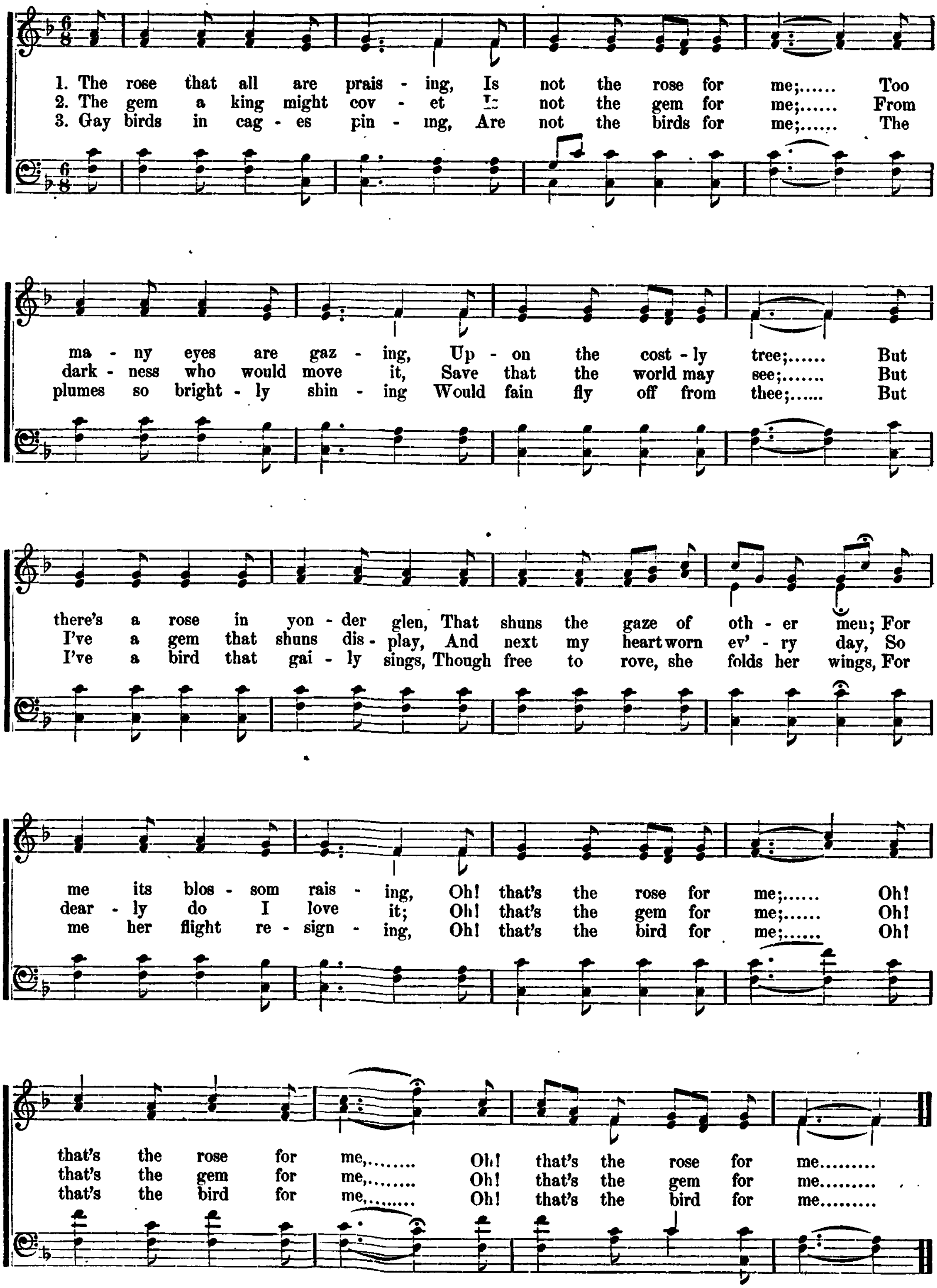

p
now,........................
Pray - ing that God may pre -
p
serve thee,
As pure and fair............. as
p
now............

Thou art so like a flower,
  So pure, and fair, and kind,
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
  Then in my heart I find,
It seems as though I must lay then
  My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
  As pure and fair as now.

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

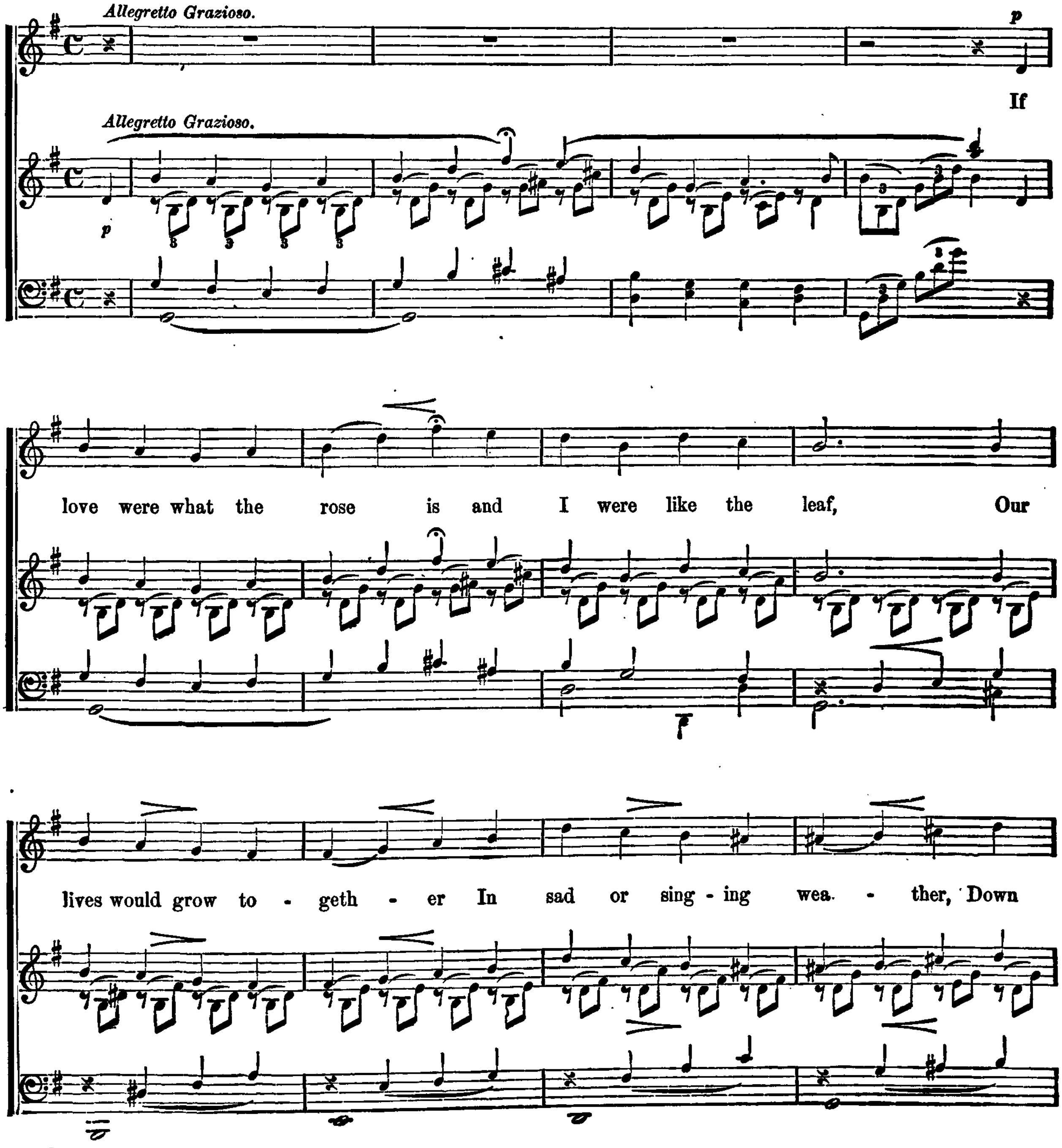
"**The** Rose that all are Praising" was written by **Thomas Haynes Bayly**, and set to music by **Edward J. Loder**, a well-known English musician and composer. His father was a celebrated musical leader and tenor singer in London. The son was born in 1817, and died in 1865.




1. The rose that all are prais - ing, Is not the rose for me;...... Too
2. The gem a king might cov - et It not the gem for me;...... From
3. Gay birds in cag - es pin - ing, Are not the birds for me;...... The
ma - ny eyes are gaz - ing, Up - on the cost - ly tree;...... But
dark - ness who would move it, Save that the world may see;....... But
plumes so bright - ly shin - ing Would fain fly off from thee;...... But
there's a rose in yon - der glen, That shuns the gaze of oth - er men; For
I've a gem that shuns dis - play, And next my heart worn ev' - ry day, So
I've a bird that gai - ly sings, Though free to rove, she folds her wings, For
me its blos - som rais - ing, Oh! that's the rose for me;...... Oh!
dear - ly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for me;...... Oh!
me her flight re - sign - ing, Oh! that's the bird for me;...... Oh!
that's the rose for me,........ Oh! that's the rose for me.........
that's the gem for me,........ Oh! that's the gem for me.........
that's the bird for me,........ Oh! that's the bird for me.........

IF LOVE WERE WHAT THE ROSE IS.

The music of this song is by **Paul Ambrose.** He is the son of the well-known Canadian composer, R. S. Ambrose, and was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1868. When he was but twenty years of age he was appointed organist of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, which position he retained for four years. In 1892 he left this position to accept a similar one at St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, in the same city. This position he still retains. Mr. Ambrose has composed numerous songs, part-songs, piano solos, a Mass in D flat, two string quartettes, Air de Ballet for string orchestra, and is at present writing an opera. The words of this song are by **Algernon Swinburne.**


Allegretto Grazioso.
p
If
Allegretto Grazioso.
p
love were what the rose is and I were like the leaf, Our
lives would grow to - geth - er In sad or sing - ing wea - ther, Down

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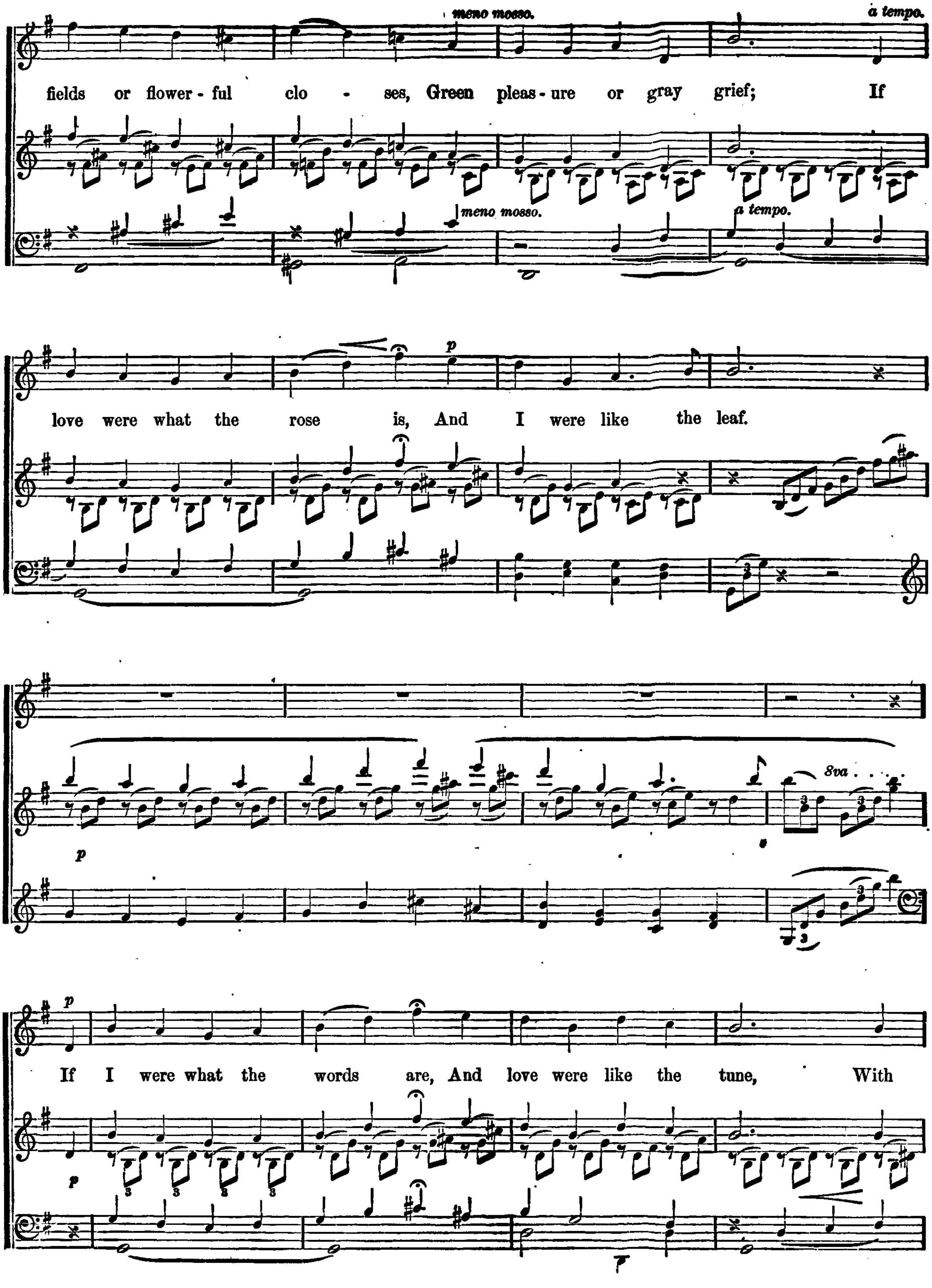
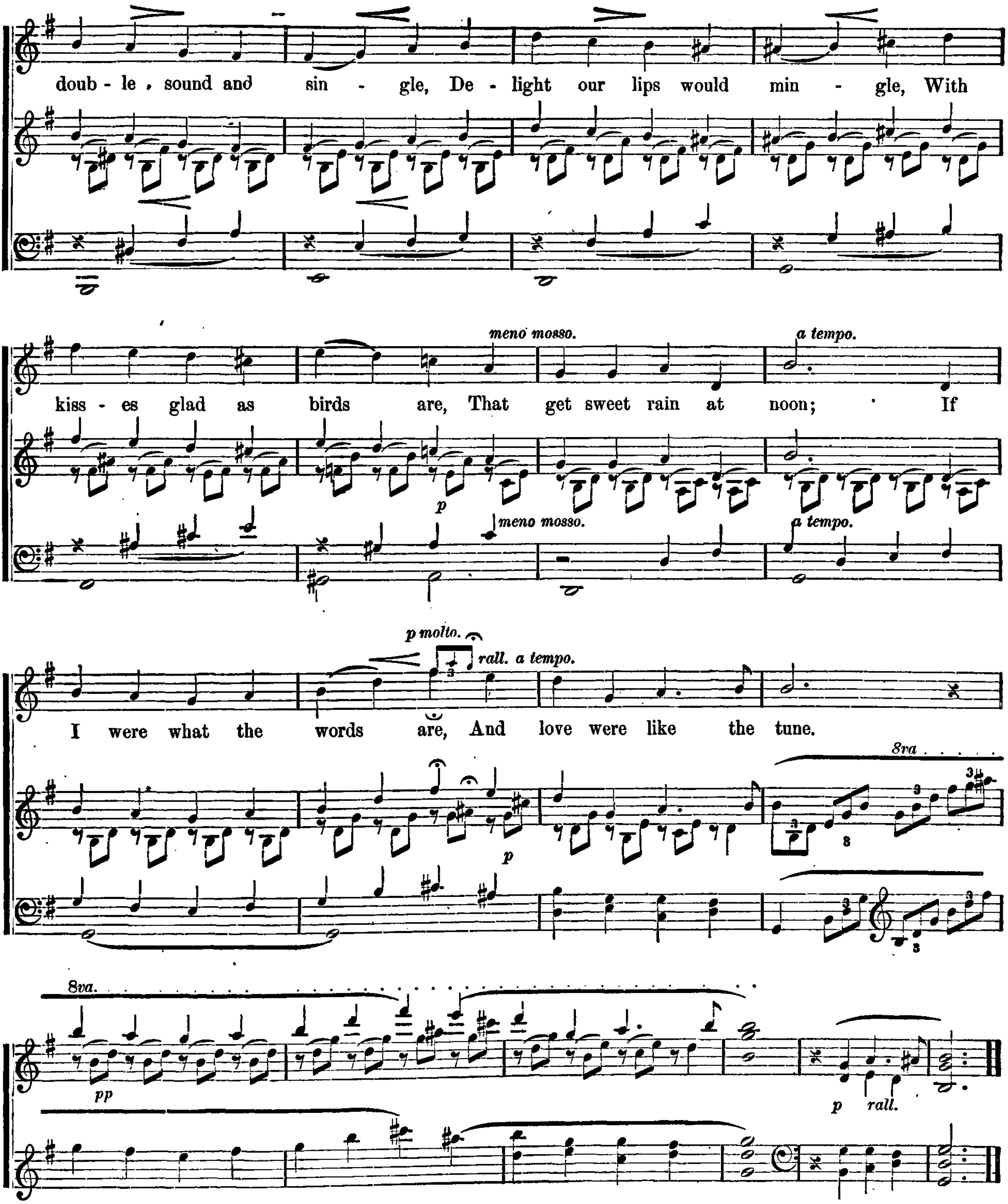

meno mosso.
a tempo.
fields or flower-ful clo-ses, Green pleas-ure or gray grief; If
meno mosso.
a tempo.
p
love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf.
p
8va
p
If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With
p
3
3
3
3

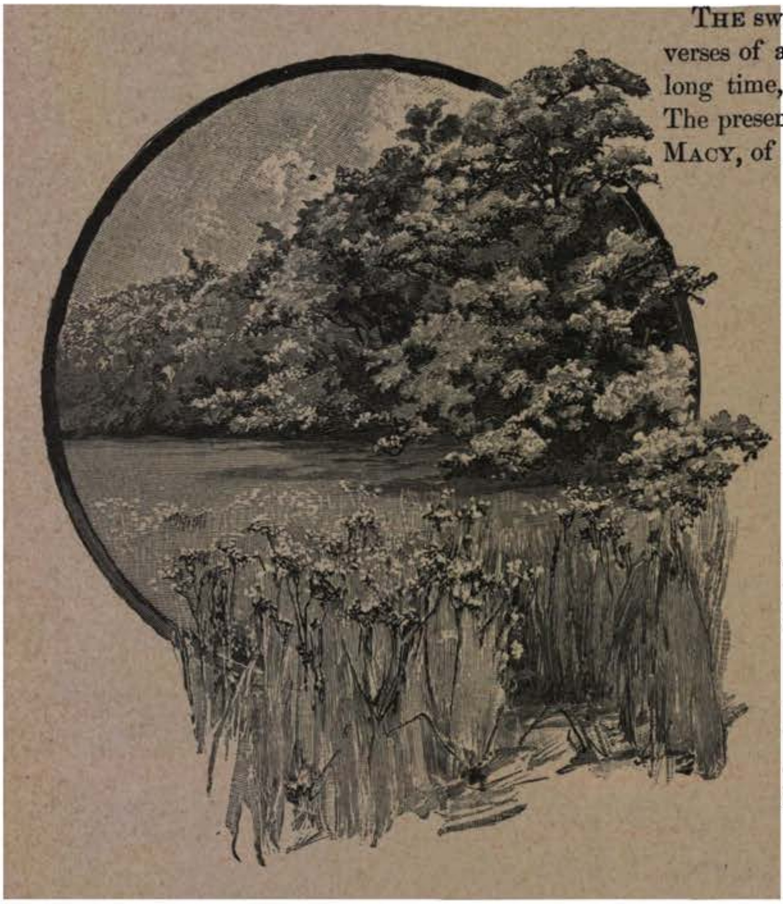

doub - le , sound and sin - gle, De - light our lips would min - gle, With
kiss - es glad as birds are, That get sweet rain at noon; If
meno mosso.
a tempo.
p
I were what the words are, And love were like the tune.
p molto.
rall. a tempo.
8va
pp
p rall.

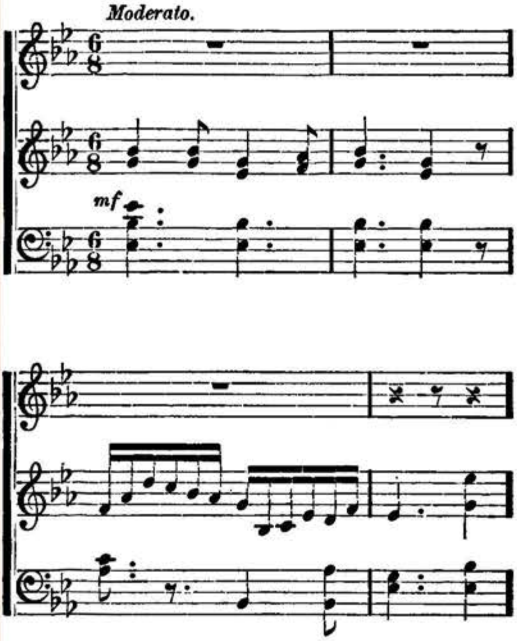
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Down fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

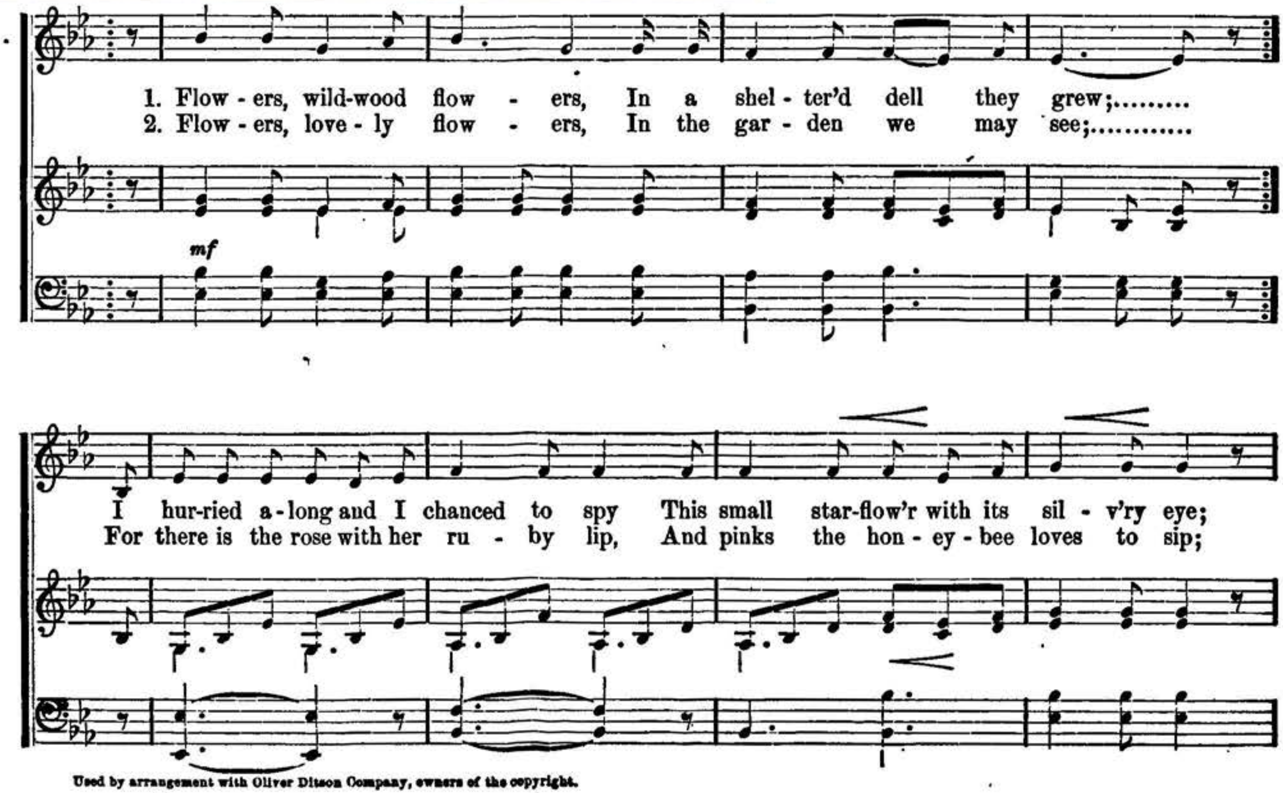
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

WILDWOOD FLOWERS.

THE swinging, easy melody to which these favorite verses of affection are sung has been in existence for a long time, and is supposed to be of German origin. The present arrangement of the music is by MR. J. C. MACY, of Boston.




Moderato.
mf


1. Flow - ers, wild-wood flow - ers, In a shel - ter'd dell they grew;.........
2. Flow - ers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see;............
mf
I hur-ried a - long and I chanced to spy This small star-flow'r with its sil - v'ry eye;
For there is the rose with her ru - by lip, And pinks the hon - ey - bee loves to sip;

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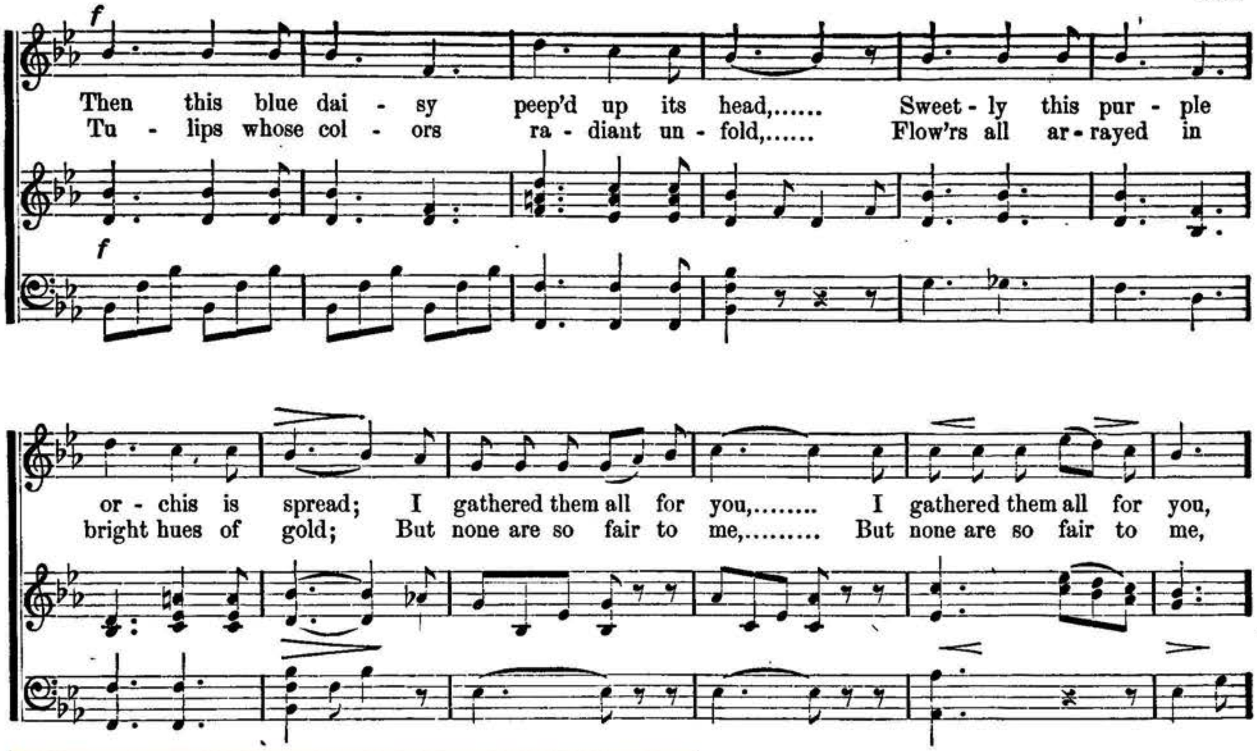
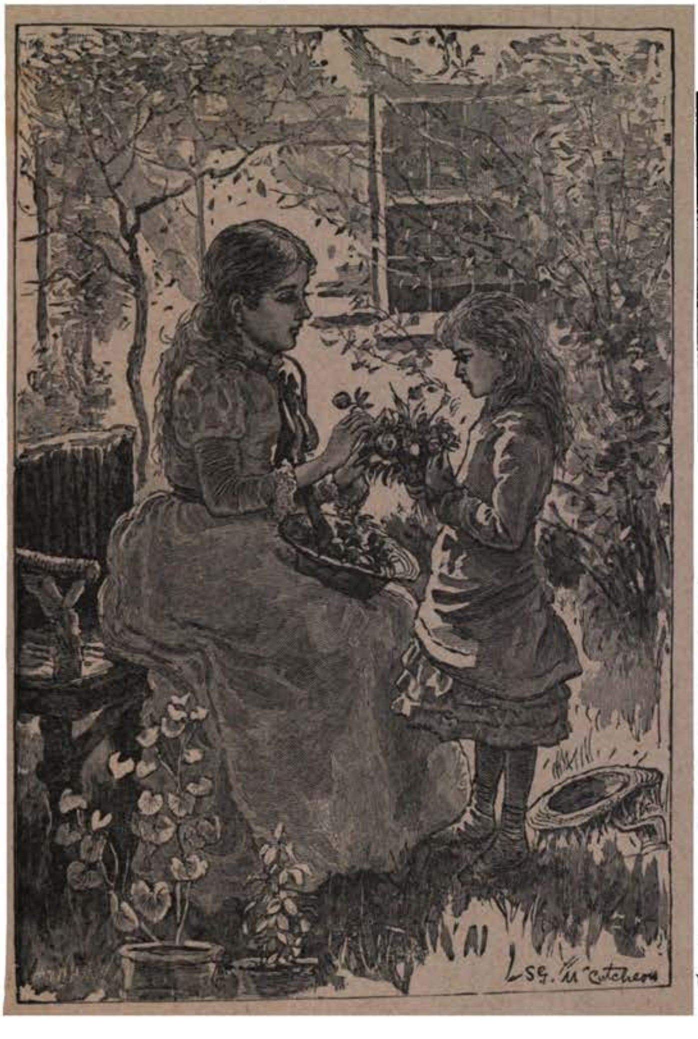
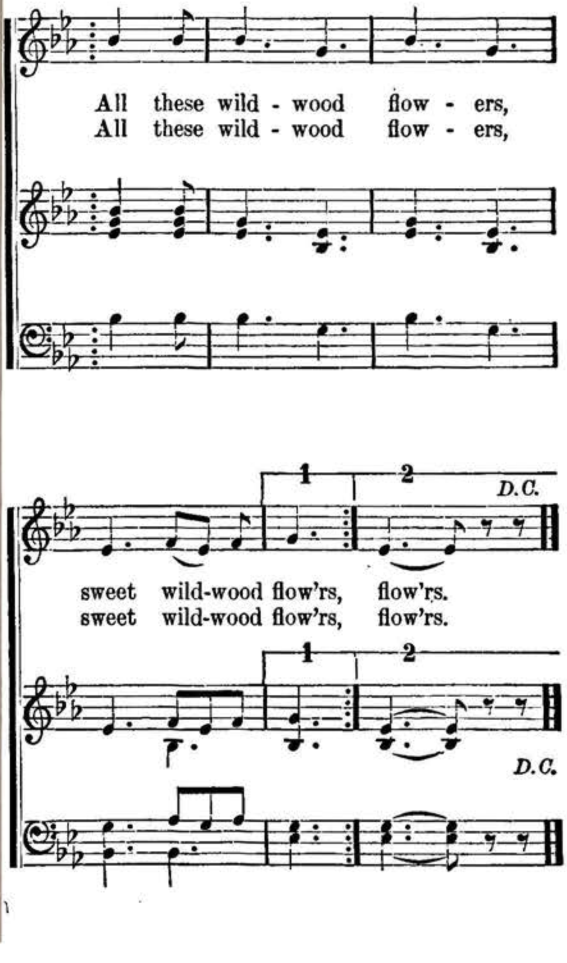
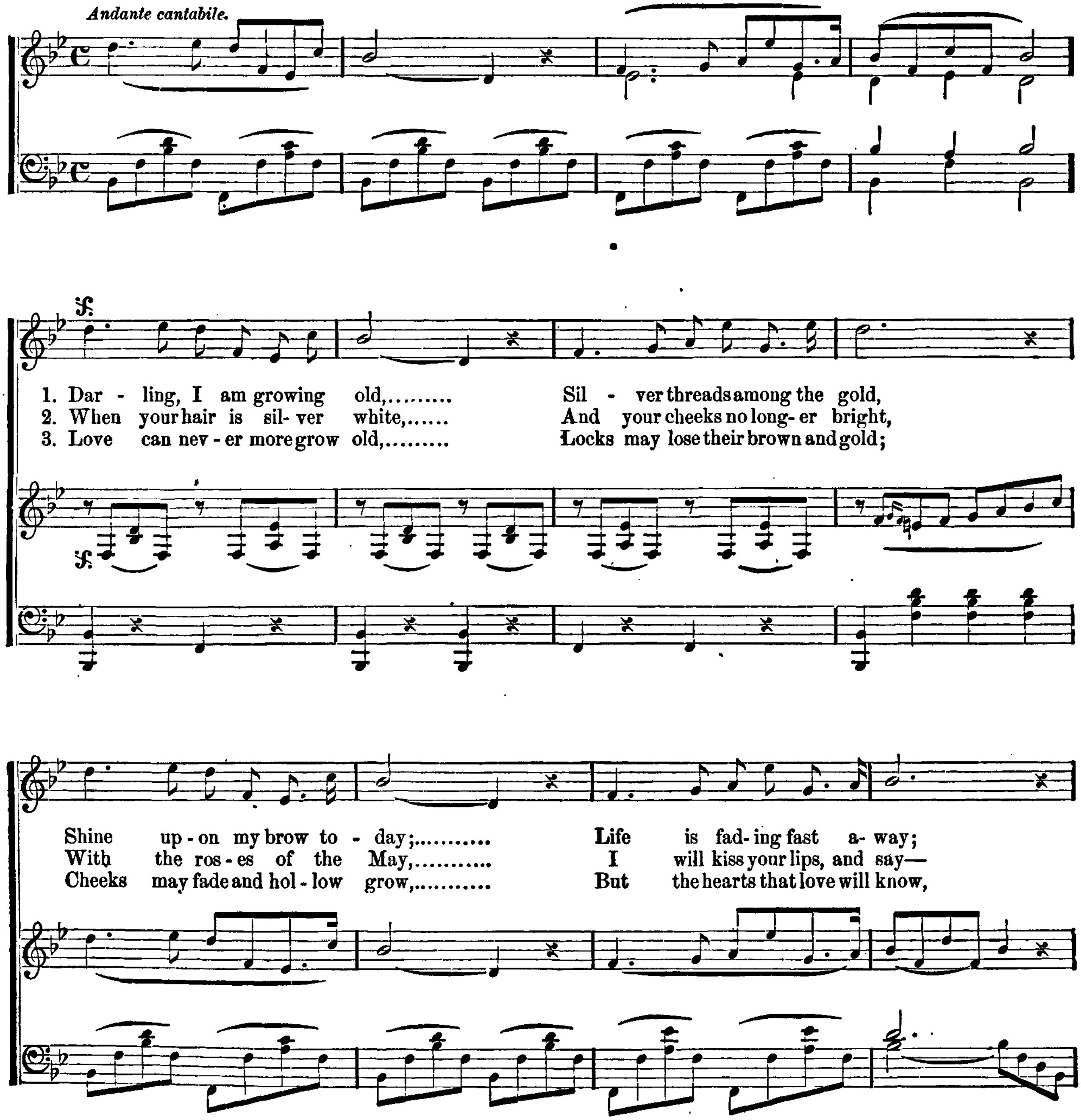

f
Then this blue dai - sy peep'd up its head,....... Sweet - ly this pur - ple
Tu - lips whose col - ors ra - diant un - fold,....... Flow'rs all ar - rayed in
f
or - chis is spread; I gathered them all for you,......... I gathered them all for you,
bright hues of gold; But none are so fair to me,......... But none are so fair to me,


LSG. McCutcheon


All these wild - wood flow - ers,
All these wild - wood flow - ers,
1
2
D.C.
sweet wild-wood flow'rs, flow'rs.
sweet wild-wood flow'rs, flow'rs.
1
2
D.C.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

THE words of this popular ballad were written by EBEN EUGENE REXFORD, an American author and song-writer, who was born at Johnsbury, N. Y., in 1848. The melody is by HART PEASE DANKS; who was born in New Haven in 1834, and was educated at Saratoga Springs. He removed in 1851 to Chicago; and in 1864 to New York. His collection of church music is extensive; and some of his sacred songs have had an immense sale. "Not Ashamed of Christ," published in 1873, has been pronounced one of the best of its kind ever written. "Lake Street," a psalm tune, published by Bradbury, was his first composition; but as early as 1856 he had written the music to several sentimental songs, "The Old Lane" and "Anna Lee" being the first published. His compositions of all kinds number about fifteen hundred; of which the present selection is perhaps the most popular; having had, it is said, a larger sale than any other copyrighted song ever published in the United States.


Andante cantabile.
1. Dar - ling, I am growing old,......... Sil - ver threads among the gold,
2. When your hair is sil- ver white,...... And your cheeks no long- er bright,
3. Love can nev - er more grow old,......... Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Shine up - on my brow to - day;........... Life is fad- ing fast a- way;
With the ros - es of the May,........... I will kiss your lips, and say—
Cheeks may fade and hol - low grow,........... But the hearts that love will know,

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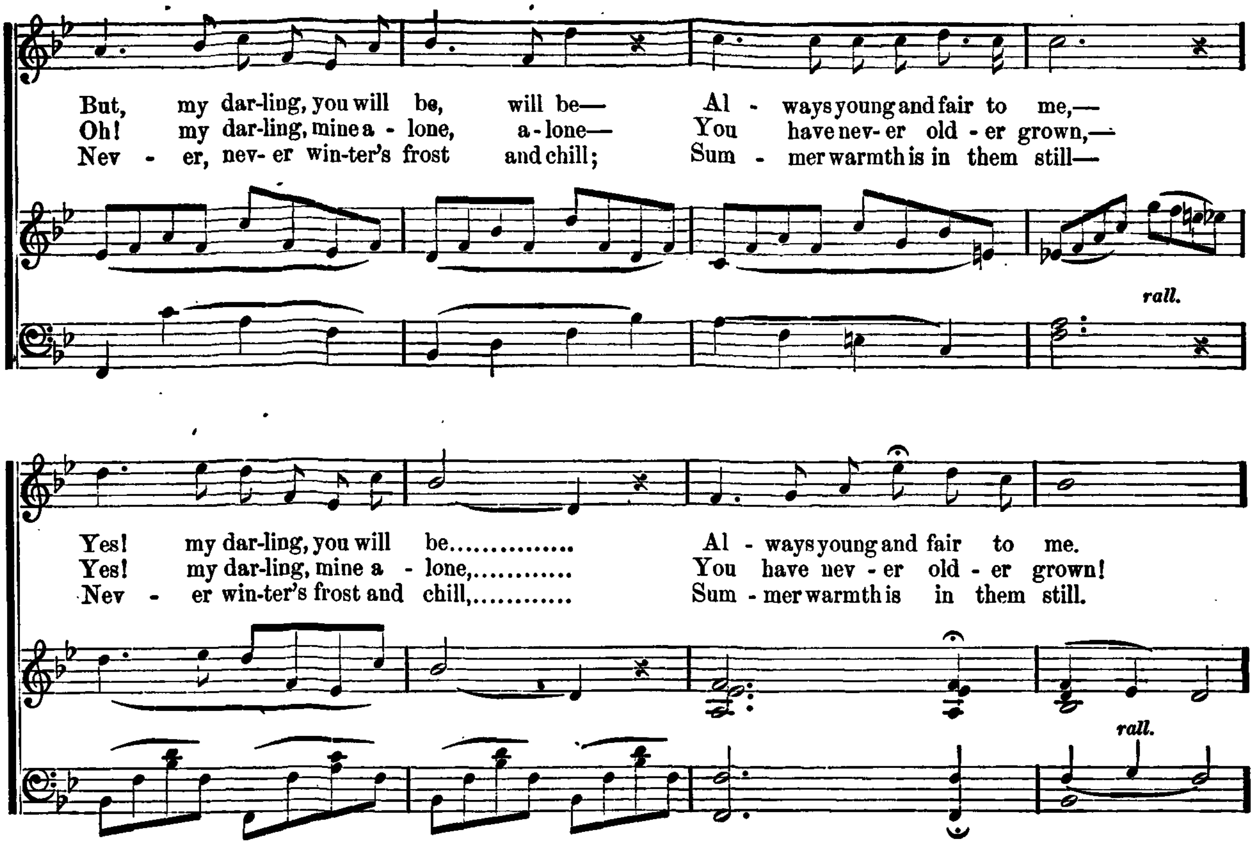
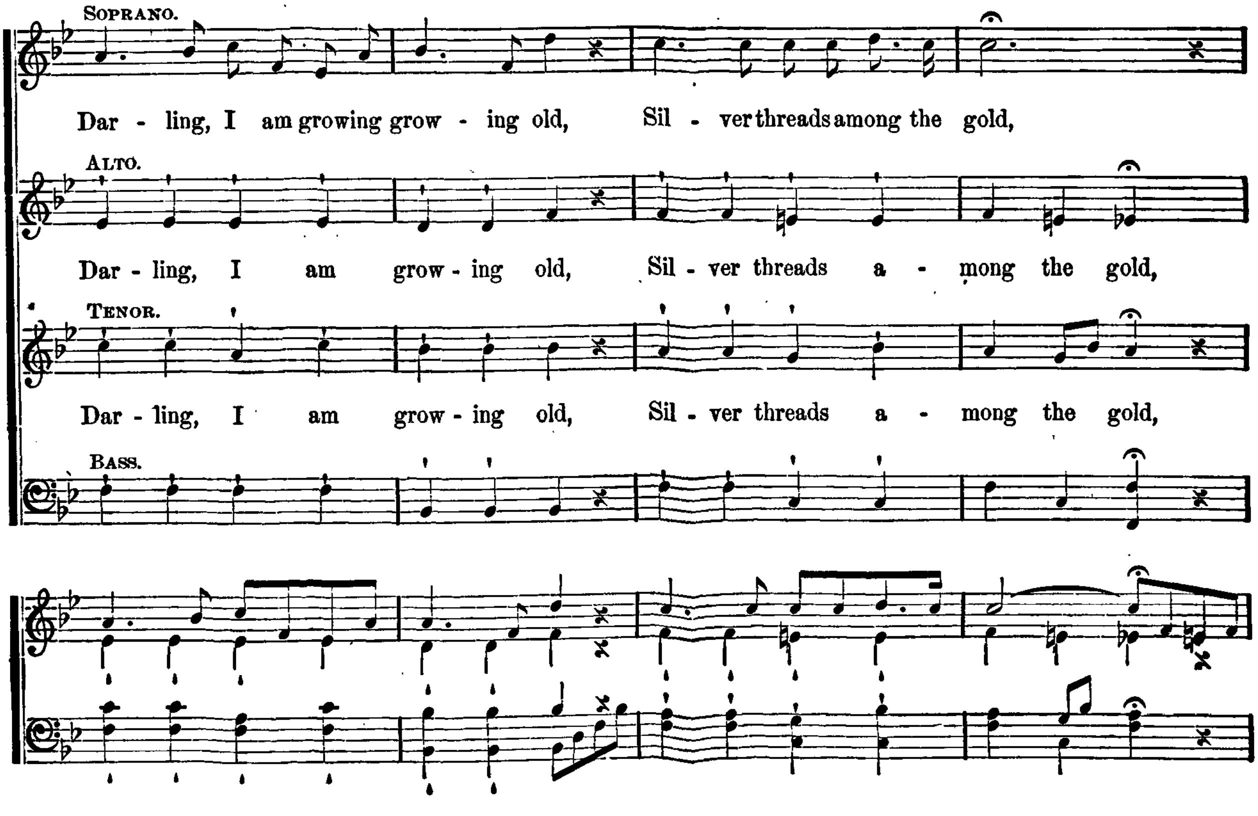
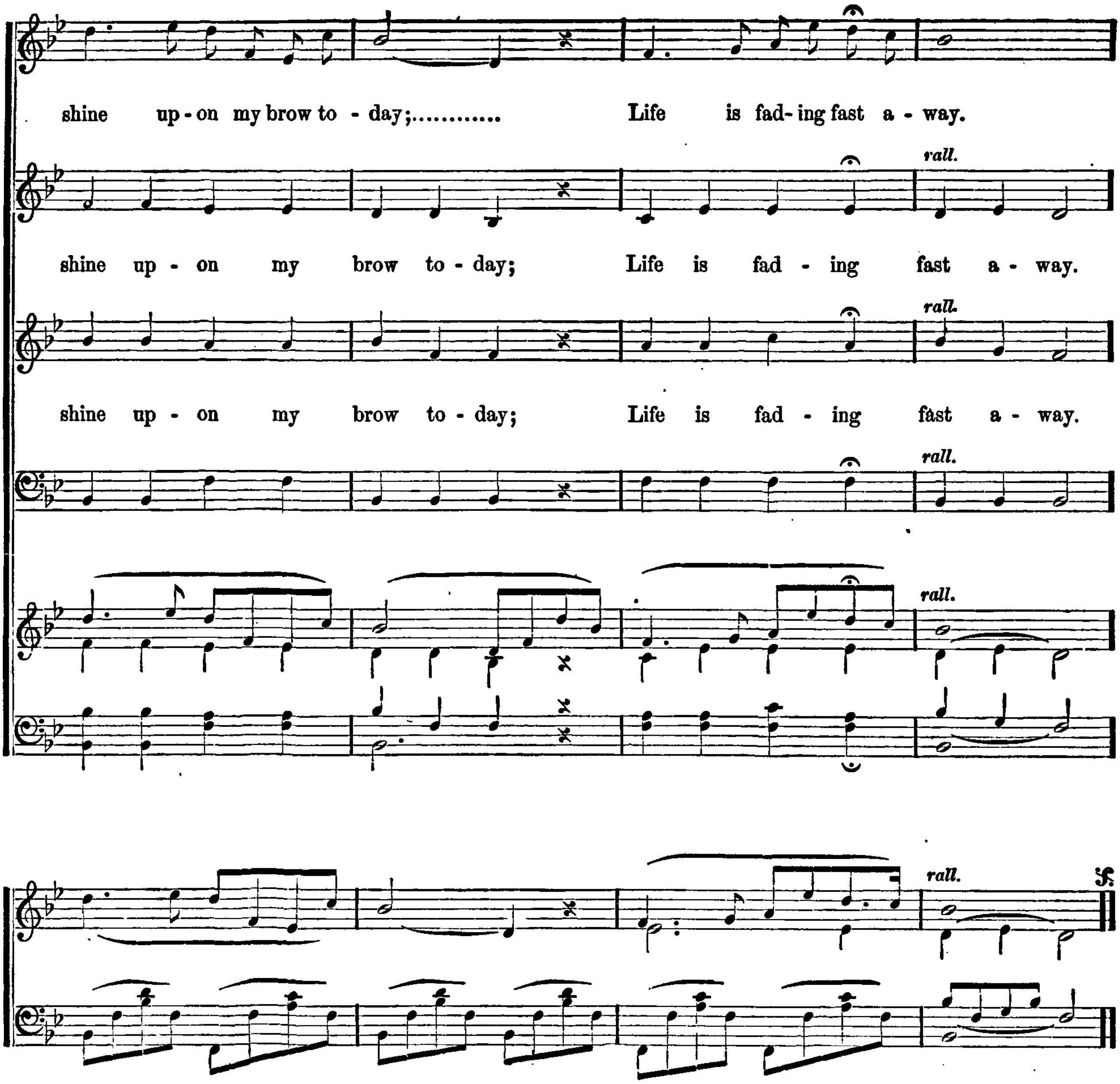

But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be— Al - ways young and fair to me,—
Oh! my dar-ling, mine a - lone, a - lone— You have nev- er old - er grown,—
Nev - er, nev- er win-ter's frost and chill; Sum - mer warmth is in them still—
rall.
Yes! my dar-ling, you will be............... Al - ways young and fair to me.
Yes! my dar-ling, mine a - lone,............ You have nev - er old - er grown!
Nev - er win-ter's frost and chill,............ Sum - mer warmth is in them still.
rall.

CHORUS.


Soprano.
Dar - ling, I am growing grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads among the gold,
Alto.
Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,
Tenor.
Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,
Bass.

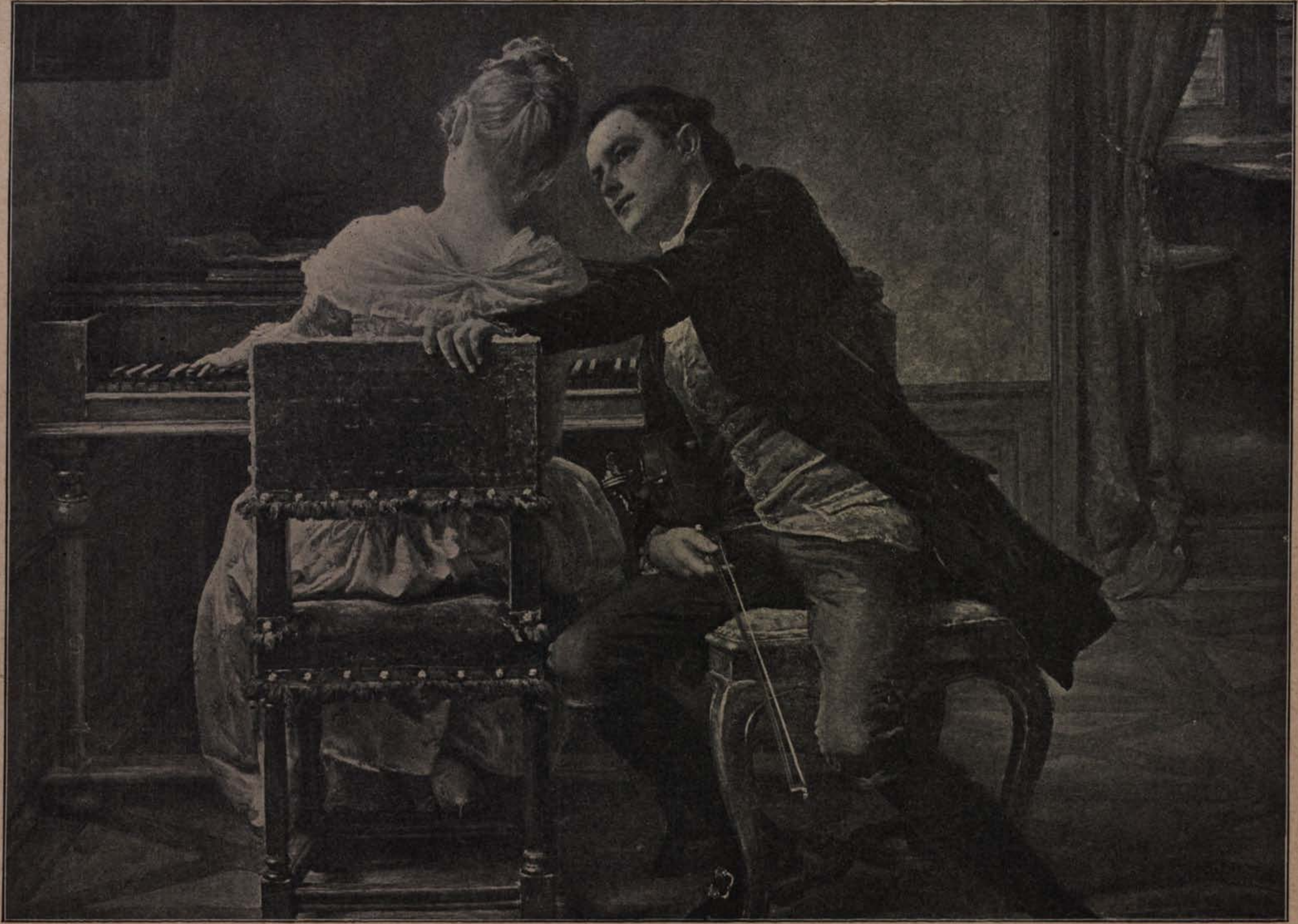

shine up-on my brow to - day;............ Life is fad-ing fast a - way.
rall.
shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way.
rall.
shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way.
rall.
rall.
rall.

Darling, I am growing old,
  Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day;
  Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be,
  Always young and fair to me,—
Yes! my darling, you will be
  Always young and fair to me.

When your hair is silver white,—
  And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May,
  I will kiss your lips, and say—
Oh! my darling, mine alone,
  You have never older grown,—
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
  You have never older grown!

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know,
Never winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

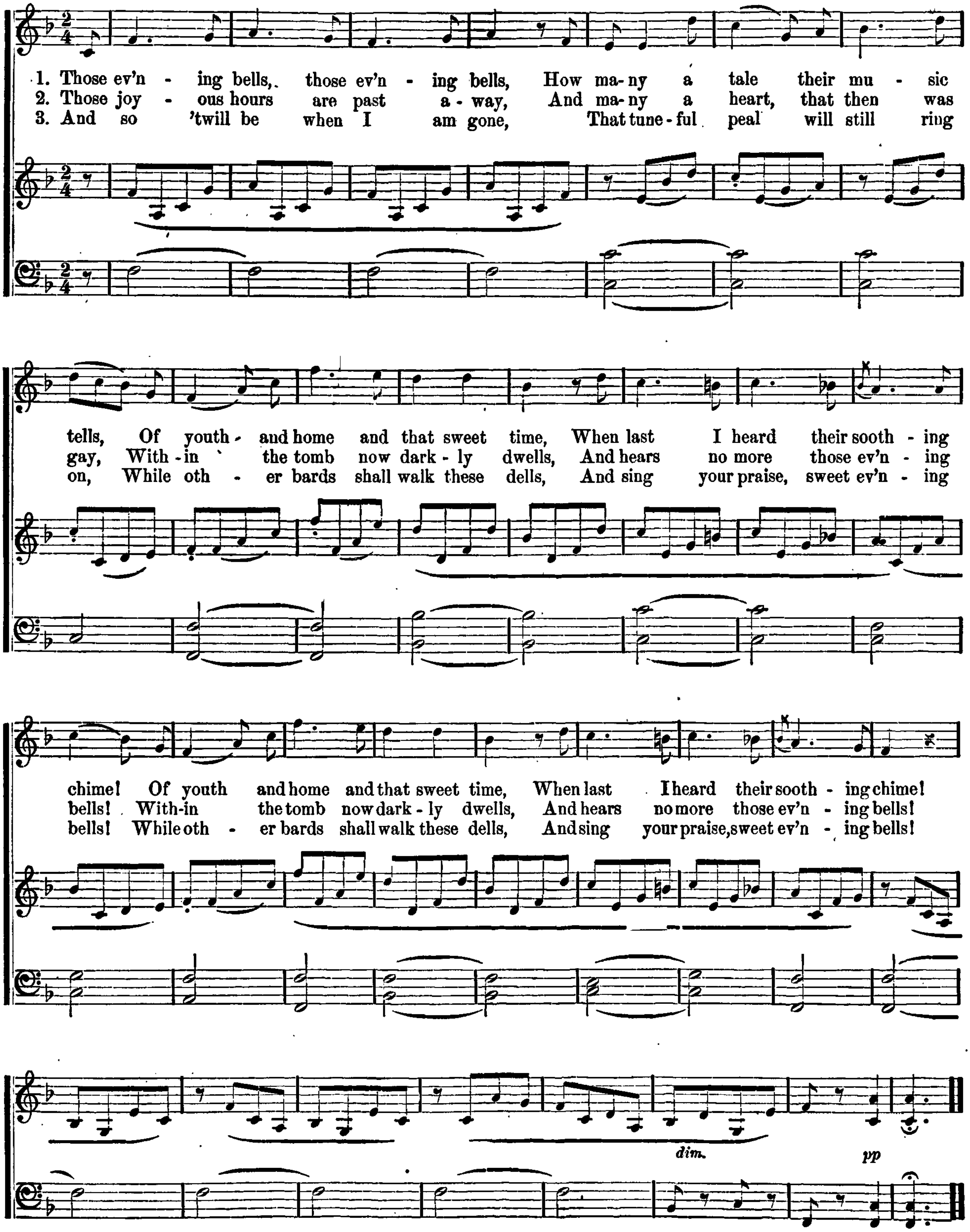
Love is always young and fair,—
What to us is silver hair;
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.



SENTIMENT AND MELODY.

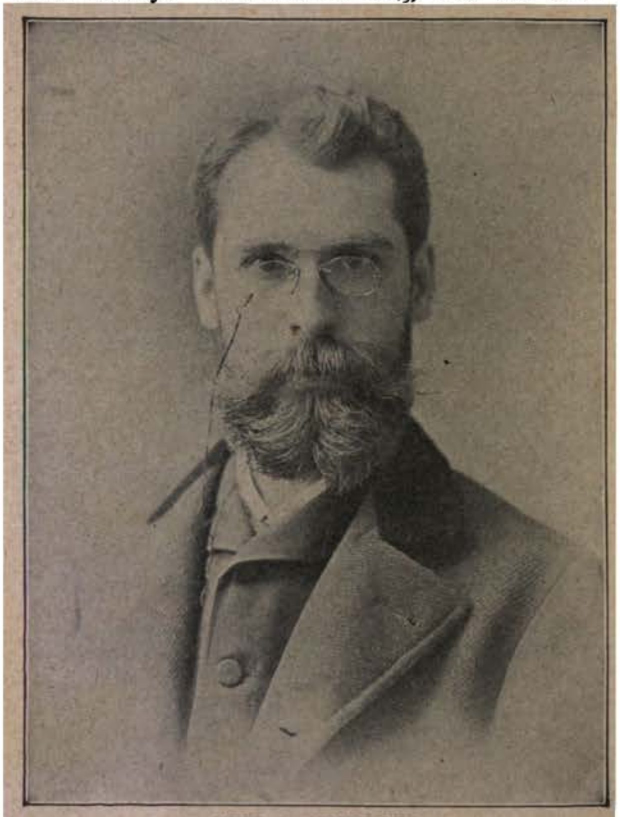
THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Thomas Moore is the author of this song, which is one of the "National Melodies." The air to which he arranged the words is called "The Bells of St. Petersburg."

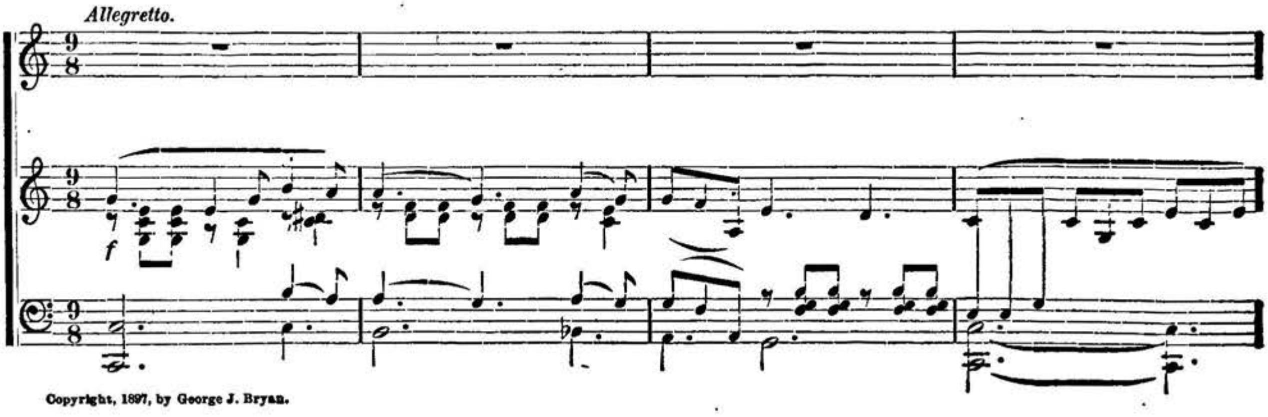

1. Those ev'n - ing bells, those ev'n - ing bells, How ma-ny a tale their mu - sic
2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And ma-ny a heart, that then was
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring
tells, Of youth - and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing
gay, With-in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing
on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'n - ing
chime! Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
bells! With-in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing bells!
bells! While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'n - ing bells!
dim.
pp

SWEETHEART.

Professor Peter A. Schnecker, who composed this song, is a German by birth but an American by adoption and association. Coming to America in 1865, while in his teens, he brought with him not only the traditions of his musical fatherland but so much musical talent and culture as to attract the attention of the venerable Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenburg, famous as the author of the beautiful hymn, "I Would Not Live Alway." Dr. Muhlenburg, who was then the chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, of which he was the founder, took the lad to his own home and encouraged him in his musical work and education, directing his attention especially to church music. Mr. Schnecker studied the piano and violin in Germany, and he supplemented this with theoretical study and the organ under Samuel P. Warren, director of music at Grace Church. In 1874 he returned to Germany and placed himself under the instruction of Richter, Paul, and other masters at the Leipsig Conservatory, in composition, etc. Previous to this, in 1872, he had become organist and musical director at the West Presbyterian Church, and held this position for more than a quarter of a century under a succession of distinguished pastors; and for ten years, from 1870 to 1880, he was assistant organist at St. Thomas' Church, associated with the veteran George William Warren. With liberal appropriations for the music of his church, he found full scope for the production of the very best sacred music and also every incentive for the composition of anthems and large works in this field. But although the composition of sacred music was his work, he wrote also many attractive compositions in other lines, including instrumental works for piano and orchestra and numerous songs. His skill and reputation drew to him many pupils in music, many of whom reflected credit on him by the fame which they achieved in their professional work. The words of "Sweetheart" are from the pen of that most original of American poets, Frank L. Stanton, whose "corner" in the *Atlanta Constitution* has given both the poet and his paper a world-wide reputation. Many interesting stories are told of this extraordinary genius, among which is that of his composing poetry to "fill up" the columns of one of the papers on which he worked as a typesetter, while standing at his compositor's case, poetry that never was literally "written," but took form first in type as he set up the lines, and poetry so good that the editor assumed that it was reprinted from other sources and stopped using it. His contributions to the Atlanta paper were copied widely all over the country, and he became famous in consequence. The impression made by them on Jerome K. Jerome, the English writer and editor, and the vogue he gave them by using one every week in his magazine, laid the foundations of a great popularity for the author in England.



PETER A. SCHNECKER.



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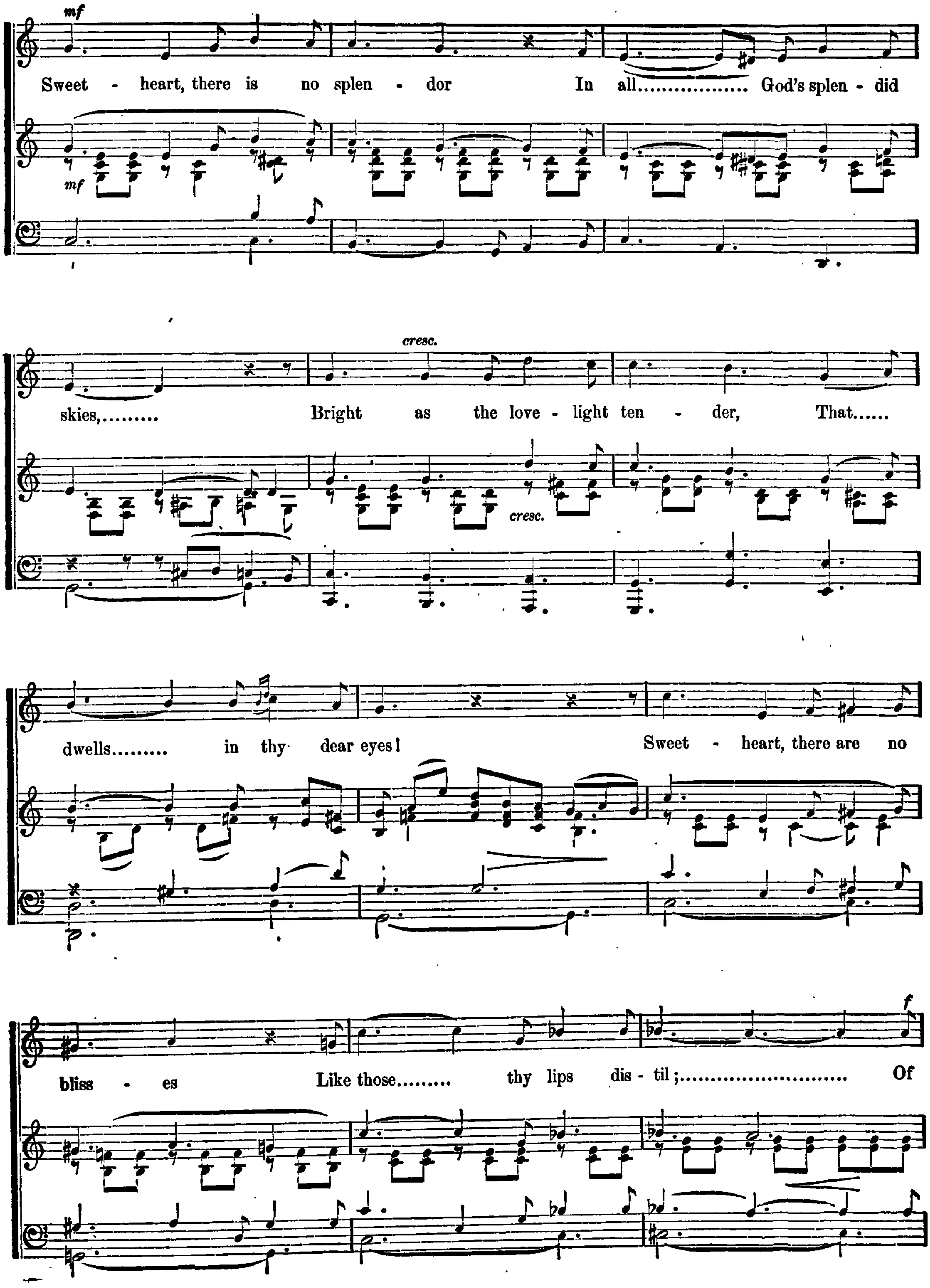
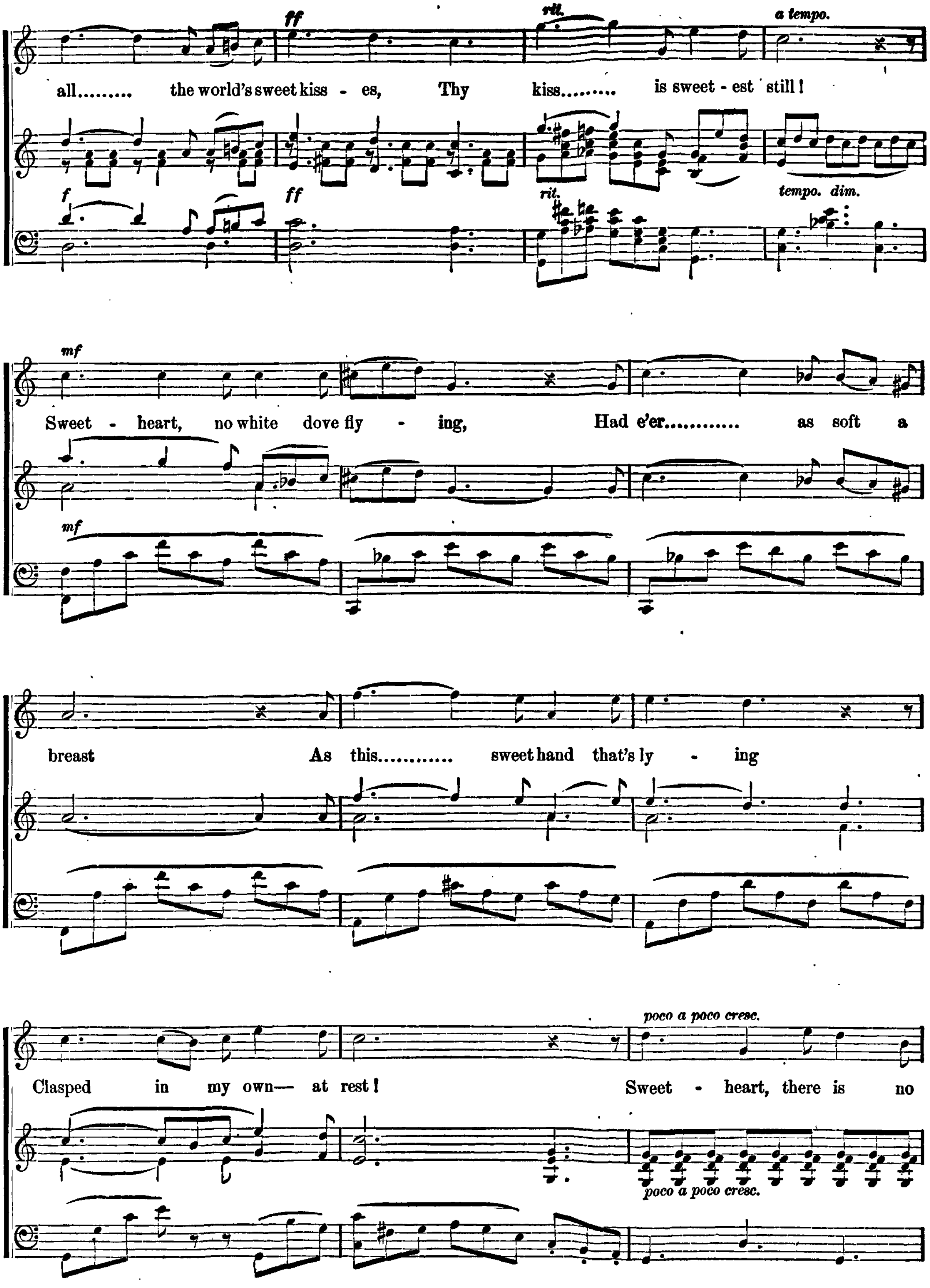
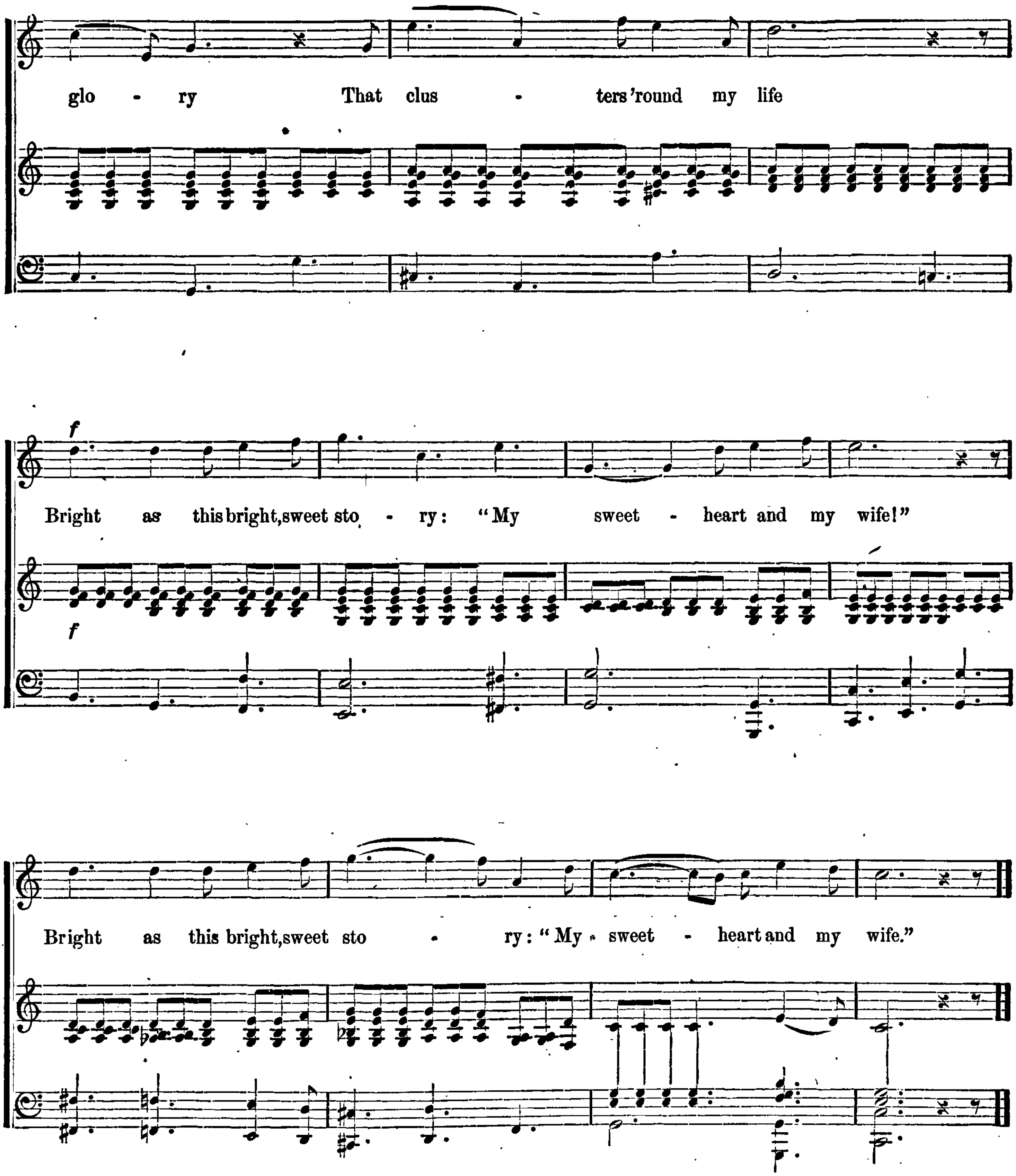

mf
Sweet - heart, there is no splen - dor In all.................. God's splen - did
mf
skies,.........
cresc.
Bright as the love - light ten - der, That......
cresc.
dwells......... in thy dear eyes!
Sweet - heart, there are no
bliss - es Like those......... thy lips dis - til;...........................
f
Of


ff
rit.
a tempo.
all......... the world's sweet kiss - es, Thy kiss.......... is sweet - est still!
f
ff
rit.
tempo. dim.
mf
Sweet - heart, no white dove fly - ing, Had e'er............ as soft a
mf
breast As this............ sweet hand that's ly - ing
Clasped in my own— at rest! Sweet - heart, there is no
poco a poco cresc.
poco a poco cresc.

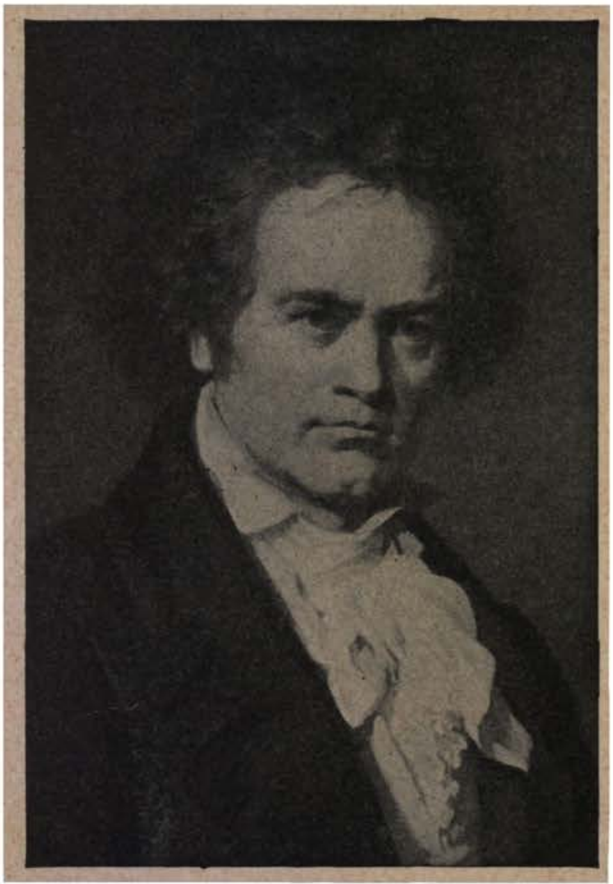

glo - ry That clus - ters 'round my life
f
Bright as this bright, sweet sto - ry: "My sweet - heart and my wife!"
f
Bright as this bright, sweet sto - ry: "My sweet - heart and my wife."

Sweetheart, there is no splendor
In all God's splendid skies,
Bright as the lovelight tender,
That dwells in thy dear eyes!
Sweetheart, there are no blisses
Like those thy lips distil;
Of all the world's sweet kisses,
Thy kiss is sweetest still!

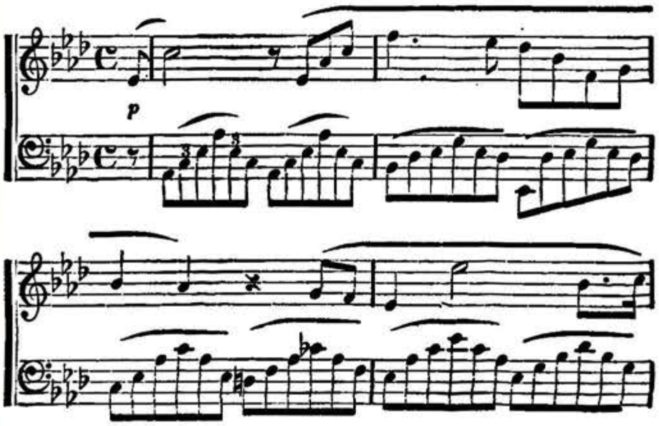
Sweetheart, no white dove flying,
Had e'er as soft a breast
As this sweet hand that's lying
Clasped in my own—at rest!
Sweetheart, there is no glory
That clusters 'round my life
Bright as this bright, sweet story:
"My sweetheart and my wife!"

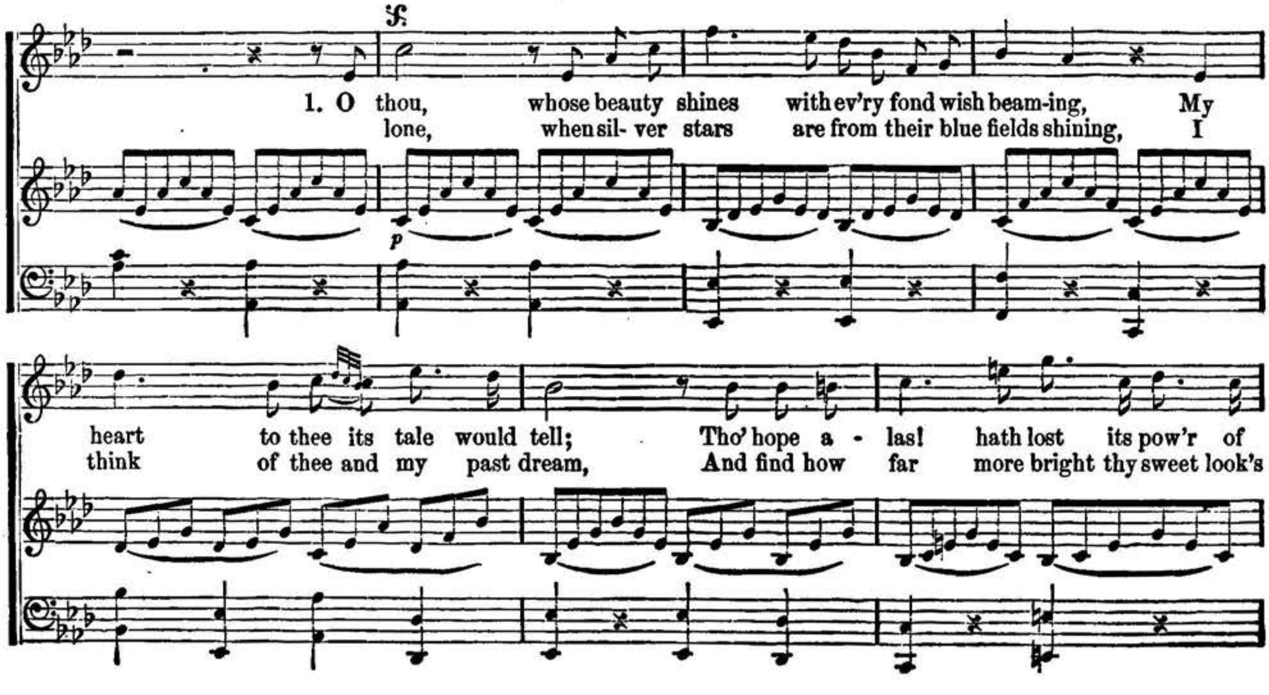
O THOU WHOSE BEAUTY SHINES.

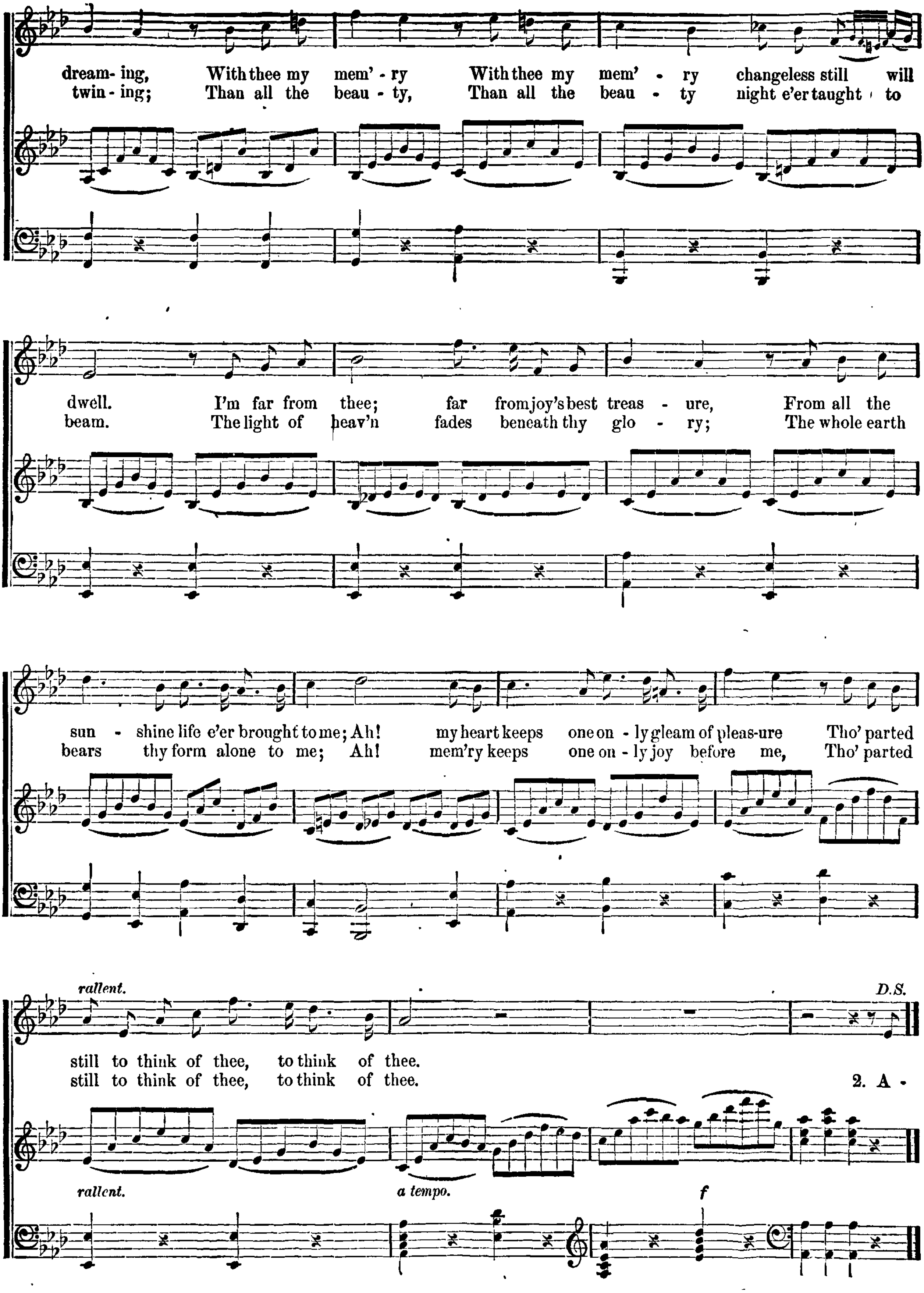
The words of this song are Edward Gill's translation of the "O Du" of **Ludwig Van Beethoven**; who was born at Bonn in 1770. Beethoven's compositions comprise all forms of vocal and instrumental music. He was equally great in his intellect and his affections. How deep and tender was that noble heart those know who have read his letters to his abandoned nephew whom he commits so earnestly to "God's holy keeping."* There is no stain upon his life. His integrity spotless, his purity unblemished, his generosity boundless, his affections deep and lasting, his piety simple and sincere. "To-day happens to be Sunday," he writes to a friend in the most unaffected way, "so I will quote you something from the Bible: "See that ye love one another." Beethoven was not only severely moral and deeply religious, but he has this further claim to the admiration and respect of the musical world, that his ideal of art was the highest, and that he was true to his ideal, utterly and disinterestedly true to the end. At the age of thirty-one he became completely deaf; but he kept on composing, and from his burdened soul escaped the noblest strains that have been given to this world, strains that appeal to all who have felt and suffered. He died in 1827.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



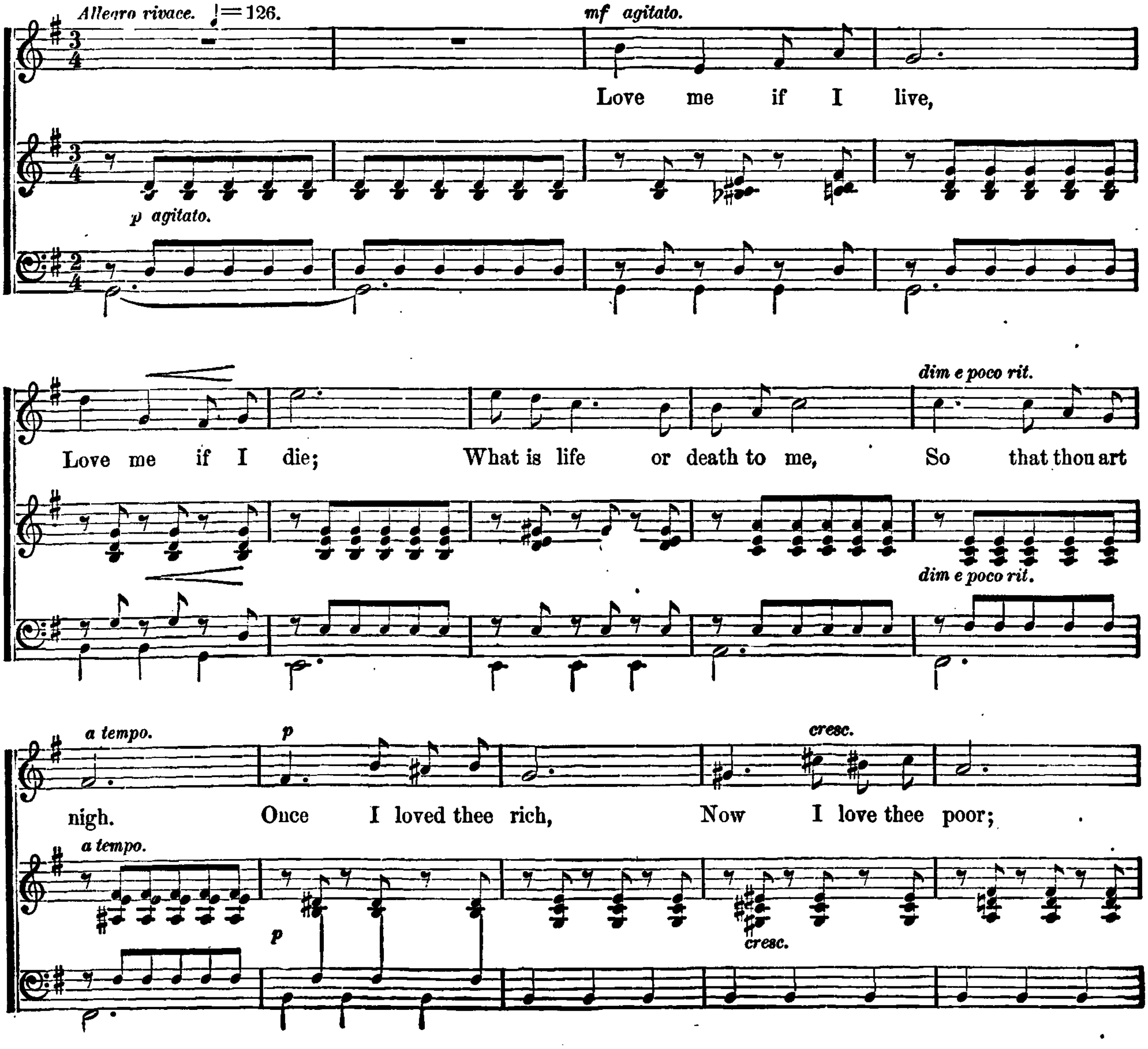

1. O thou, whose beauty shines with ev'ry fond wish beam-ing, My
lone, when sil- ver stars are from their blue fields shining, I
p
heart to thee its tale would tell; Tho' hope a - las! hath lost its pow'r of
think of thee and my past dream, And find how far more bright thy sweet look's

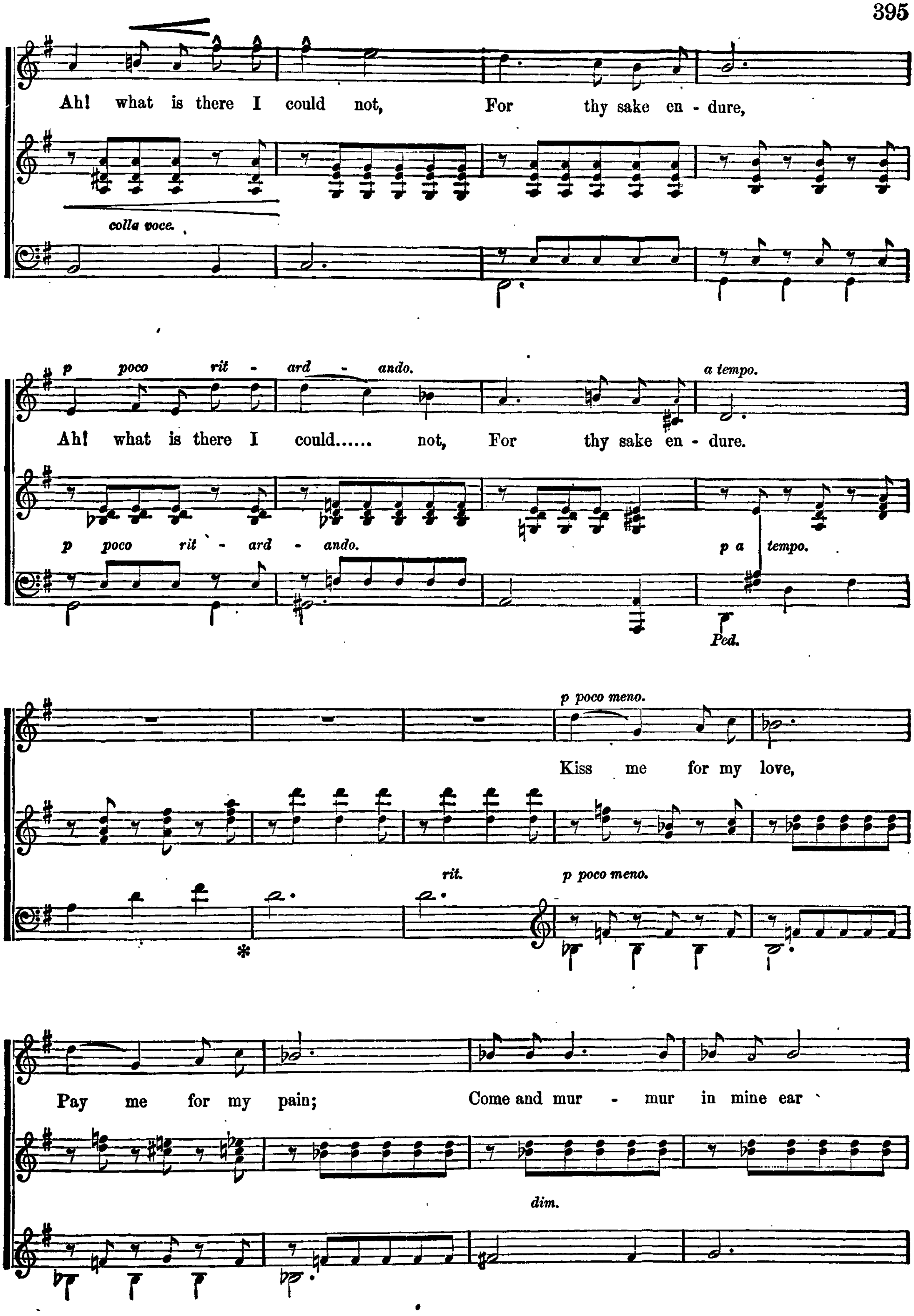

dream- ing, With thee my mem' - ry With thee my mem' - ry changeless still will
twin - ing; Than all the beau - ty, Than all the beau - ty night e'er taught to
dwell. I'm far from thee; far from joy's best treas - ure, From all the
beam. The light of heav'n fades beneath thy glo - ry; The whole earth
sun - shine life e'er brought to me; Ah! my heart keeps one on - ly gleam of pleas-ure Tho' parted
bears thy form alone to me; Ah! mem'ry keeps one on - ly joy before me, Tho' parted
rallent.
D.S.
still to think of thee, to think of thee.
still to think of thee, to think of thee.
2. A -
rallent.
a tempo.
f

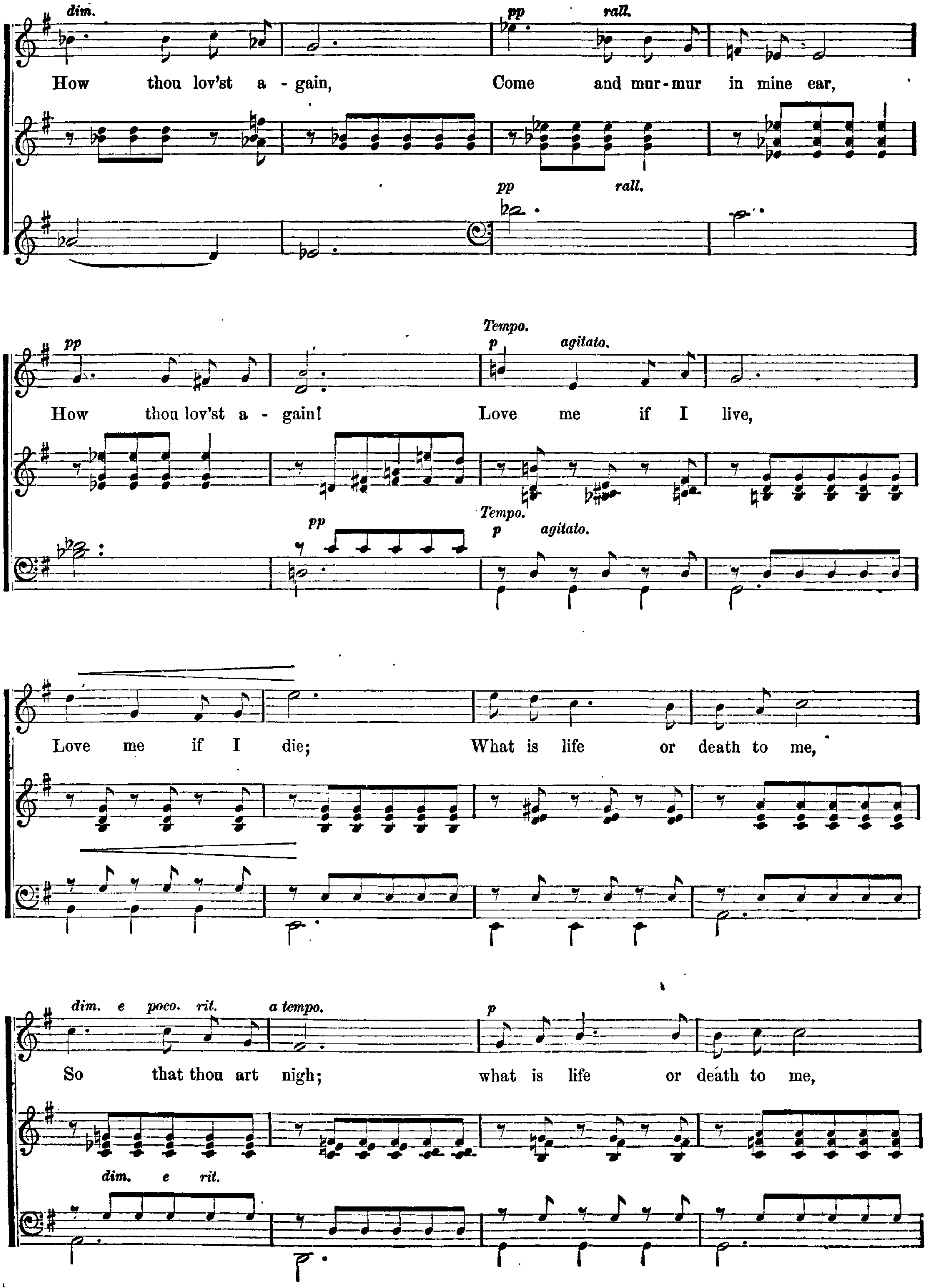
LOVE ME IF I LIVE.

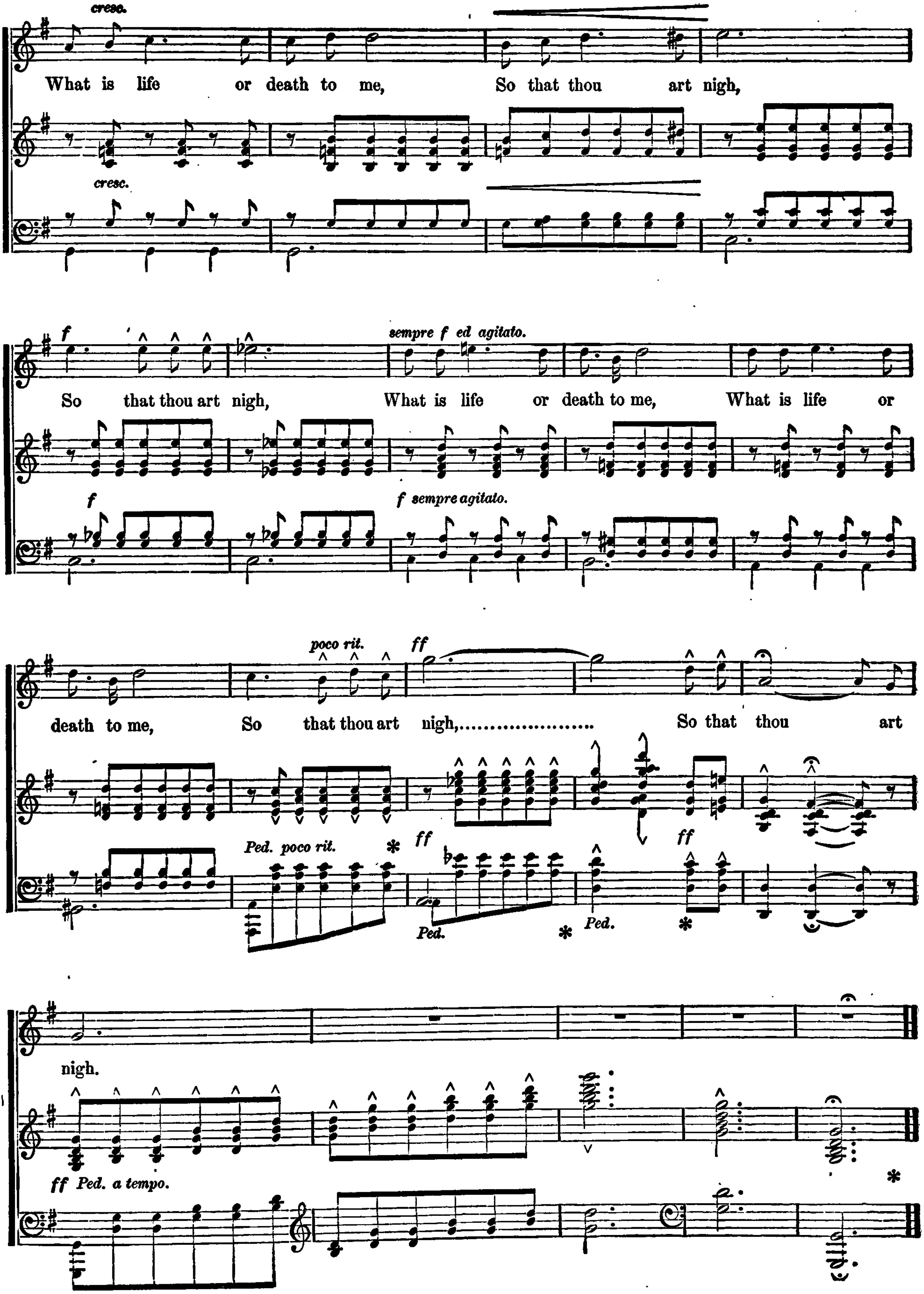
A SCHOOL fellow of Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel at Harrow, and favored throughout a long and productive literary life with the generous appreciation of his fellow craftsmen, the critics and the public, BARRY CORNWALL, the writer of the words of this song, had a career of exceptional felicity. "Barry Cornwall, Poet" comes pretty near being a perfect anagram for this writer's real name, which was Bryan Waller Procter—a name which has been familiarized anew to the present generation of song lovers by the exquisite lyrics of his daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter, author of "The Lost Chord." Mr. Procter adopted this pseudonym for his earlier works in a day when a reputation for the writing of poetry was not the best recommendation for a lawyer and a gentleman of social standing, and he thus concealed an identity which was afterwards disclosed.

The music of this song is by FREDERICK H. COWEN, one of the younger, yet one of the most successful of English composers. His songs have been enormously popular, his more serious compositions well received, and his career as a conductor brilliant. Born of English parents at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1852, he became a pupil of Sir Julius Benedict and foreign masters. While a very young man he was chosen to fill the responsible position of conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, and in this work so established his reputation that he was selected as director of the music at the centennial exposition held in Marlbourne, Australia, a service for which he received the handsome fee of five thousand pounds. Although better known to the musical public for his songs, he has composed also sundry operettas and cantatas, as well as several symphonies for orchestra.


Allegro vivace. ♩=126.
mf agitato.
Love me if I live,
p agitato.
Love me if I die; What is life or death to me, So that thou art
dim e poco rit.
dim e poco rit.
nigh.
a tempo.
a tempo.
p
Once I loved thee rich, Now I love thee poor;
p
cresc.
cresc.

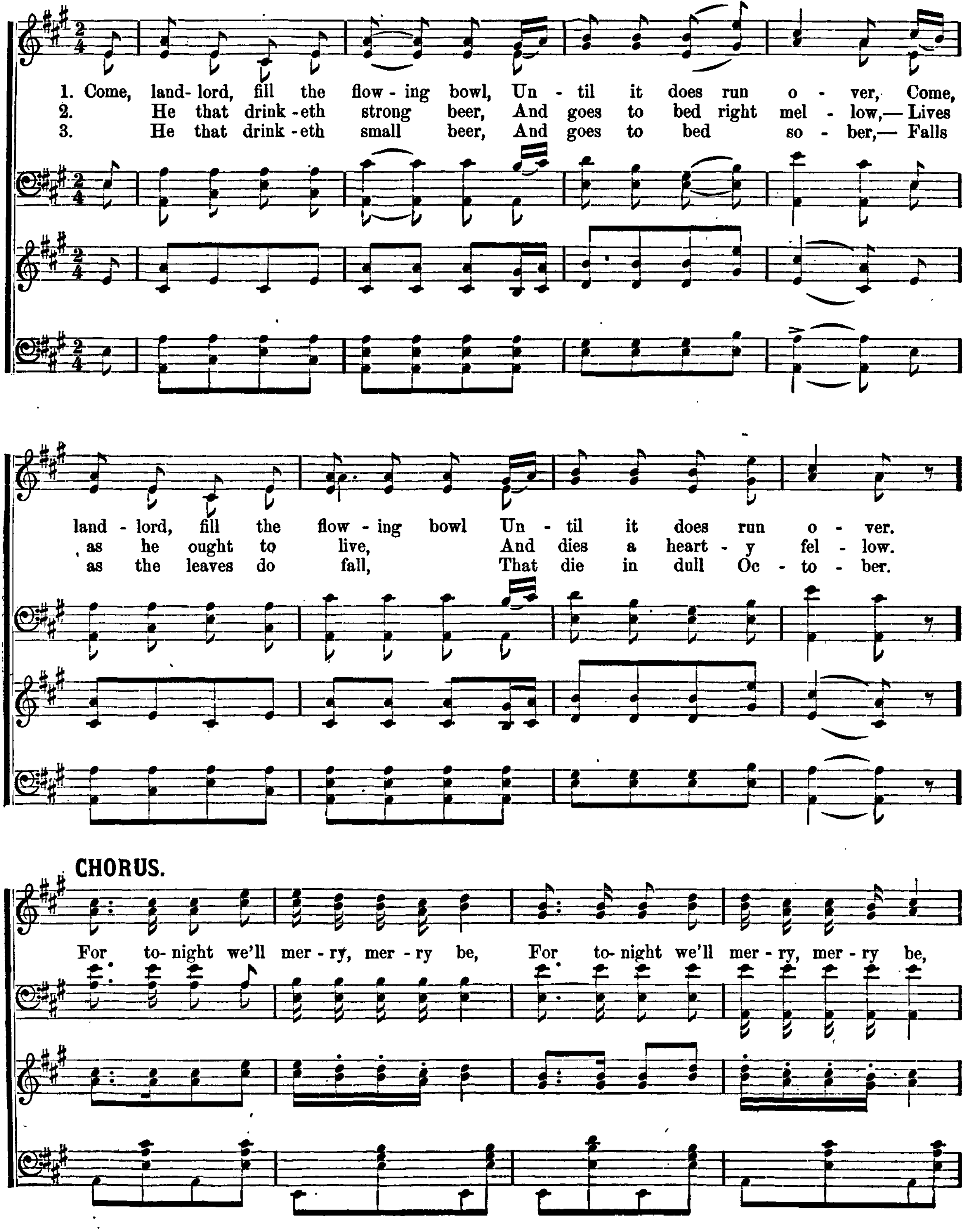

Ah! what is there I could not, For thy sake en - dure,
colla voce.
p poco rit - ard - ando.
Ah! what is there I could...... not, For thy sake en - dure.
a tempo.
p poco rit - ard - ando.
p a tempo.
Ped.
*
p poco meno.
Kiss me for my love,
rit.
p poco meno.
Pay me for my pain; Come and mur - mur in mine ear
dim.

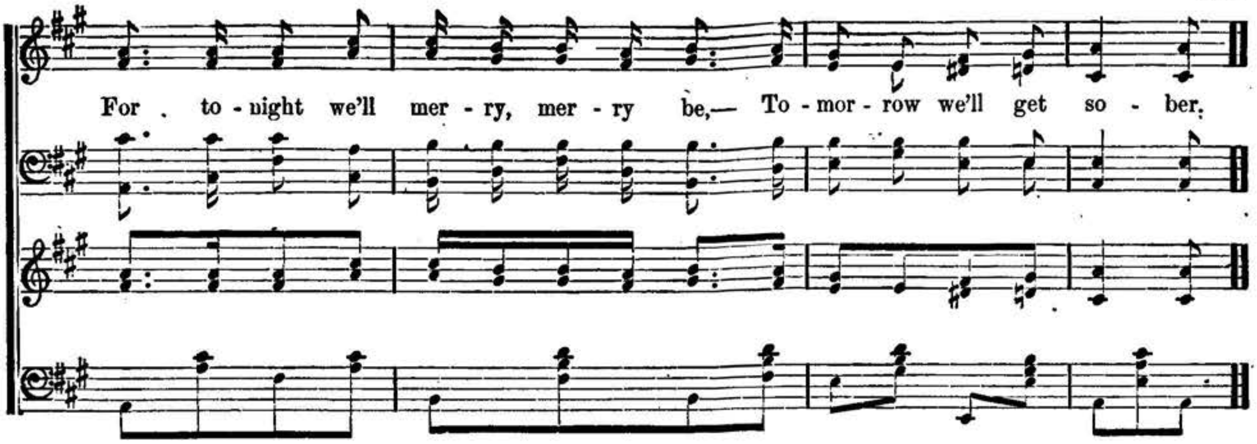

dim.
pp
rall.
How thou lov'st a - gain,
Come and mur - mur in mine ear,
pp
rall.
pp
How thou lov'st a - gain!
Tempo.
p
agitato.
Love me if I live,
pp
Tempo.
p
agitato.
Love me if I die;
What is life or death to me,
dim. e poco. rit.
a tempo.
p
So that thou art nigh;
what is life or death to me,
dim. e rit.


cresc.
What is life or death to me, So that thou art nigh,
cresc.
f
sempre f ed agitato.
So that thou art nigh, What is life or death to me, What is life or
f
f sempre agitato.
poco rit.
ff
death to me, So that thou art nigh,...................... So that thou art
Ped. poco rit.
*
ff
Ped.
*
Ped.
ff
*
nigh.
ff Ped. a tempo.
*

COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

THIS is an old English convivial song. It was formerly known as "The Jolly Fellow," and the present words are founded on an old song in FLETCHER's play, "The Bloody Brother, or Robert, Duke of Normandy."


The first eight measures may be sung as a solo.
1. Come, land- lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it does run o - ver, Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it does run o - ver.
2. He that drink - eth strong beer, And goes to bed right mel - low,— Lives as he ought to live, And dies a heart - y fel - low.
3. He that drink - eth small beer, And goes to bed so - ber,— Falls as the leaves do fall, That die in dull Oc - to - ber.
CHORUS.
For to- night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to- night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,

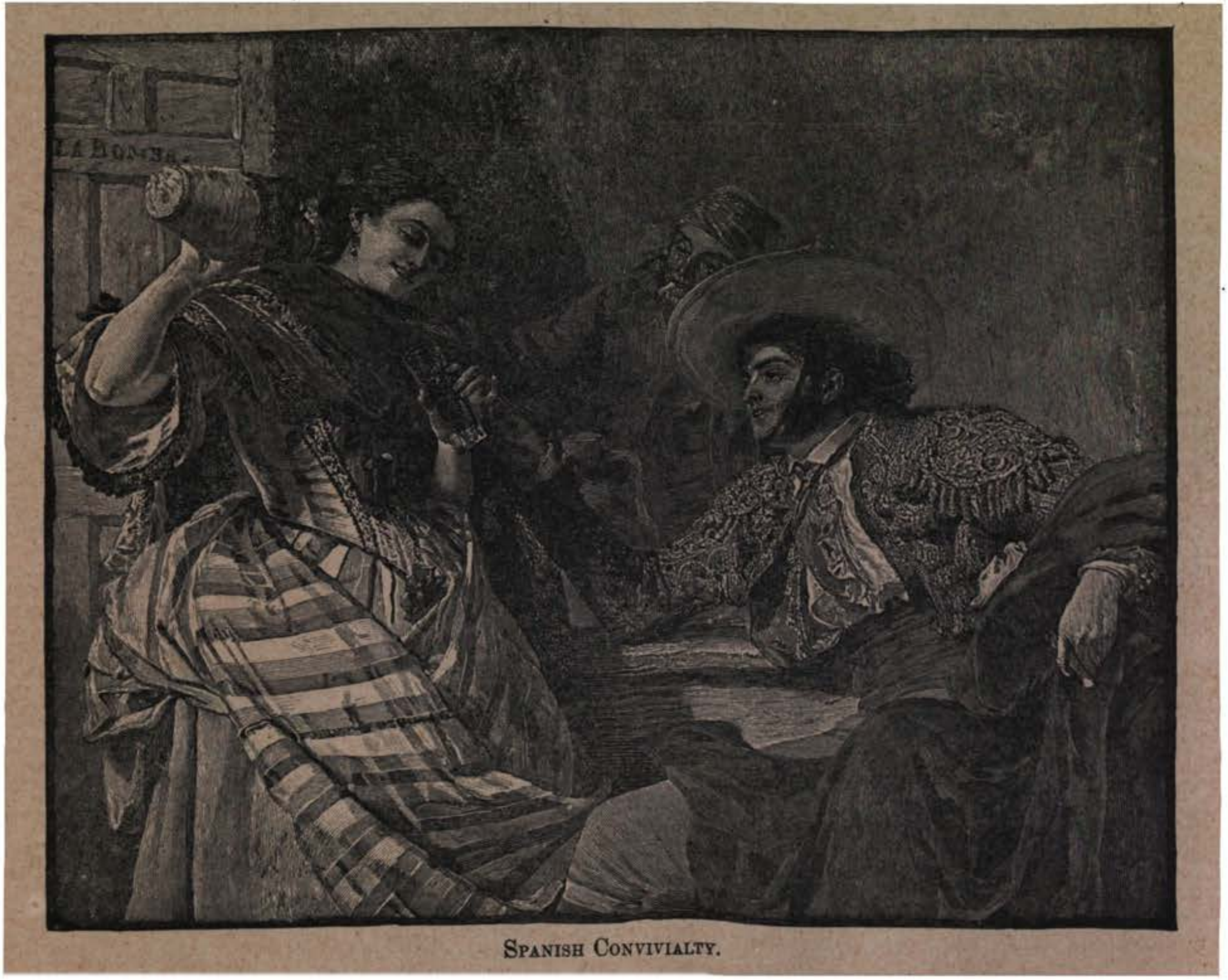

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,— To-mor-row we'll get so-ber.

He that drinketh small beer,
  And goes to bed sober,—
Falls as the leaves do fall,
  That die in dull October,
    Come, landlord, *etc.*

Punch cures the gout,
  The colic and phthisic;
So it is to all men
  The best of physic.
    Come, landlord, *etc.*

He that courts a pretty girl,
  And courts her for his pleasure,—
Is a knave unless he marries her
  Without store or treasure.
    Come, landlord, *etc.*

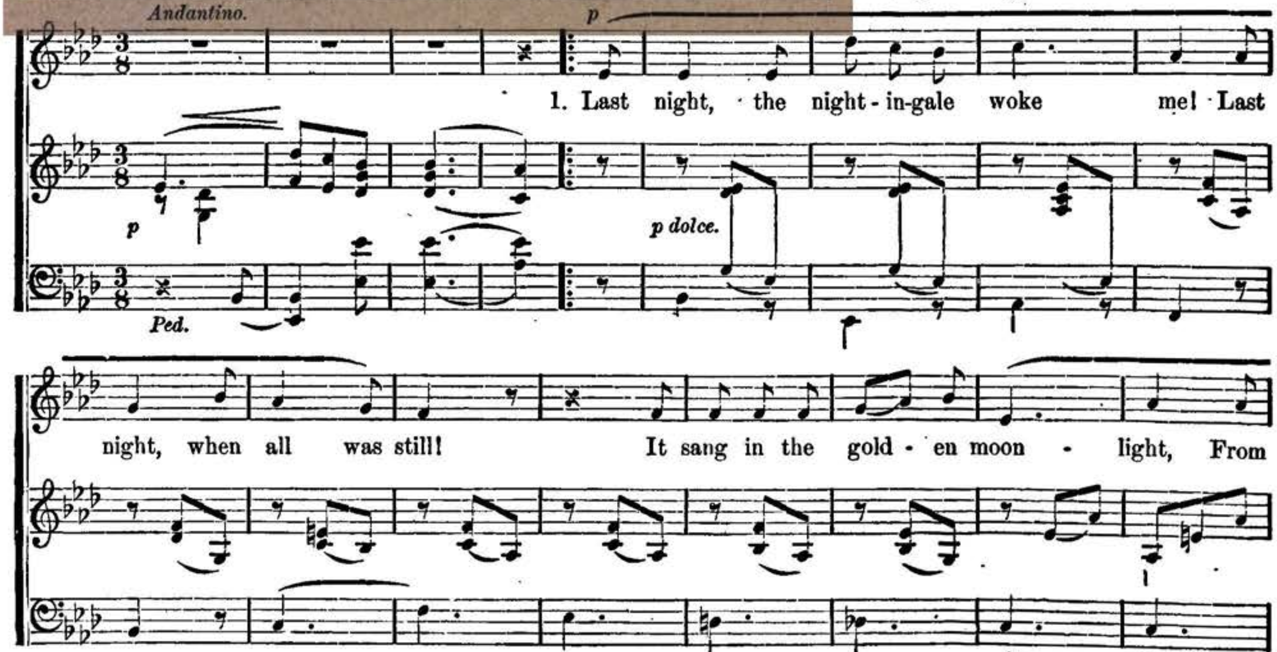
So now let us dance and sing,
  And drive away all sorrow,—
For perhaps we may not
  Meet again to-morrow.
    Come, landlord, *etc.*

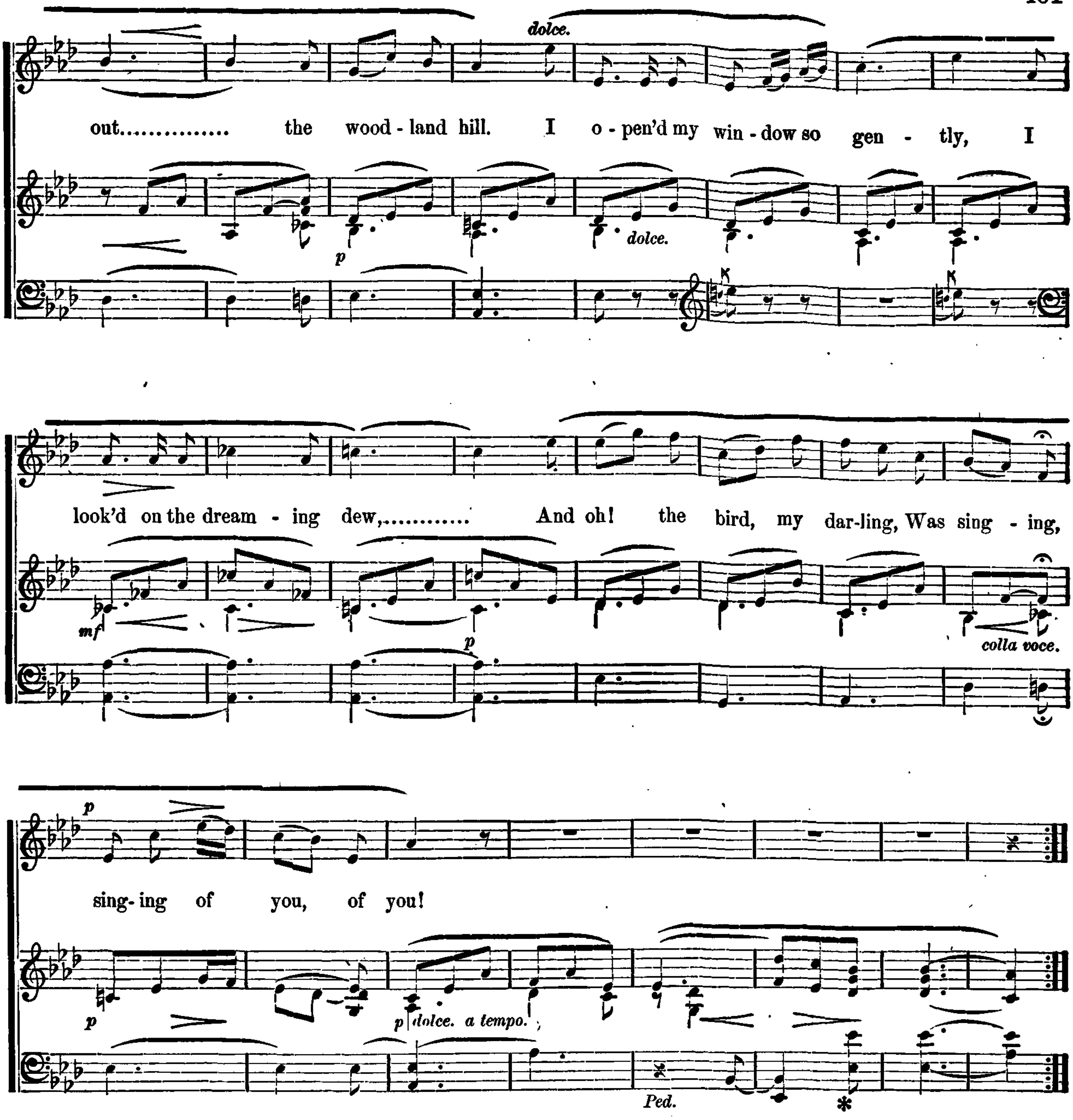


Spanish Conviviality.

LAST NIGHT.

This song was composed by the Swedish musician **Halfdan Kjerulf.** The words, which appear here in an English translation by **Theophilus Marzials,** were written by **Rasmus Willads Christian Ferdinand Winther,** popularly known as Christian Winther. He was one of the most famous of the Danish poets of the nineteenth century. He was born at Fensmark, July 29, 1796. After a period of study at Copenhagen he travelled in Italy, and in 1842 was appointed tutor to the Danish Princess Caroline, who was betrothed to the prince who afterwards became King Frederick VII. Most of Winther's life was spent at Cophenhagen, where he died Dec. 20, 1876. He was accounted one of the best lyric poets Denmark has produced. He also wrote novels and plays, and translated German classics into Danish. One of his popular dramas is based on the old Norse legend from which his countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, took the material for his delightful story of "The Marsh-King's Daughter."


Andantino.
p
1. Last night, the night-in-gale woke me! Last
p
p dolce.
Ped.
night, when all was still! It sang in the gold - en moon - light, From


dolce.
out............... the wood-land hill. I o-pen'd my win-dow so gen-tly, I
p
dolce.
look'd on the dream-ing dew,............ And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing,
mf
p
colla voce.
p
sing-ing of you, of you!
p
p dolce. a tempo.
Ped.
*

Last night, the nightingale woke me!
Last night, when all was still!
It sang in the golden moonlight,
From out the woodland hill.
I opened my window so gently,
I looked on the dreaming dew,
And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing, singing of you!

I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night;
I wake and would you were here, love,
And tears are blinding my sight.

I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
The wind is floating through;
And oh! the night, my darling,
Is sighing, sighing for you!

O think not I can forget you;
I could not though I would:
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood,
The flowers, that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue;
Oh! heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you!

R a 41

80083

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

This is a continuous favorite for college singing of the more quiet sort. It is a song in praise of love and pleasure, upon the theme "dum vivimus, vivamus"—while we live let us live. A free version made by L. W. Fitch, of the class of 1840, is frequently sung at Yale, in place of the original Latin words. It is as follows:

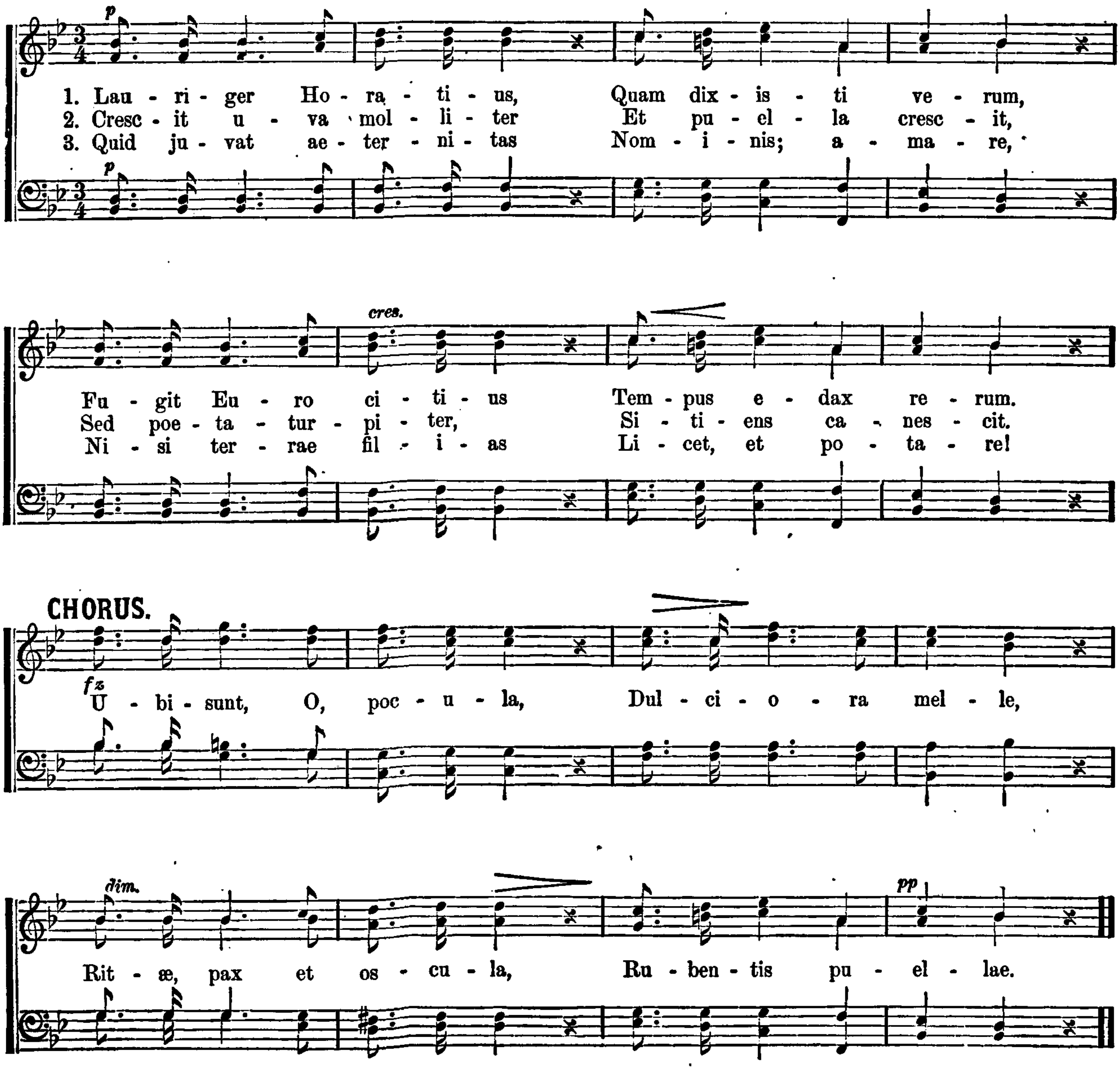
Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying;
"Time outstrips the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying."

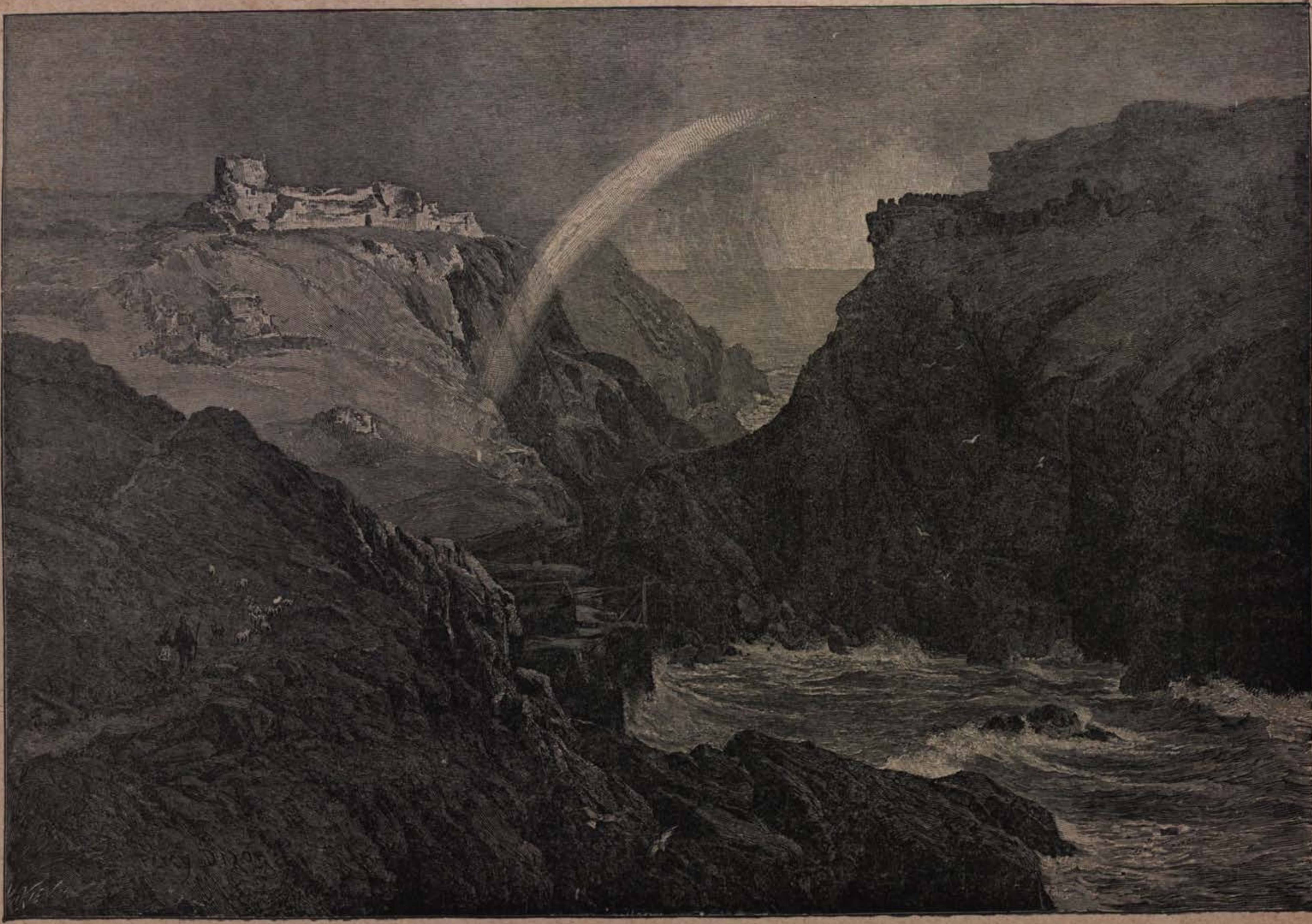
Chorus.

Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups on mirth attending;
Give me blushing maidens frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

Sweetly grows the grape, the maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me, bereft and sad,
Winter age comes cheerless.
Chorus.—**Bring me cups,** *etc.*

Though enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me, then, in love, and wine
Find exhaustless pleasure.
Chorus.—**Bring me cups,** *etc.*


p
1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum,
2. Cresc - it u - va mol - li - ter Et pu - el - la cresc - it,
3. Quid ju - vat ae - ter - ni - tas Nom - i - nis; a - ma - re,
Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.
Sed poe - ta - tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
Ni - si ter - rae fil - i - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!
cres.
CHORUS.
fz
U - bi - sunt, O, poc - u - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,
dim.
Rit - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - lae.
pp



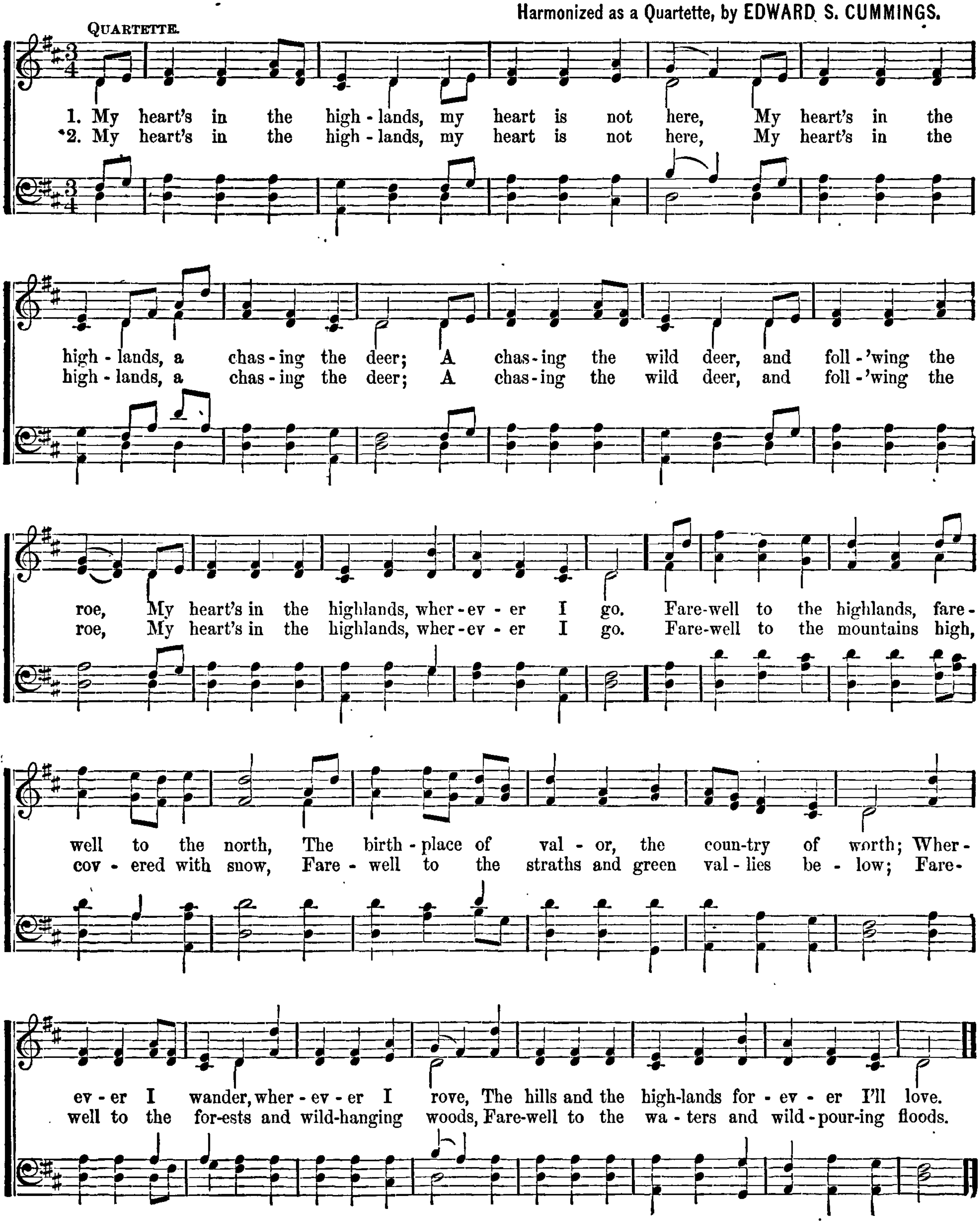
"MY HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS."

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE first four lines of this song are from an old ballad called "The Strong Walls of Derry,"—which does not leave a great deal to be claimed by BURNS, who made the remainder.

The old melody to which it is set is called "Portmore." The song was a favorite in the repertoire of Henry Russell, set to music of his own.

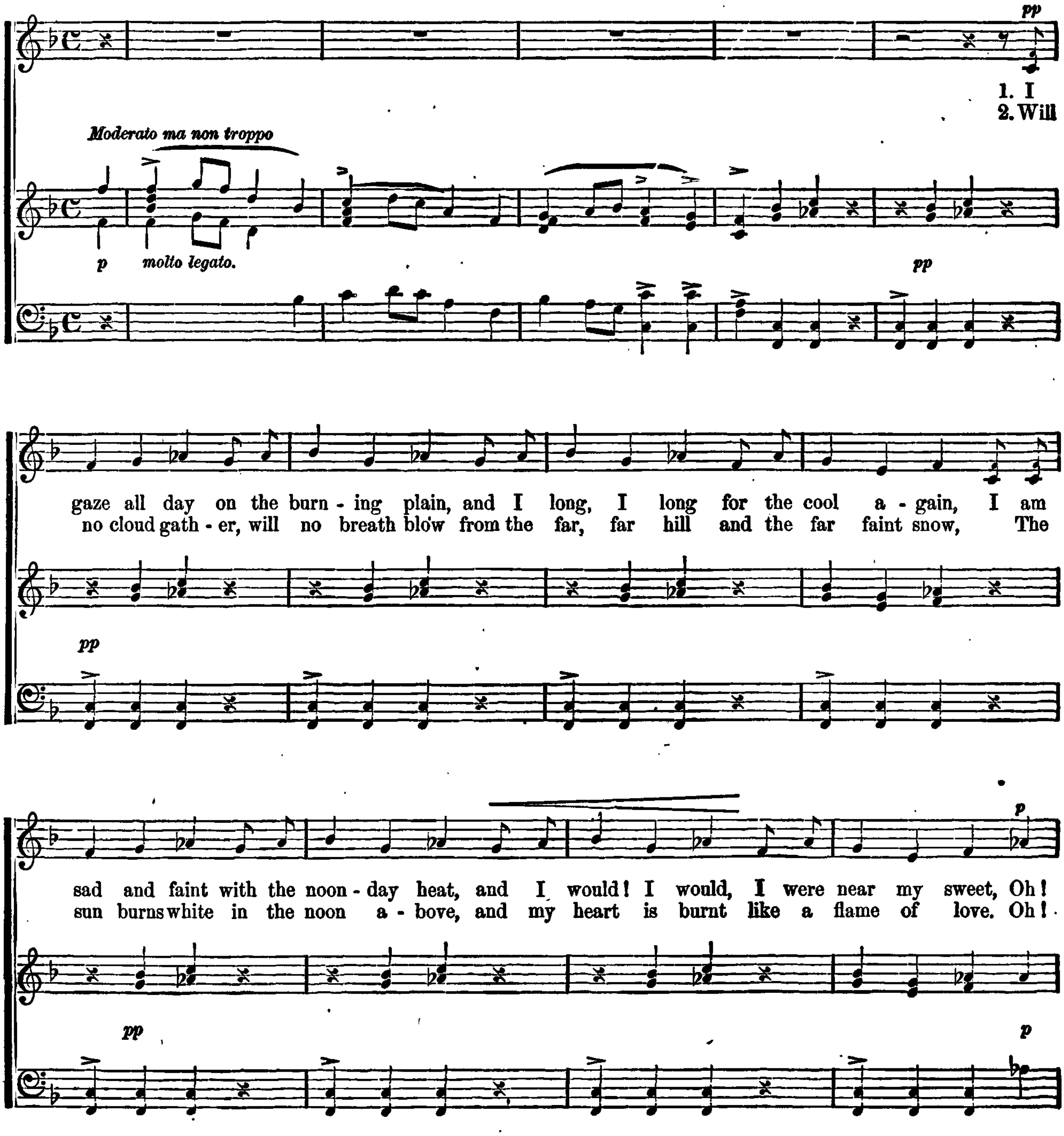
Harmonized as a Quartette, by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.

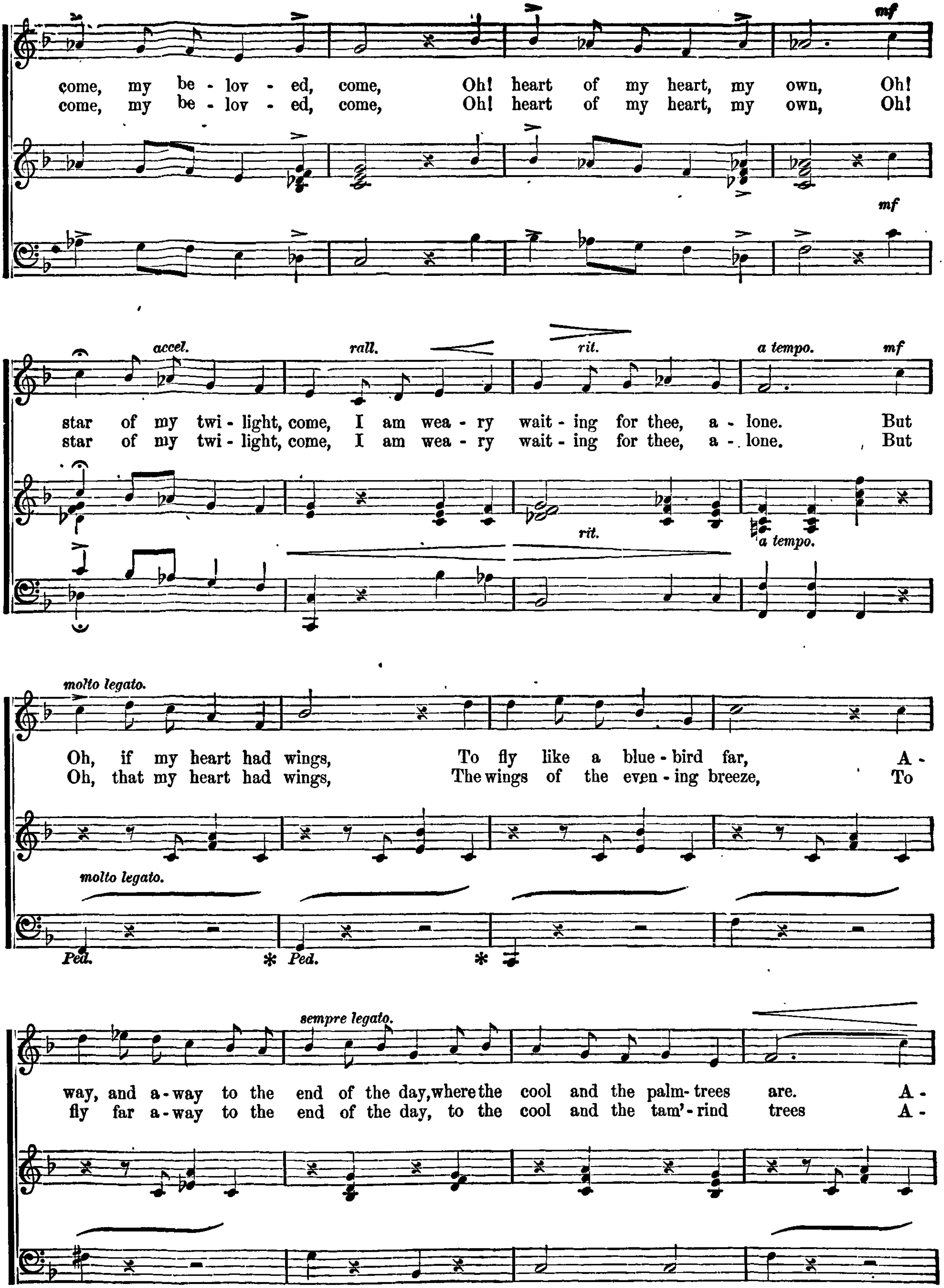

QUARTETTE.
1. My heart's in the high - lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high - lands, a chas - ing the deer; A chas - ing the wild deer, and foll - 'wing the roe, My heart's in the highlands, wher - ev - er I go. Fare-well to the highlands, fare - well to the north, The birth - place of val - or, the coun-try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wander, wher - ev - er I rove, The hills and the high-lands for - ev - er I'll love.
*2. My heart's in the high - lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high - lands, a chas - ing the deer; A chas - ing the wild deer, and foll - 'wing the roe, My heart's in the highlands, wher - ev - er I go. Fare-well to the mountains high, cov - ered with snow, Fare - well to the straths and green val - lies be - low; Fare - well to the for-ests and wild-hanging woods, Fare-well to the wa - ters and wild - pour-ing floods.

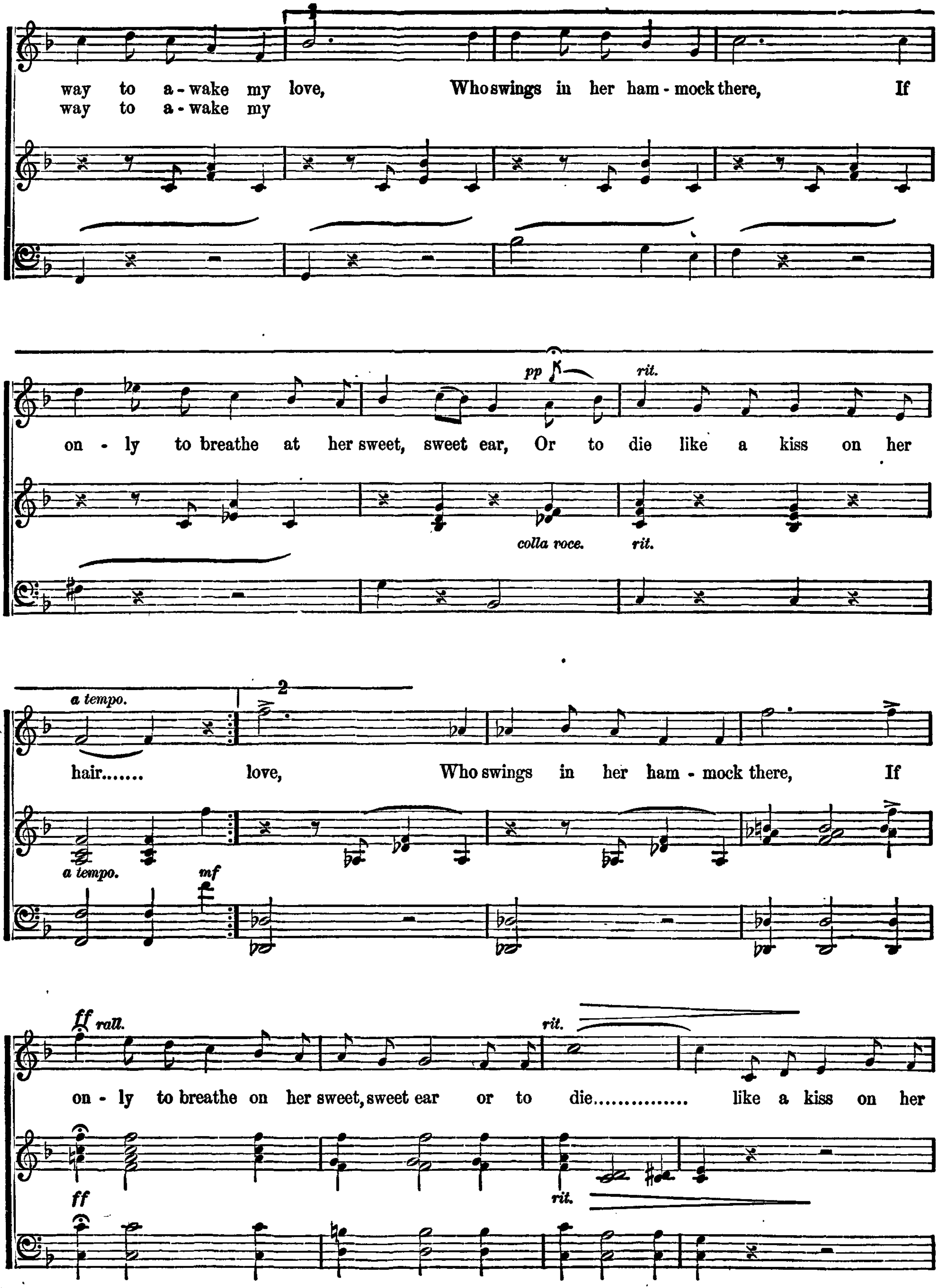
A CREOLE LOVE SONG.

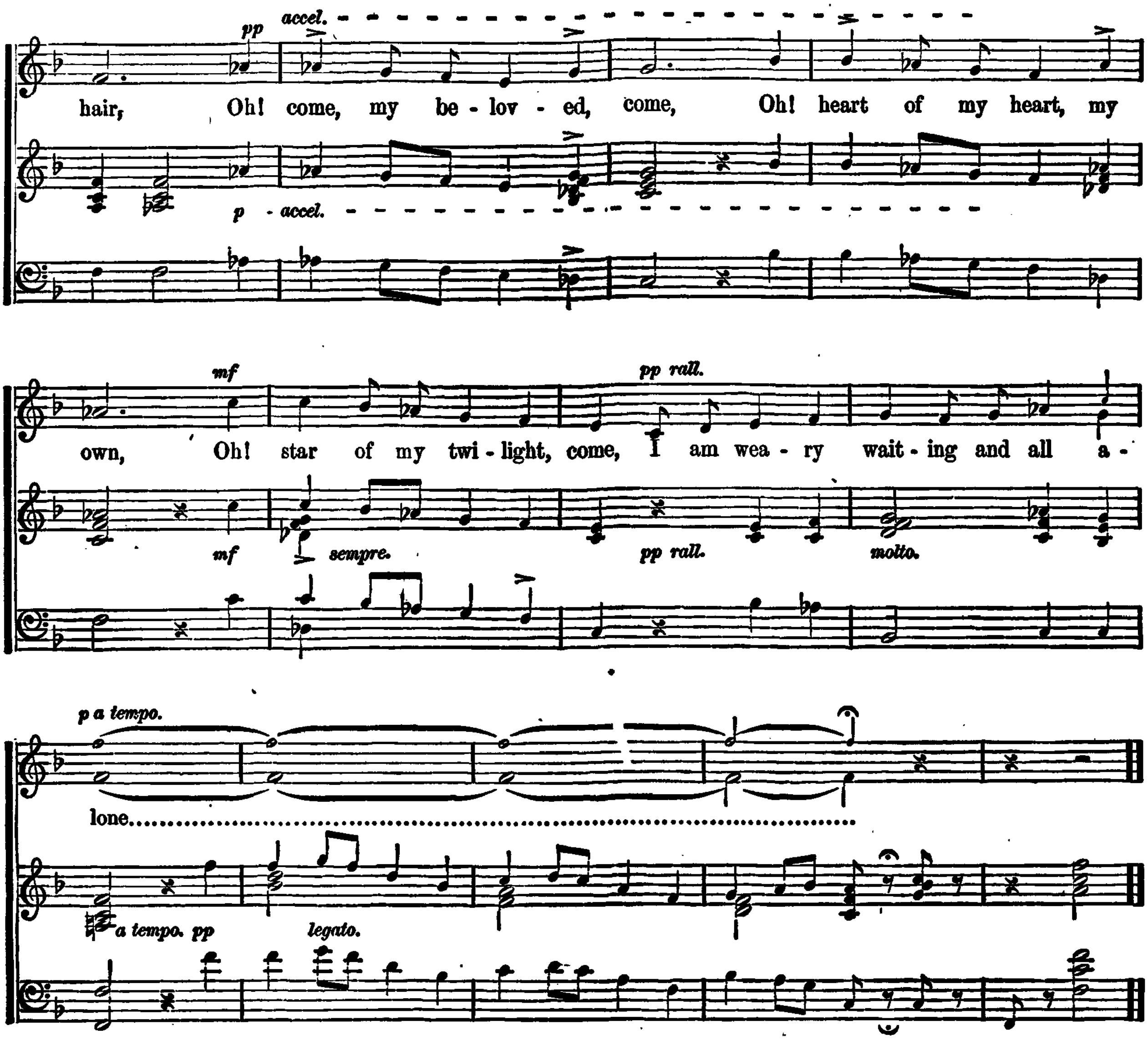
Some of the most familiar music, as well as words, in recent English song, has been the composition of **Marzials**, the writer of the words of this song. The composer of "Twickenham Ferry" and "Three Sailor Boys" is widely known and popular; and yet his composition has been only an incident in a busy and scholarly life. Theophilus Marzials is a Belgian, born in Brussels in 1850. His musical studies were so thoroughly mastered, that in his twentieth year he was called to the important post of superintendent of the musical department of the British Museum, which he has now held for twenty-five years. Admirable, and deservedly popular as are his melodies, the poems that are set to them are not inferior in merit, and a volume of highly creditable verse, attests the fact that his verse-making is inspired by impulses quite independent of the production of singable songs.

The music of "A Creole Love Song" is by **Mrs. Moncrieff.**


pp
1. I
2. Will
Moderato ma non troppo
p
molto legato.
pp
gaze all day on the burn - ing plain, and I long, I long for the cool a - gain, I am
no cloud gath - er, will no breath blow from the far, far hill and the far faint snow, The
pp
sad and faint with the noon - day heat, and I would! I would, I were near my sweet, Oh!
sun burns white in the noon a - bove, and my heart is burnt like a flame of love. Oh!
p
pp
p


mf
come, my be - lov - ed, come, Oh! heart of my heart, my own, Oh!
come, my be - lov - ed, come, Oh! heart of my heart, my own, Oh!
mf
accel.
rall.
rit.
a tempo.
mf
star of my twi - light, come, I am wea - ry wait - ing for thee, a - lone. But
star of my twi - light, come, I am wea - ry wait - ing for thee, a - lone. But
rit.
a tempo.
molto legato.
Oh, if my heart had wings, To fly like a blue - bird far, A -
Oh, that my heart had wings, The wings of the even - ing breeze, To
molto legato.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
sempre legato.
way, and a - way to the end of the day, where the cool and the palm - trees are. A -
fly far a - way to the end of the day, to the cool and the tam'- rind trees A -


way to a-wake my love, Who swings in her ham-mock there, If
way to a-wake my
pp
rit.
on-ly to breathe at her sweet, sweet ear, Or to die like a kiss on her
colla voce.
rit.
a tempo.
2
hair....... love, Who swings in her ham-mock there, If
a tempo.
mf
ff
rall.
rit.
on-ly to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear or to die............... like a kiss on her
ff
rit.


pp
accel.
hair, Oh! come, my be - lov - ed, come, Oh! heart of my heart, my
p
accel.
mf
pp rall.
own, Oh! star of my twi - light, come, I am wea - ry wait - ing and all a -
mf
sempre.
pp rall.
molto.
p a tempo.
lone
a tempo. pp
legato.

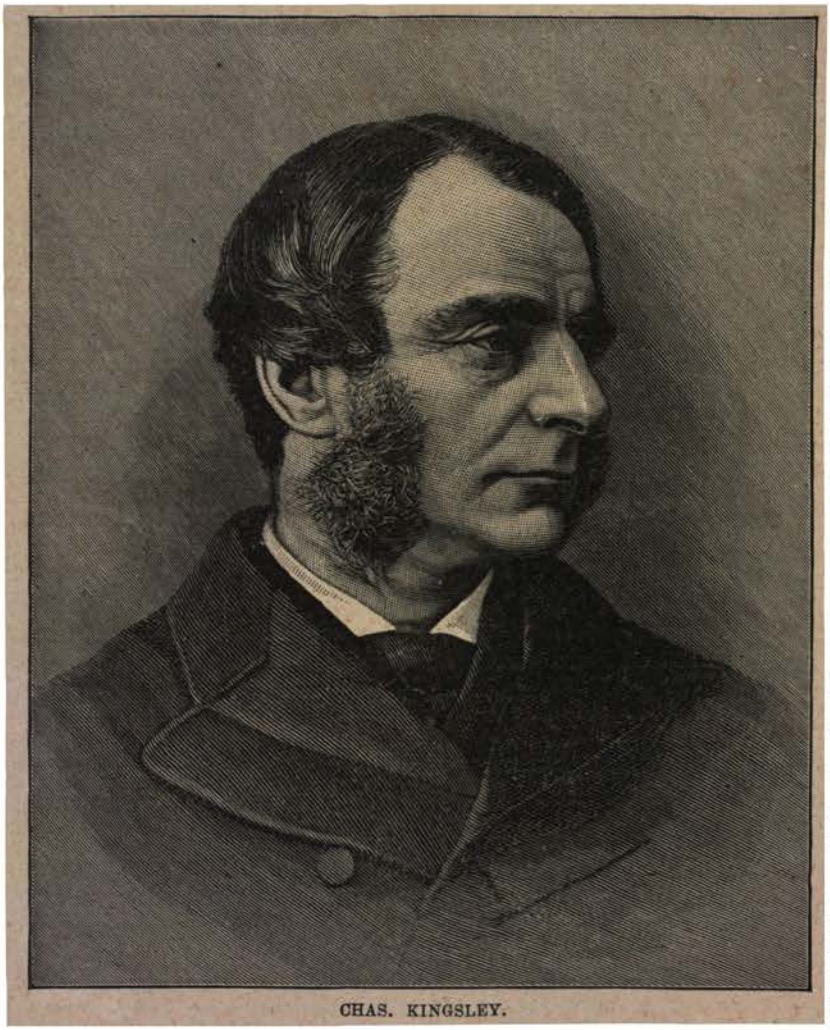
I gaze all day on the burning plain,
And I long, I long for the cool again,
I am sad and faint with the noonday heat,
And I would! I would, I were near my sweet,
Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting for thee, alone.
But oh, if my heart had wings,
To fly like a blue-bird far,
Away, and away to the end of the day,
Where the cool and the palm-trees are.
Away to awake my love,
Who swings in her hammock there,
If only to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear,
Or to die like a kiss on her hair.

Will no cloud gather, will no breath blow
From the far, far hill and the far faint snow,
The sun burns white in the noon above,
And my heart is burnt like a flame of love.
Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting for thee, alone.
But oh, that my heart had wings,
The wings of the evening breeze,
To fly far away to the end of the day,
To the cool and the tamerind trees
Away to awake my love,
Who swings in her hammock there,
If only to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear,
Or to die like a kiss on her hair.

Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting and all alone.

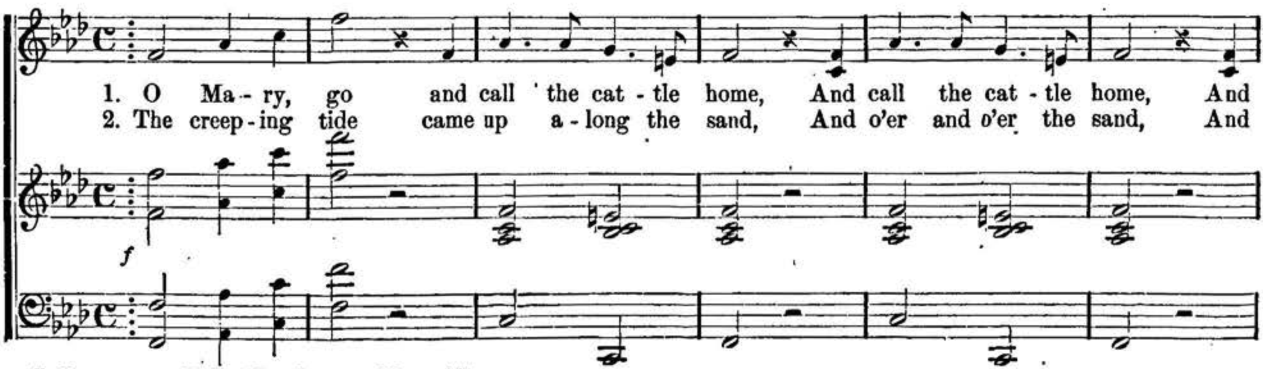
THE SANDS O' DEE.

THIS exquisite song, by CHARLES KINGSLEY, occurs in his novel of "Alton Locke." The hero says: "After singing two or three songs, Lillian began fingering the keys, and struck into an old air, wild and plaintive, rising and falling like the swell of an Æolian harp upon a distant breeze. 'Ah! now,' she said, 'if I could get words for that! What an exquisite lament somebody might write to it.' * * * My attention was caught by hearing two gentlemen, close to me, discuss a beautiful sketch by Copley Fielding, if I recollect rightly, which hung on the wall—a wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of skate-nets fluttering in the wild—a gray shroud of rain sweeping up from the westward, through which low, red cliffs glowed dimly in the rays of the setting sun—a train of horses and cattle splashing slowly through shallow, desolate pools and creeks, their wet, red and black hides glittering in one long line of level light. One of the gentlemen had seen the spot represented, at the mouth of the Dee, and began telling wild stories of salmon-fishing and wild-fowl shooting—and then a tale of a girl, who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and was found next day a corpse hanging among the stake-nets far below. The tragedy, the art of the picture, the simple, dreary grandeur of the scenery, took possession of me, and I stood gazing a long time, and fancying myself pacing the sands. * * * As I lay castle-building, Lillian's wild air still rang in my ears, and combined itself somehow with the picture of the Cheshire Sands, and the story of the drowned girl, till it shaped itself into a song."



CHAS. KINGSLEY.

Lillian's fancied "wild air" could hardly have been finer or more delicately appropriate than this one, composed for the poem by FRANCIS BOOTT. Mr. Boott has produced many fine songs by writing music for lyrics of Tennyson, Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Campbell, and others.


1. O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, And
2. The creep - ing tide came up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And
f

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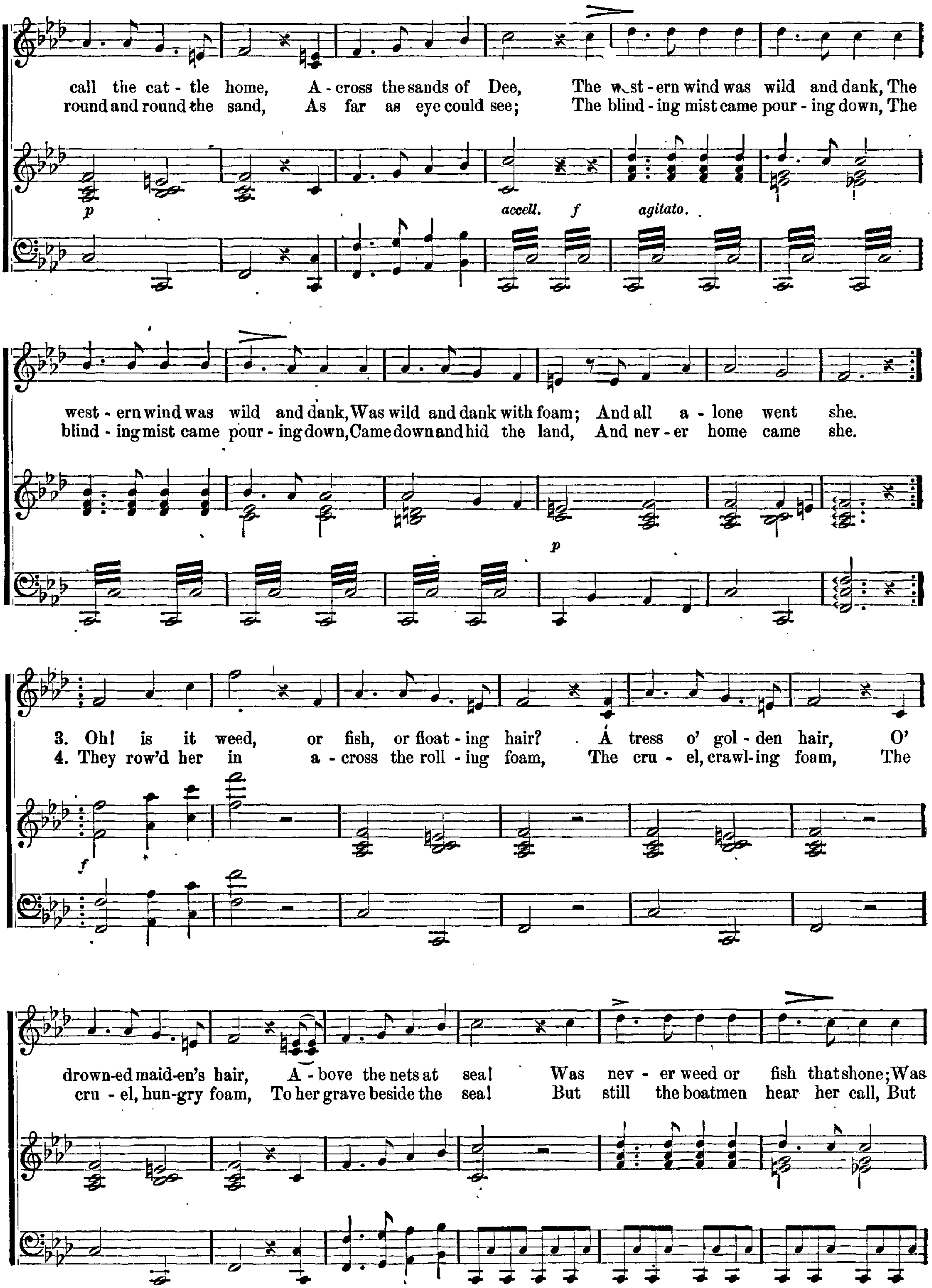
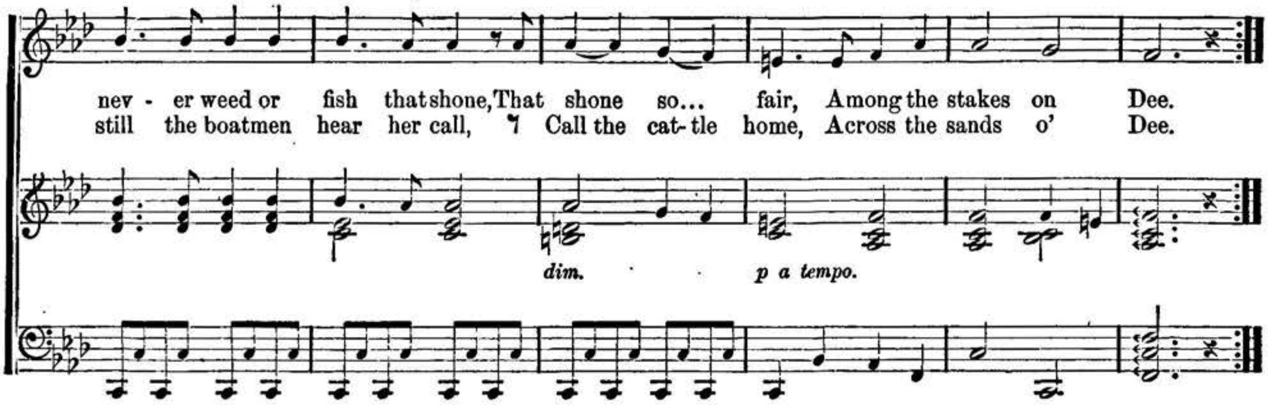

call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee, The west - ern wind was wild and dank, The
round and round the sand, As far as eye could see; The blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, The
p
accell.
f
agitato.
west - ern wind was wild and dank, Was wild and dank with foam; And all a - lone went she.
blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, Came down and hid the land, And nev - er home came she.
p
3. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or float - ing hair? A tress o' gol - den hair, O'
4. They row'd her in a - cross the roll - ing foam, The cru - el, crawl-ing foam, The
f
drown-ed maid-en's hair, A - bove the nets at sea! Was nev - er weed or fish that shone; Was
cru - el, hun-gry foam, To her grave beside the sea! But still the boatmen hear her call, But

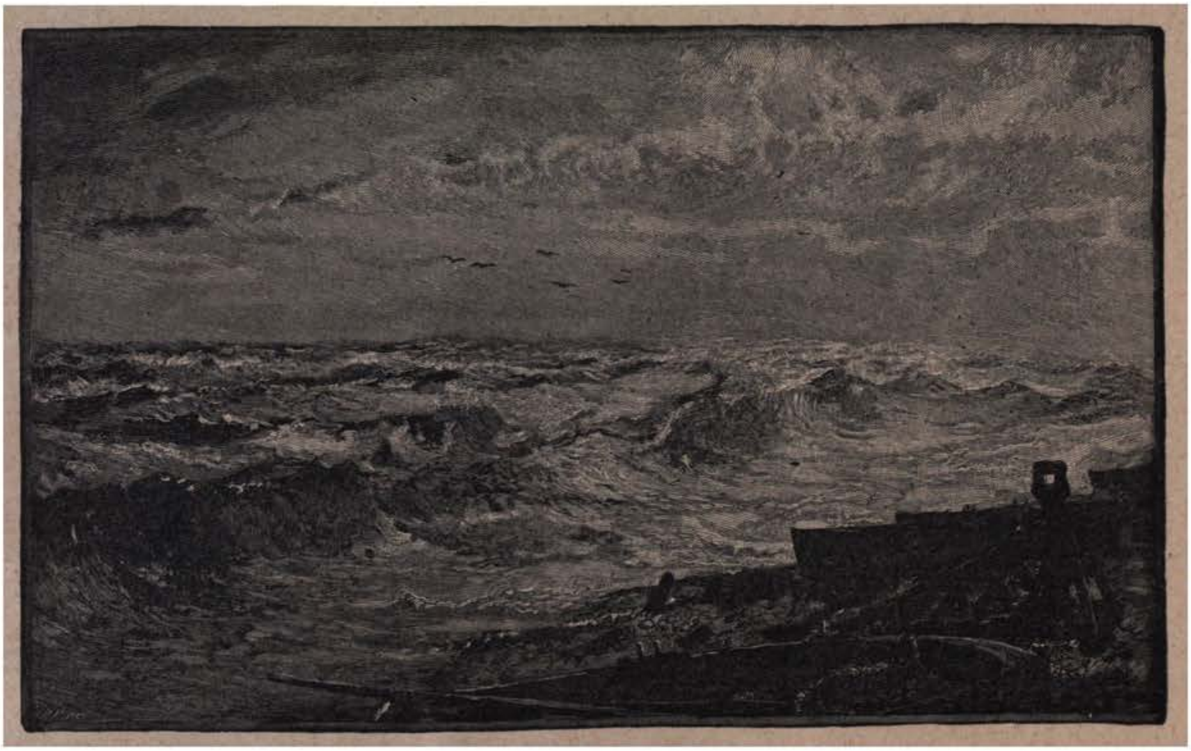

nev - er weed or fish that shone, That shone so... fair, Among the stakes on Dee.
still the boatmen hear her call, Call the cat- tle home, Across the sands o' Dee.
dim.
p a tempo.

O Mary! go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.
The western wind was wild and dank,
The western wild was wild and dank,
Was wild and dank with foam;
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er, and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came pouring down,
The blinding mist came pouring down,
Came down and hid the land,
And never home came she!

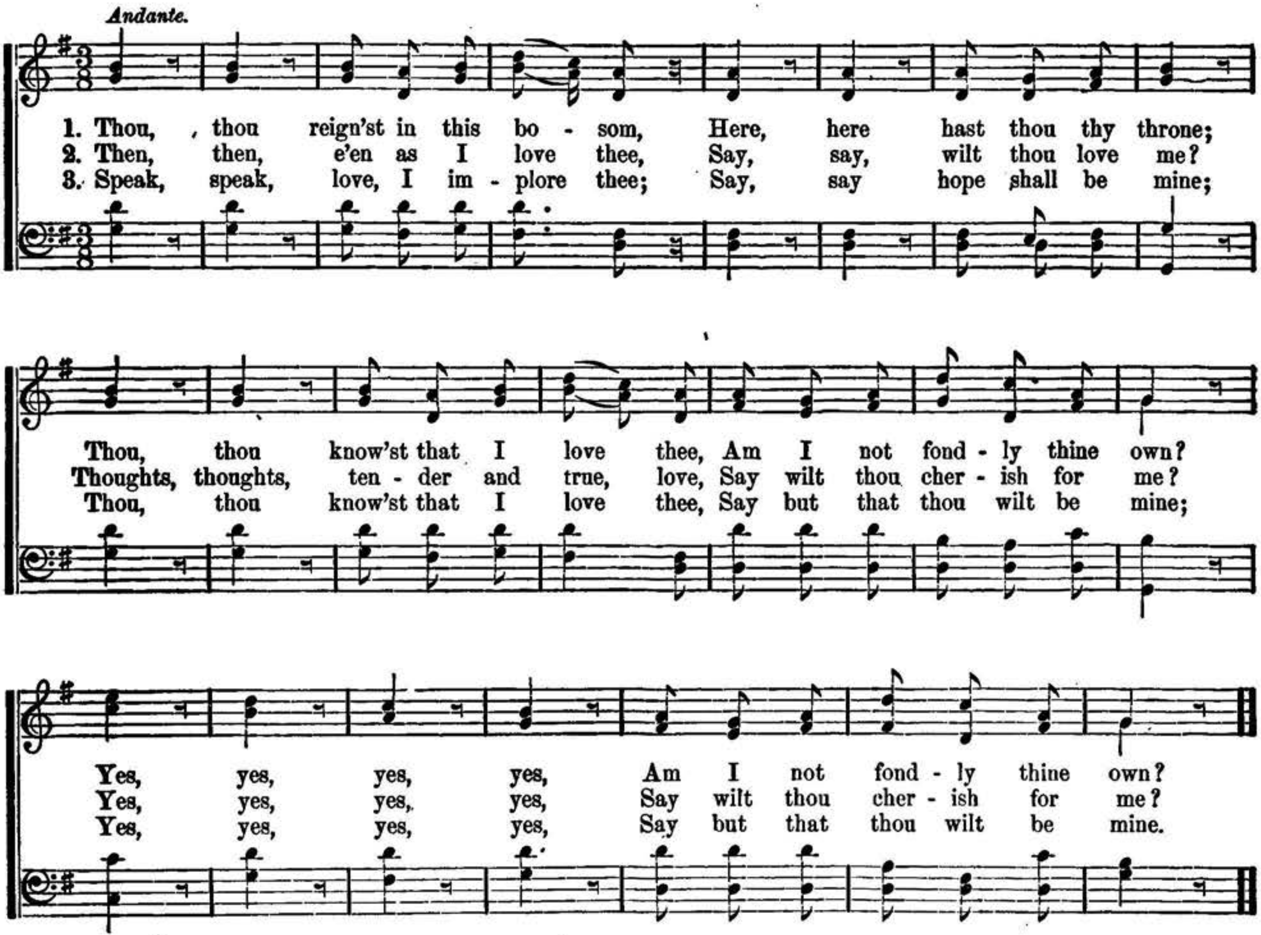
Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair!
A tress o' golden hair!
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never weed or fish that shone,
Was never weed or fish that shone,
That shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call,
But still the boatmen hear her call,
Call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

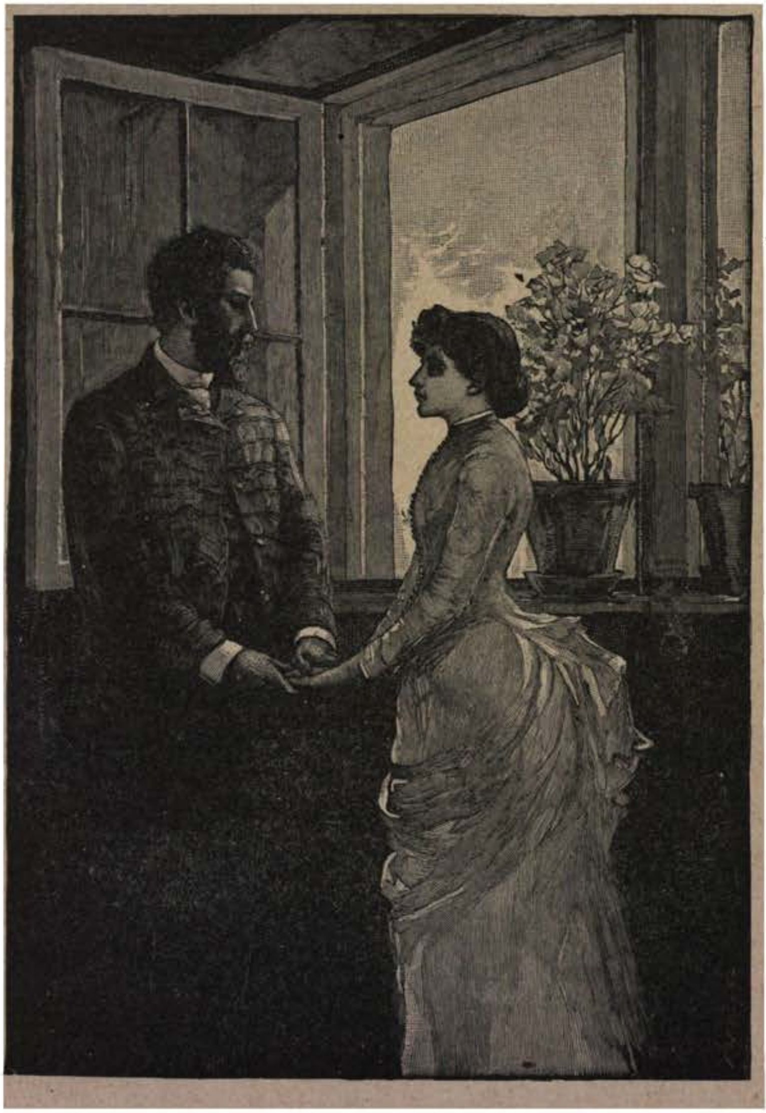


AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

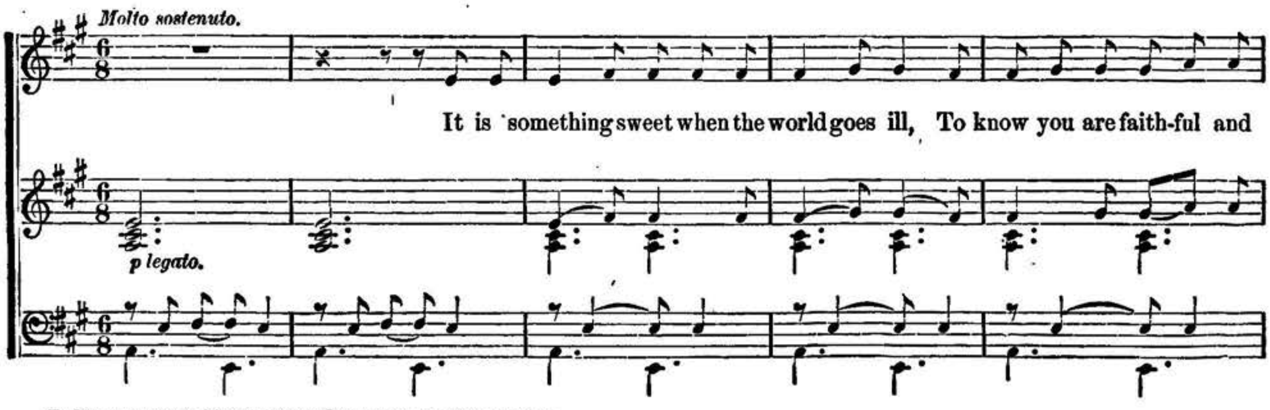
This is an old German folk-song, which is rendered here from the original. It has been adopted into the student songs of the German universities, where folk-songs are usually sung as they are written; but American college students have taken liberties with this, as with so many old songs, and while keeping the tune have united absurd words with it. It is known among them, therefore, as "Yah, Yah, Nix Cum Arous, Lager Bier." But while the melody may be sung thus with vigor, it is much better adapted to the more tender sentiment expressed in the original words, of which those here given are a very good version.


Andante.
1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, Here, here hast thou thy throne;
2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me?
3. Speak, speak, love, I im - plore thee; Say, say hope shall be mine;
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
Thoughts, thoughts, ten - der and true, love, Say wilt thou cher - ish for me?
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine;
Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cher - ish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine.

CONSTANCY.



The composer of this song is **Charles F. Webber**; who, as a musician of considerable skill, the composer of many excellent songs, and an acceptable teacher of music, has had experience and reputation both at home and abroad. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1853, and studied in Boston and Paris. His talents are varied, including the mastery of the piano and violoncello, and much ability as a tenor singer. He taught vocal music in several American cities, as well as in London and Paris, was for some time an instructor in music in the Syracuse, N. Y., University and in Wells College, and then permanently settled in Boston as a teacher. The words of "Constancy" were written by **Frank L. Stanton**, a poet of the South who, in a few short years, established a reputation for lyric writing of a genuinely original character. As a journalist he conducted a special column in the Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution*, which he prefaced daily with at least one poem, although he frequently wrote four or five in a day; not because they were required, but because they were waiting to be written. These verses, chiefly in dialect, were redolent of the soil; happy, joyous effusions, instinct with the sunshine of his native South. In 1895 he published a volume of these poems, entitled "Songs of the Soil," to which an appreciative introduction was written by Joel Chandler Harris. The wide circulation of his verses, which were copied into other newspapers than his own, brought his work to the attention of foreign critics, who quickly recognized that a new poet of no mean ability had risen in the New World.


Molto sostenuto.
It is something sweet when the world goes ill, To know you are faith-ful and
p legato.

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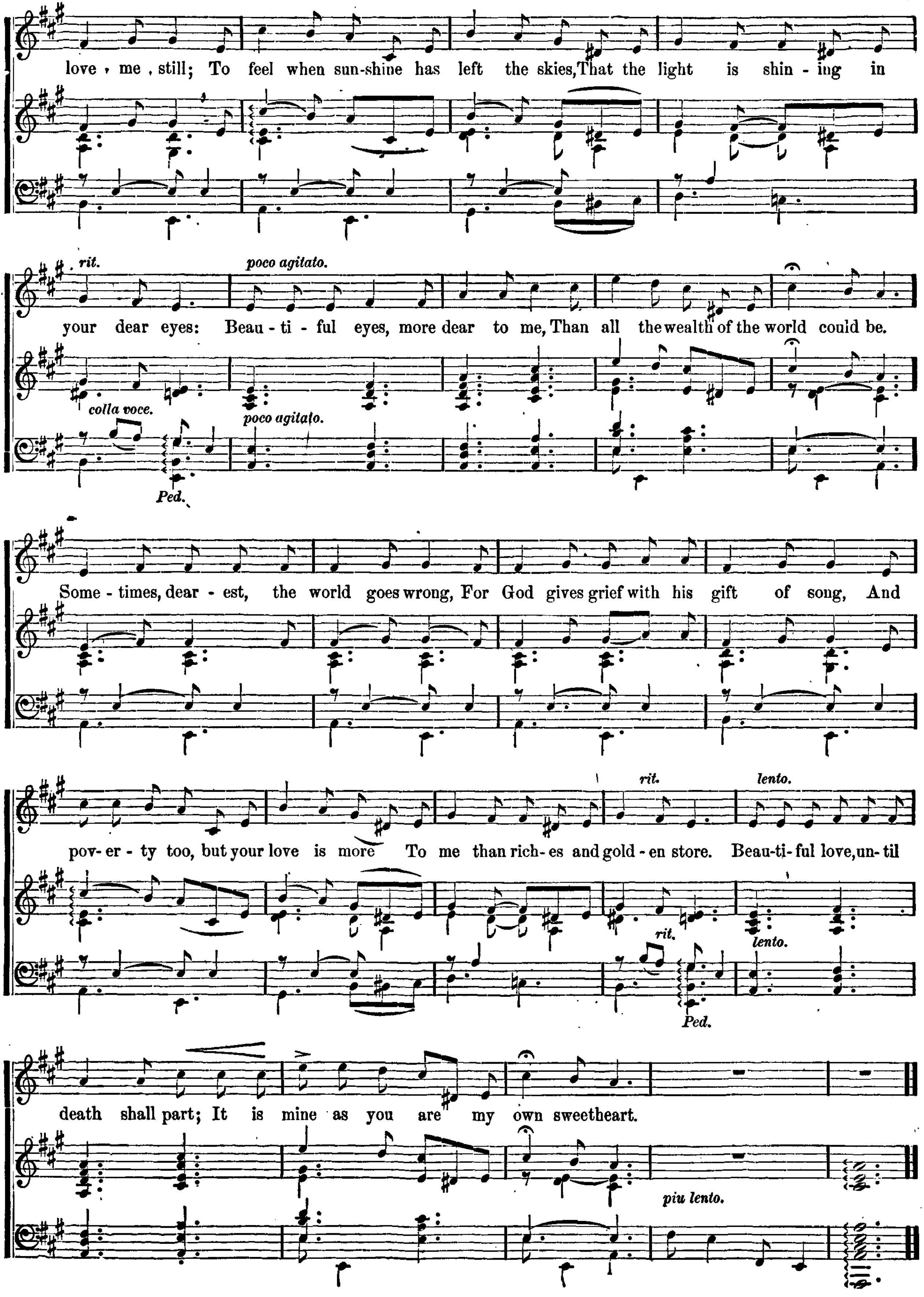
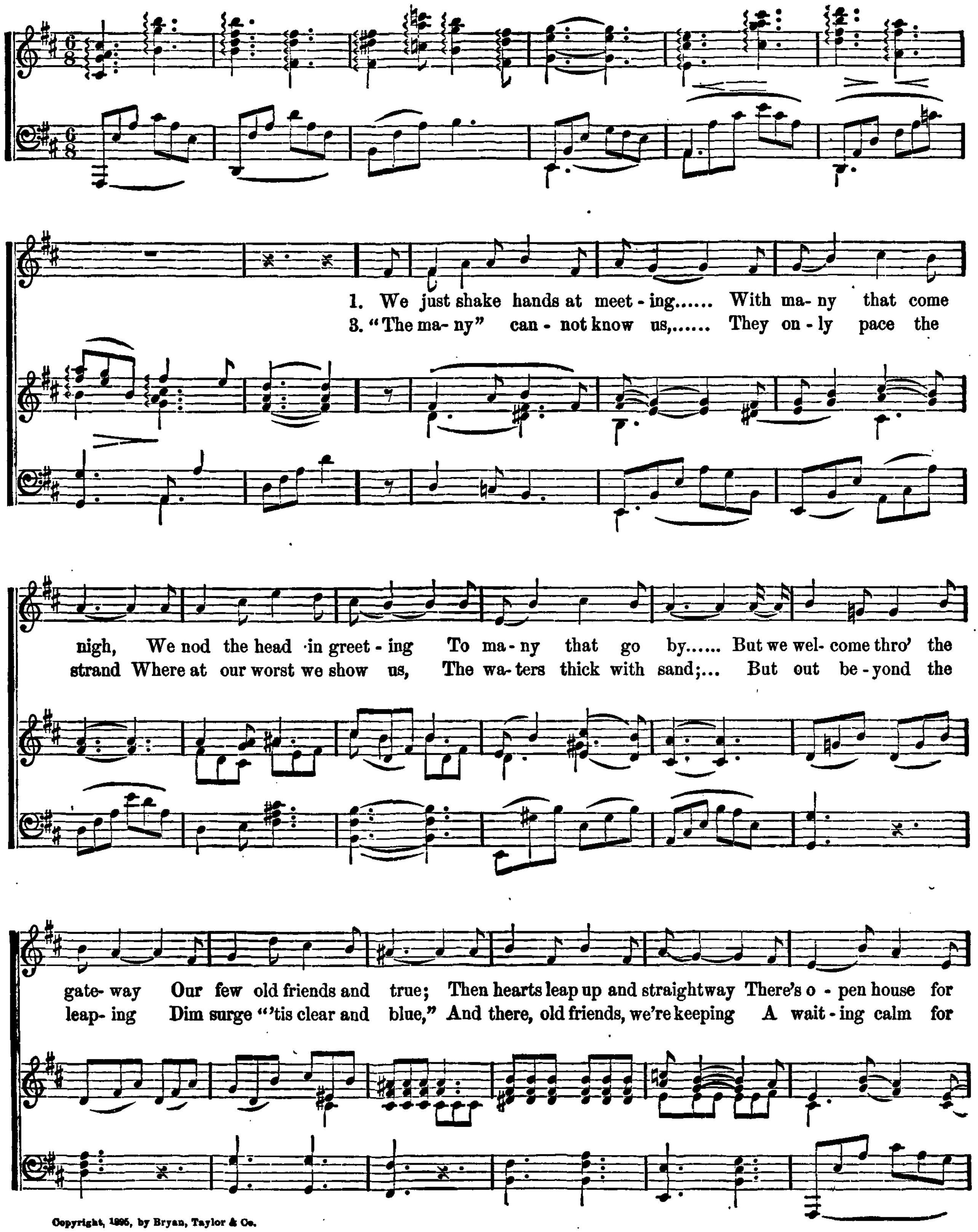

love , me , still; To feel when sun-shine has left the skies, That the light is shin - ing in
rit.
poco agitato.
your dear eyes: Beau - ti - ful eyes, more dear to me, Than all the wealth of the world could be.
colla voce.
poco agitato.
Ped.
Some - times, dear - est, the world goes wrong, For God gives grief with his gift of song, And
rit.
lento.
pov- er - ty too, but your love is more To me than rich- es and gold - en store. Beau-ti- ful love, un- til
rit.
lento.
Ped.
death shall part; It is mine as you are my own sweetheart.
piu lento.

OLD FRIENDS, TRUE FRIENDS.

IT has been impossible to find the name of the writer of the words of this song. The melody is by S. G. PRATT, composer of "Zenobia" and the "Allegory of the War."


1. We just shake hands at meet - ing...... With ma- ny that come
3. "The ma- ny" can - not know us,...... They on - ly pace the
nigh, We nod the head in greet - ing To ma- ny that go by...... But we wel- come thro' the
strand Where at our worst we show us, The wa- ters thick with sand;... But out be - yond the
gate- way Our few old friends and true; Then hearts leap up and straightway There's o - pen house for
leap- ing Dim surge "'tis clear and blue," And there, old friends, we're keeping A wait - ing calm for

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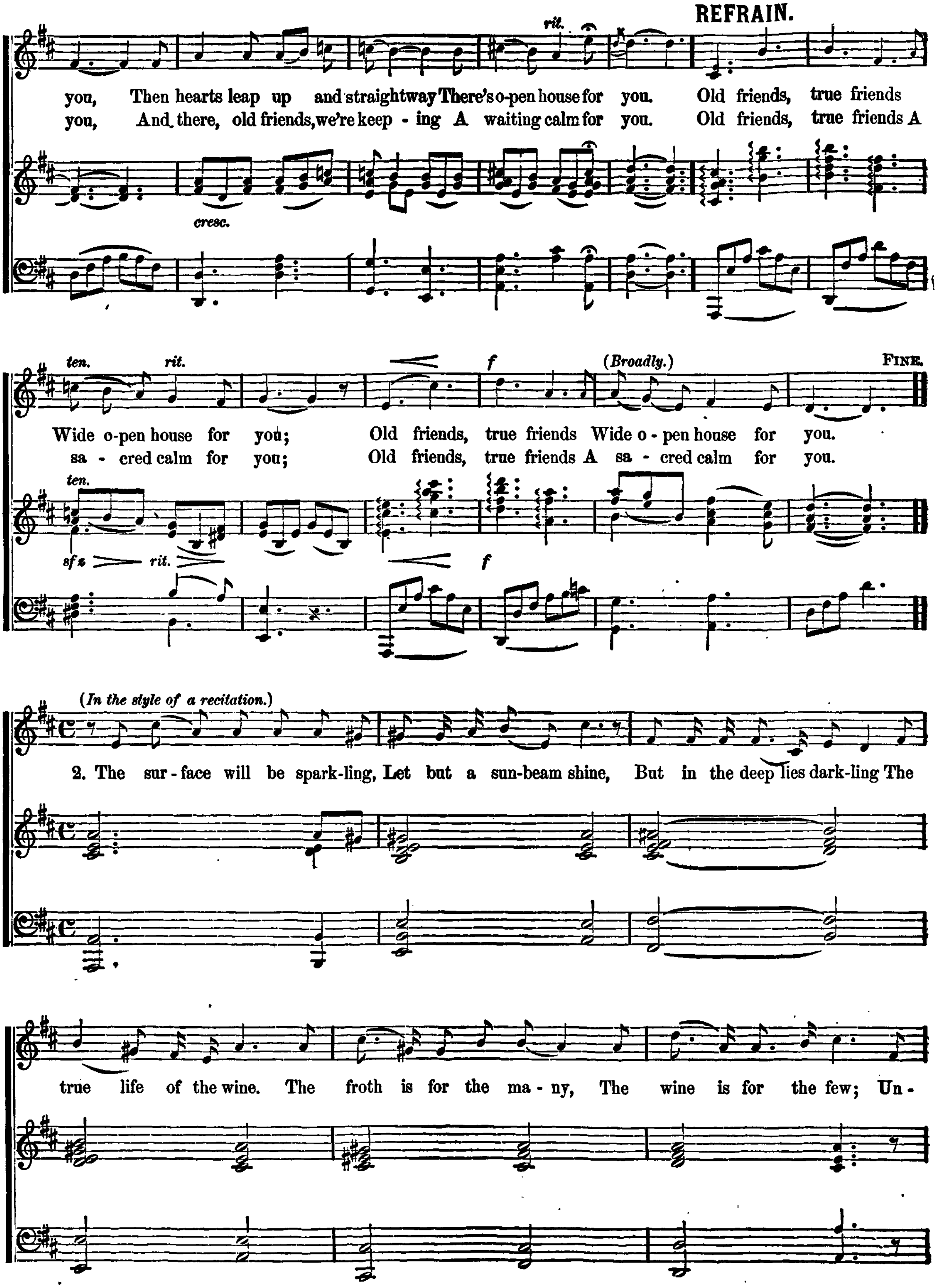
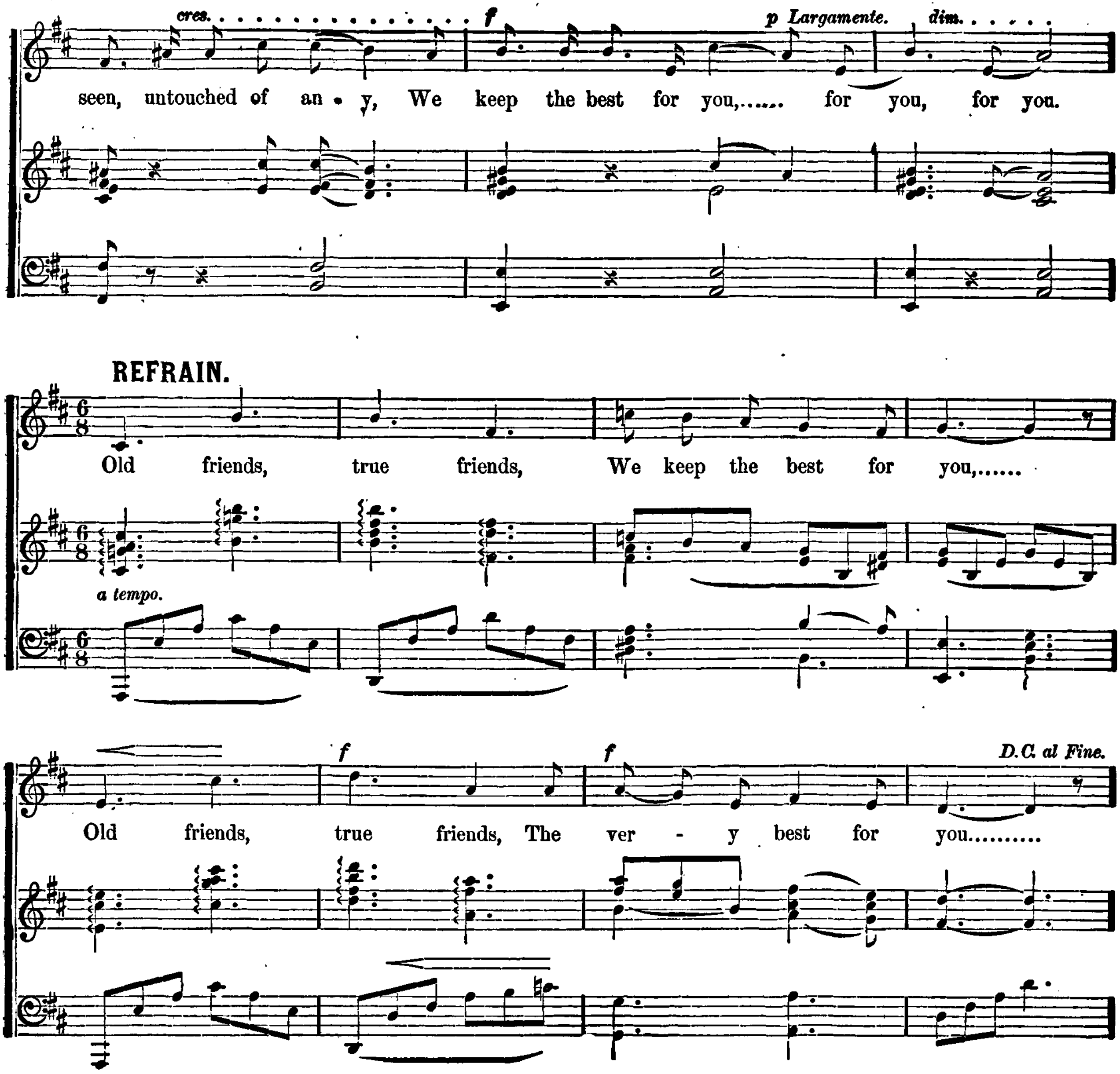
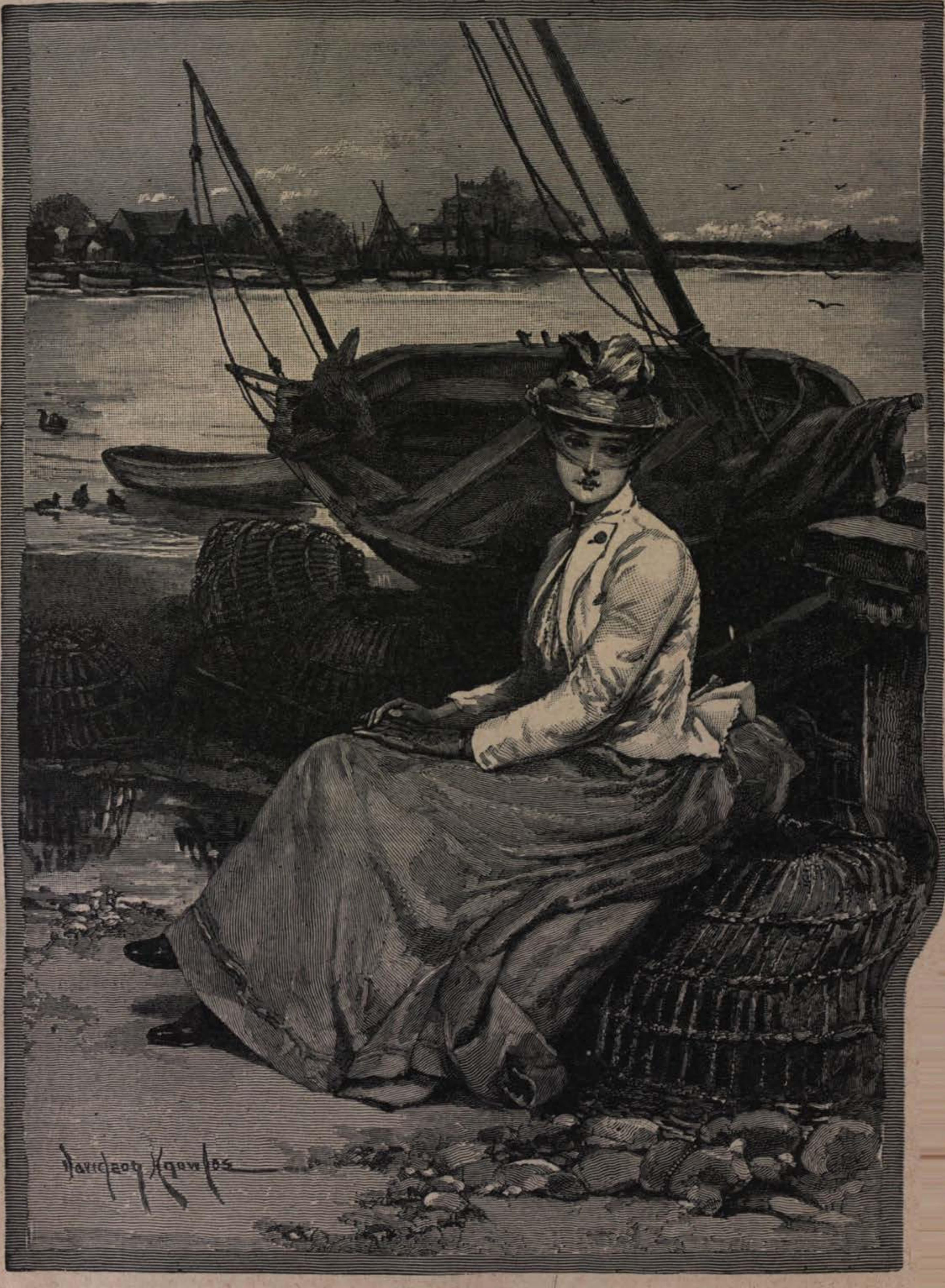

REFRAIN.
rit.
you, Then hearts leap up and straightway There's o-pen house for you. Old friends, true friends
you, And there, old friends, we're keep - ing A waiting calm for you. Old friends, true friends A
cresc.
ten. rit. f (Broadly.) FINE.
Wide o-pen house for you; Old friends, true friends Wide o - pen house for you.
sa - cred calm for you; Old friends, true friends A sa - cred calm for you.
ten.
sfz rit. f
(In the style of a recitation.)
2. The sur - face will be spark-ling, Let but a sun-beam shine, But in the deep lies dark-ling The
true life of the wine. The froth is for the ma - ny, The wine is for the few; Un -


cres.
f
p Largamente.
dim.
seen, untouched of an - y, We keep the best for you,...... for you, for you.
REFRAIN.
a tempo.
Old friends, true friends, We keep the best for you,......
Old friends, true friends, The ver - y best for you..........
f
f
D.C. al Fine.

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh,
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by.
But we welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old friends,
Wide open house for you.

The surface will be sparkling,
Let but a sunbeam shine,
But in the deep lies darkling
The true life of the wine.
The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;
Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old friends,
The very best for you.

"The many" cannot know us,
They only pace the strand
Where at our worst we show us,
The waters thick with sand;
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge "'tis clear and blue,"
And there, old friends, we're keeping
A waiting calm for you,
Old friends,
A sacred calm for you.


Davidson Knowles

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

This song, of which both words and music were his, was the last that Charles Dibdin wrote. He died in 1814, and his son, Thomas Dibdin, wrote the following stanzas upon his monument, at Greenwich:

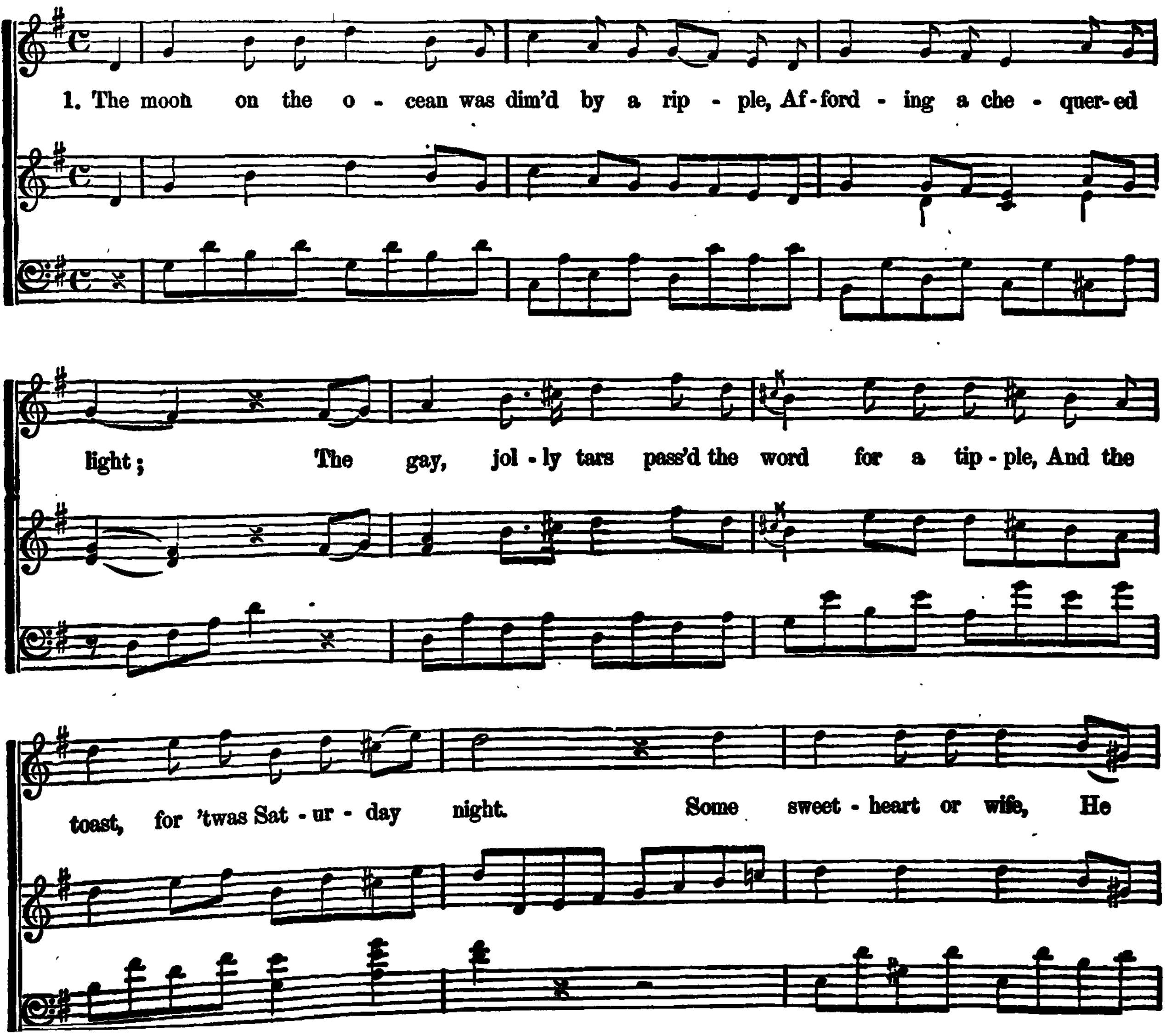
Stop! shipmate, stop! He can't be dead,
His lay yet lives to memory dear:
His spirit, merely shot ahead,
Will yet command Jack's smile and tear!
Still in my ear the songs resound,
That stemmed rebellion at the Nore!
Avast! each hope of mirth's aground,
Should Charley be indeed no more!

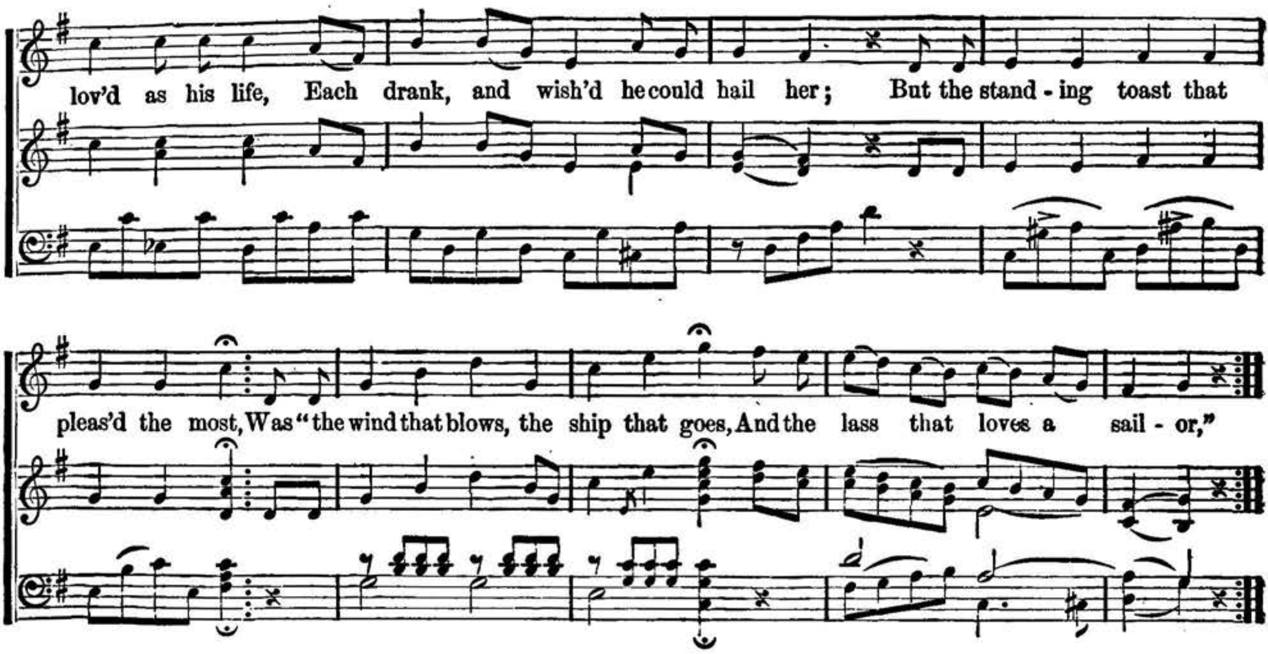
The evening watch, the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old Charley's line.
"Saturday night," may go to bed,—
His sun is set, no more to shine!
"Sweethearts and Wives," though we may sing,—
And toast, at sea, the girls on shore;
Yet now, 'tis quite another thing,
Since Charley spins the yarn no more!

"Jack Rattlin's" story now who'll tell?
Or chronicle each boatswain brave?
The sailor's kind historian fell
With him who sung the "Soldier's Grave!"
"Poor Jack!" "Tom Bowling!" but belay!
Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,
Each from his brow may swab the spray,
Since tuneful Charley is no more!

The capstan, compass, and the log
Will oft his Muse to memory bring;
And when all hands wheel round the grog,
They'll drink and blubber as they sing.
For grog was often Charley's theme,
A double spirit then it bore;
It sometimes seems to me a dream,
That such a spirit is no more.

It smoothed the tempest, cheered the calm,
Made each a hero at his gun;
It even proved for foes a balm,
Soon as the angry fight was done.
Then, shipmate, check that rising sigh,
He's only gone ahead before;
For even foremast men must die,
As well as Charley, now no more!


1. The moon on the o - cean was dim'd by a rip - ple, Af - ford - ing a che - quer - ed
light; The gay, jol - ly tars pass'd the word for a tip - ple, And the
toast, for 'twas Sat - ur - day night. Some sweet - heart or wife, He


lov'd as his life, Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her; But the stand-ing toast that
pleas'd the most, Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sail-or,"

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a chequered light;
The gay, jolly tars passed the word for a tipple,
And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.
Some sweetheart or wife, He loved as his life,
Each drank, and wished he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

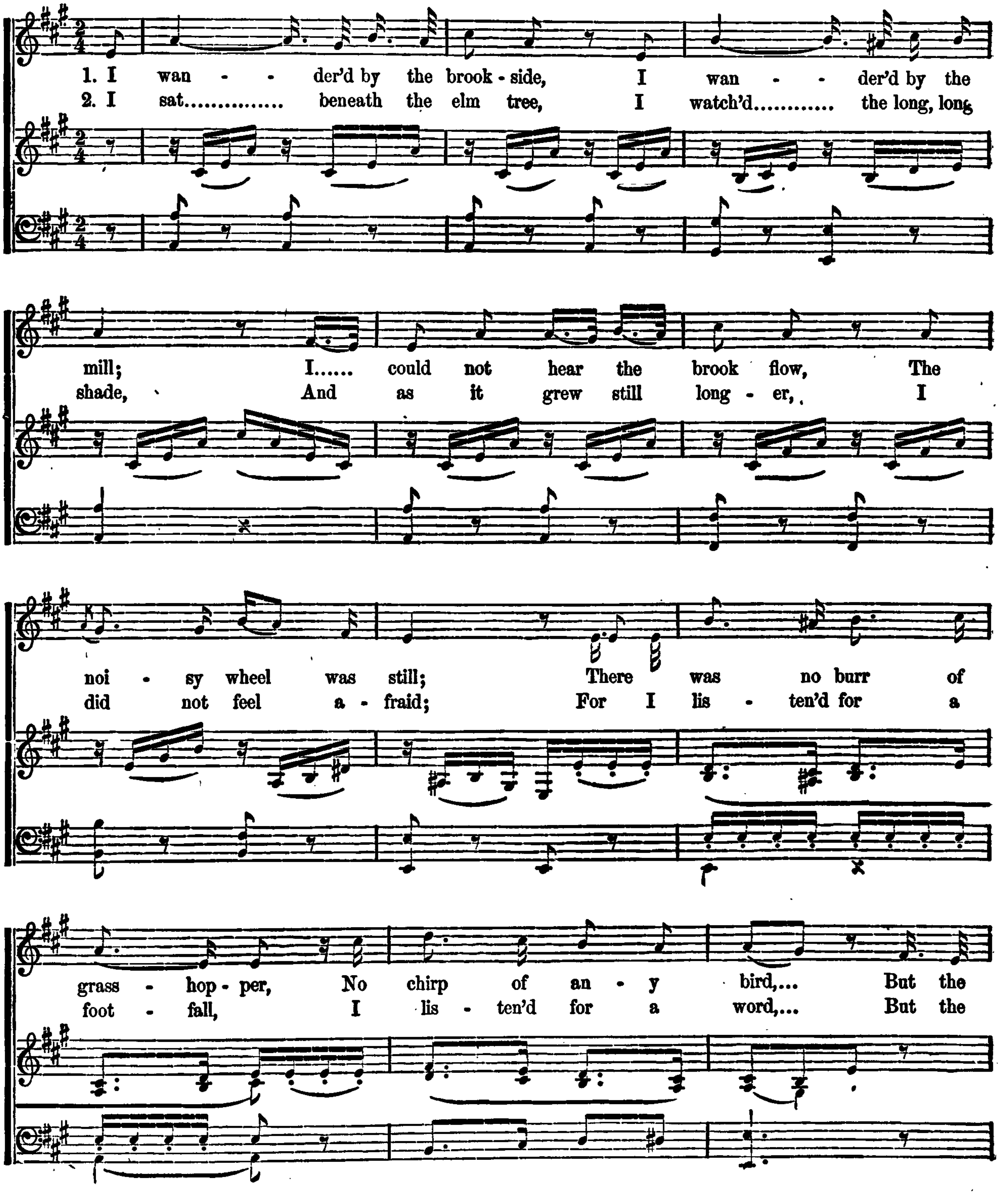
Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships,"
And some "the Constitution;"
Some, "may our foes and all such rips
Yield to English resolution!"
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

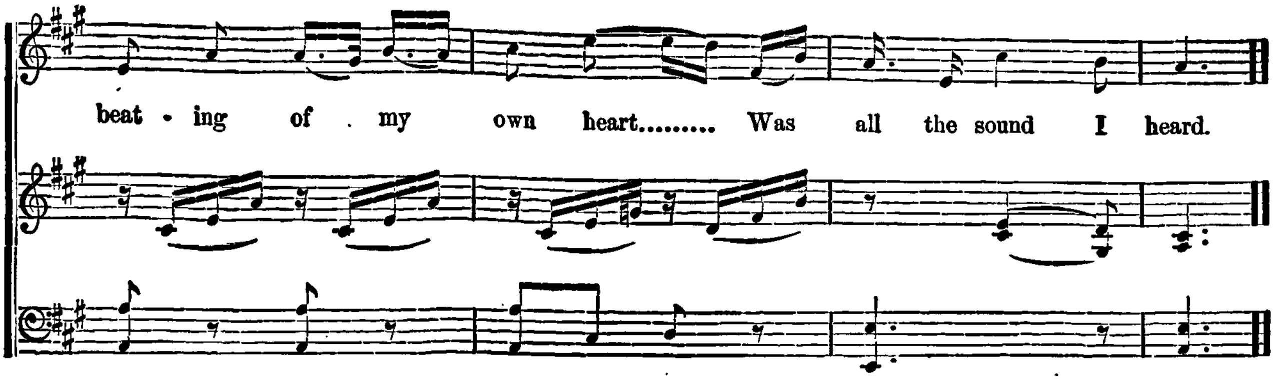
Some drank "the Prince," and some "our land,"
This glorious land of Freedom;
Some, "that our tars may never want
Heroes bold to lead them;"
That she who's in distress may find
Such friends that ne'er will fail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

THE BROOKSIDE.

THE author of this drawing-room favorite of twenty years ago, is RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton), the English poet, politician and prose-writer. He was born in Yorkshire, June 19, 1809. He was graduated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament, where he soon espoused the liberal side, advocating popular education, religious equality, reform for criminals, etc. He visited this country in 1875, and died in London, Aug. 11, 1885.

The melody which suits these picturesque words so well, was composed by JAMES HINE.


1. I wan - - der'd by the brook - side, I wan - - der'd by the mill; I...... could not hear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There was no burr of grass - hop - per, No chirp of an - y bird,... But the
2. I sat............... beneath the elm tree, I watch'd........... the long, long shade, And as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid; For I lis - ten'd for a foot - fall, I lis - ten'd for a word,... But the


beat - ing of my own heart......... Was all the sound I heard.

I wandered by the brookside,
  I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
  The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
  No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree:
  I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
  I did not feel afraid:
For I listened for a footfall,
  I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
  The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
  Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
  The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
  When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
  I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer—
  We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
  Was all the sound we heard.

ANNIE LAURIE.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
  Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
  But all sang "Annie Laurie."

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
  For a singer dumb and gory:
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

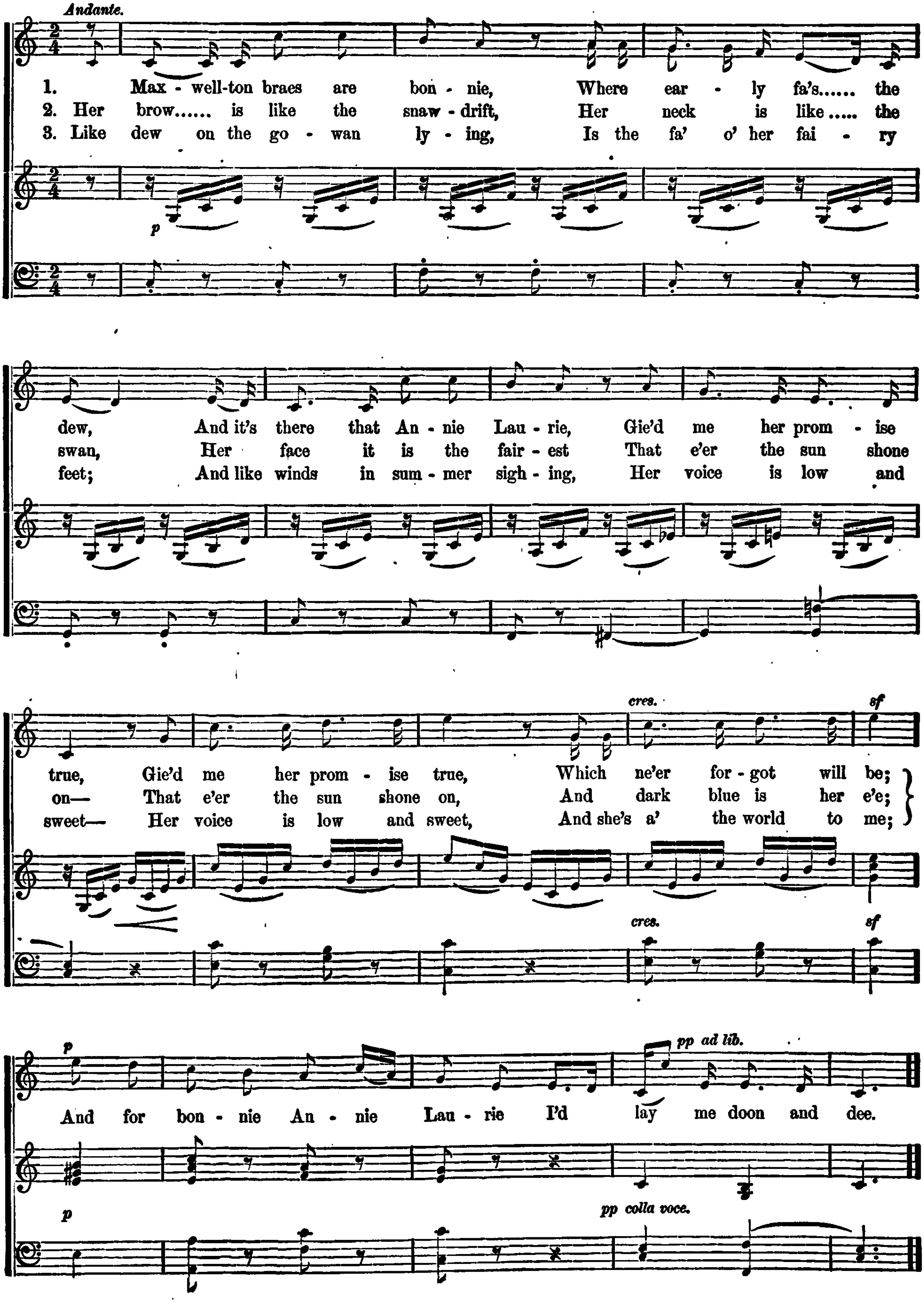
Annie Laurie has come to mean, the universal soldier's sweetheart, "The girl he left behind him," and it is pleasant to know that there really was an Annie Laurie, once; two centuries ago, she was a blooming lassie. Here is the record, exactly as it was made in a trustworthy old "Ballad-Book," collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam: "Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwellton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddello, Minto, had three sons, and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas, of Finland, who composed the following verses, under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch." These are the original words:—

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
  Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
  Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
  And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
  She's briestit like the swan;
She's jimp about the middle,
  Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
  And she has a rolling eye,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
  I'll lay me down and die.

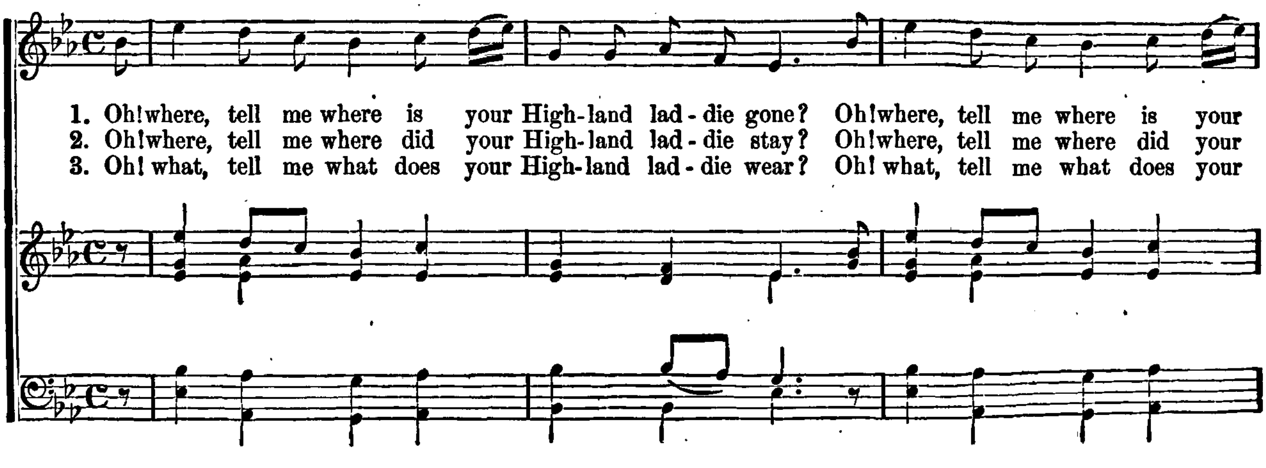
The present air of "Annie Laurie," is the composition of Lady John Scott, authoress of both words and music of many songs, which have become popular in her own country. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married, in 1836, Lord John Douglass Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

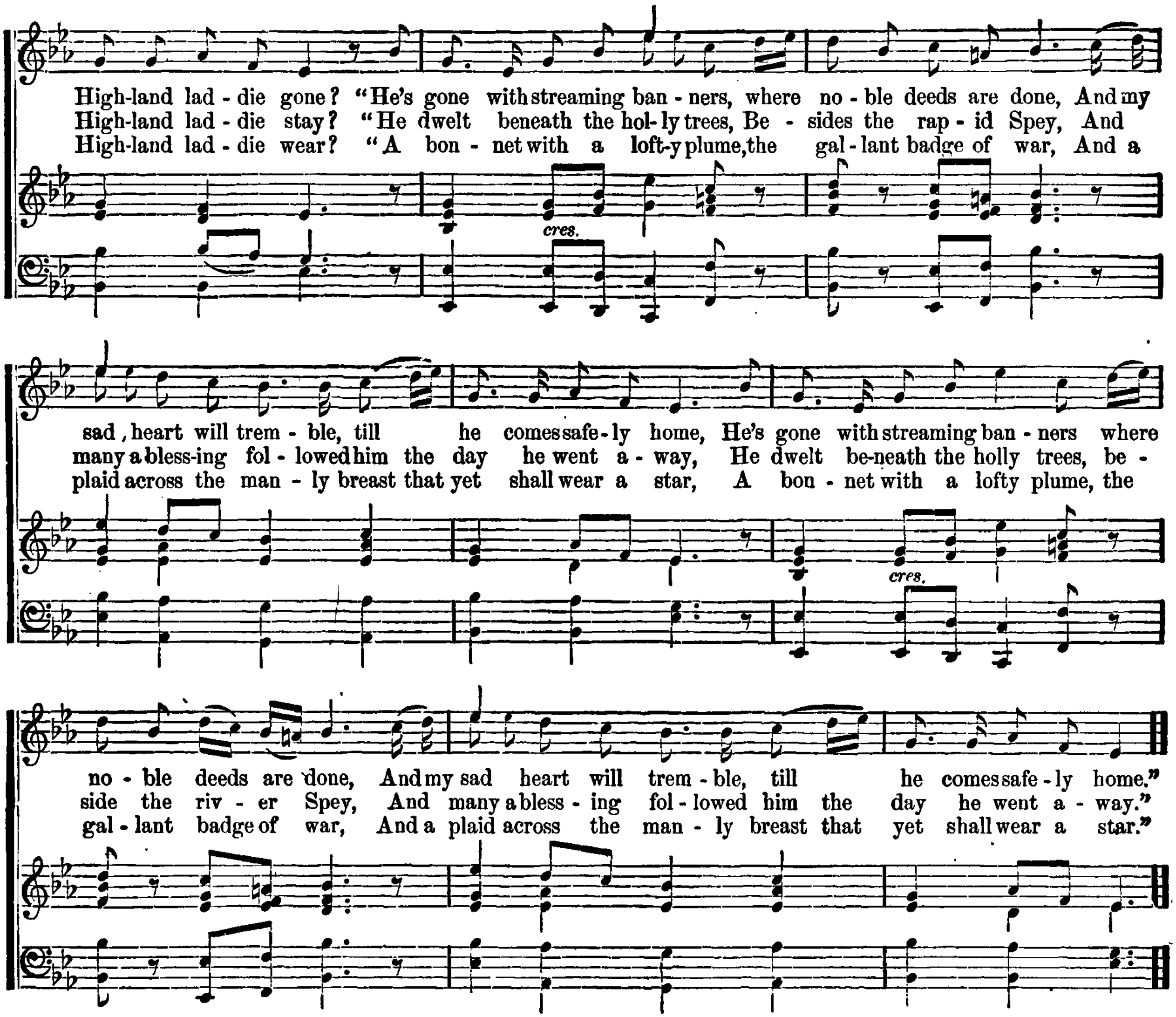
A collection of Lady Scott's musical compositions has been published in London.


Andante.
1. Max - well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's...... the
2. Her brow...... is like the snaw - drift, Her neck is like..... the
3. Like dew on the go - wan ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry
p
dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise
swan, Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and
cres.
sf
true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
on— That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e;
sweet— Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;
cres.
sf
p
pp ad lib.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
p
pp colla voce.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Annie McVicar was born in Glasgow, Scotland, February 21, 1755. Her father was an officer in the British army, and the fortunes of the service brought him to America when his daughter was two years old. One day the little Annie was found trudging along a mile from home, and when a friend picked her up she said, "I am going to America, to see papa." A year later, the mother and daughter landed at Charleston, and rejoined the soldier father in a fort at Albany. Here Annie grew to girlhood. She had a play-room in which she kept two treasures beside Indian trinkets and relics of Scotland—Milton, and a dictionary. The "The Paradise Lost" she knew by heart, and the good and evil angels were her playmates, instead of French dolls. A singularly apropos quotation from Milton so delighted Madam Schuyler, then the Lady of the Land, that she took the little girl under her own roof. When Annie was thirteen years old, the family returned to Scotland, and spent three years on the banks of the Cart, near Glasgow, when they moved to Fort Augustus. Here Miss McVicar married Rev. James Grant, chaplain of the fort, who was appointed minister at Laggan, in Inverness-shire. Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife with eight children dependent upon her. In this emergency, her old knack at rhyming came into her mind, and she collected her poems and published them successfully by subscription. A few years later she published three volumes entitled "Letters from the Mountains," which passed through several editions. Two years afterward she brought out the "Memoirs of an American Lady," the most interesting of her works. Other volumes of prose and verse followed, and, with a pension granted her by the government, she passed the rest of her days in comfort, surrounded by warm friends, in the city of Edinburgh. She reached the age of eighty-four, with faculties almost unimpaired. Professor Andrews Norton, of Cambridge, writes her from this country, "It was delightful to find you in old age, after such severe trials, so supported and strengthened by the power of God—not resigned merely, possessing not the calm benevolence of age alone; but the kindlier feelings in their freshness and flower which, beautiful as they are in youth, become so much more deeply interesting when we know that care and sorrow had no power to wither them." Mrs. Grant died November 7, 1838. She wrote "O where, tell me where" on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntly for the continent with his regiment, in 1799. Ritson, in his "North Country Chorister," printed in 1802, has this song under the title "The New Highland Lad." He says, "The song has been lately introduced upon the stage. It was originally 'The Bells of Scotland,' but was revised by Mrs. Jordan, who altered the words and sang them to a tune of her own, which superseded the old air." When Charles Mackay and Sir Henry Rowley Bishop were arranging old English airs, this song came under discussion. Mackay says, "The Blue Bells of Scotland is almost invaribly spoken of as a Scottish air; but Sir Henry found reason to suspect that it was English, and urged me to write new words to it, to dispossess, if possible, the old song of Mrs. Jordan. He was induced to form this opinion by receiving from Mr. Fitzgerald, 'a Sussex tune' to a song commencing: 'Oh, I have been a forester this many a long day.' Three or four bars of the melody were almost identical with the second bar of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' but as the remainder bore no resemblance to that popular favorite, and the whole tune was so beautiful that it was well worth preserving, I so far complied with Sir Henry's wish as to write 'The Magic Harp' to Mr. Fitzgerald's kind contribution to our work. Sir Henry wrote under date of the 22d of October, 1852, 'I am strongly of opinion that when Mrs. Jordan composed "The Blue Bells of Scotland" she founded her air upon that rescued from oblivion for us by Mr. Fitzgerald,—or rather that she originally intended to sing it to that tune, but finding some parts of it too high for her voice, which was of a very limited compass, she altered them, and the air became that of "The Blue Bells of Scotland."'"

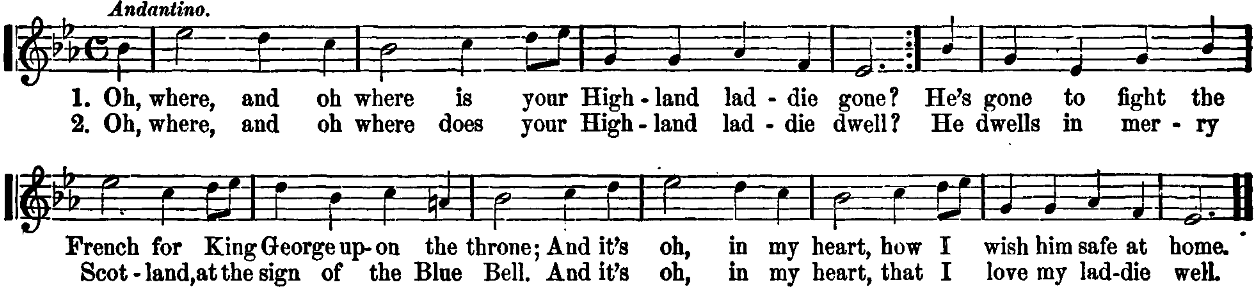

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad-die stay? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad-die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your


High-land lad - die gone? "He's gone with streaming ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my
High-land lad - die stay? "He dwelt beneath the hol - ly trees, Be - sides the rap - id Spey, And
High-land lad - die wear? "A bon - net with a loft-y plume, the gal - lant badge of war, And a
cres.
sad, heart will trem - ble, till he comes safe - ly home, He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
many a bless-ing fol - lowed him the day he went a - way, He dwelt be-neath the holly trees, be -
plaid across the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star, A bon - net with a lofty plume, the
cres.
no - ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem - ble, till he comes safe - ly home."
side the riv - er Spey, And many a bless - ing fol - lowed him the day he went a - way."
gal - lant badge of war, And a plaid across the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star."

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound;
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
And for his king and country dear with pleasure would he die.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all Highland hills his warlike name resounds."

The following altered version of Mrs. Grant's song became even more popular than the original.

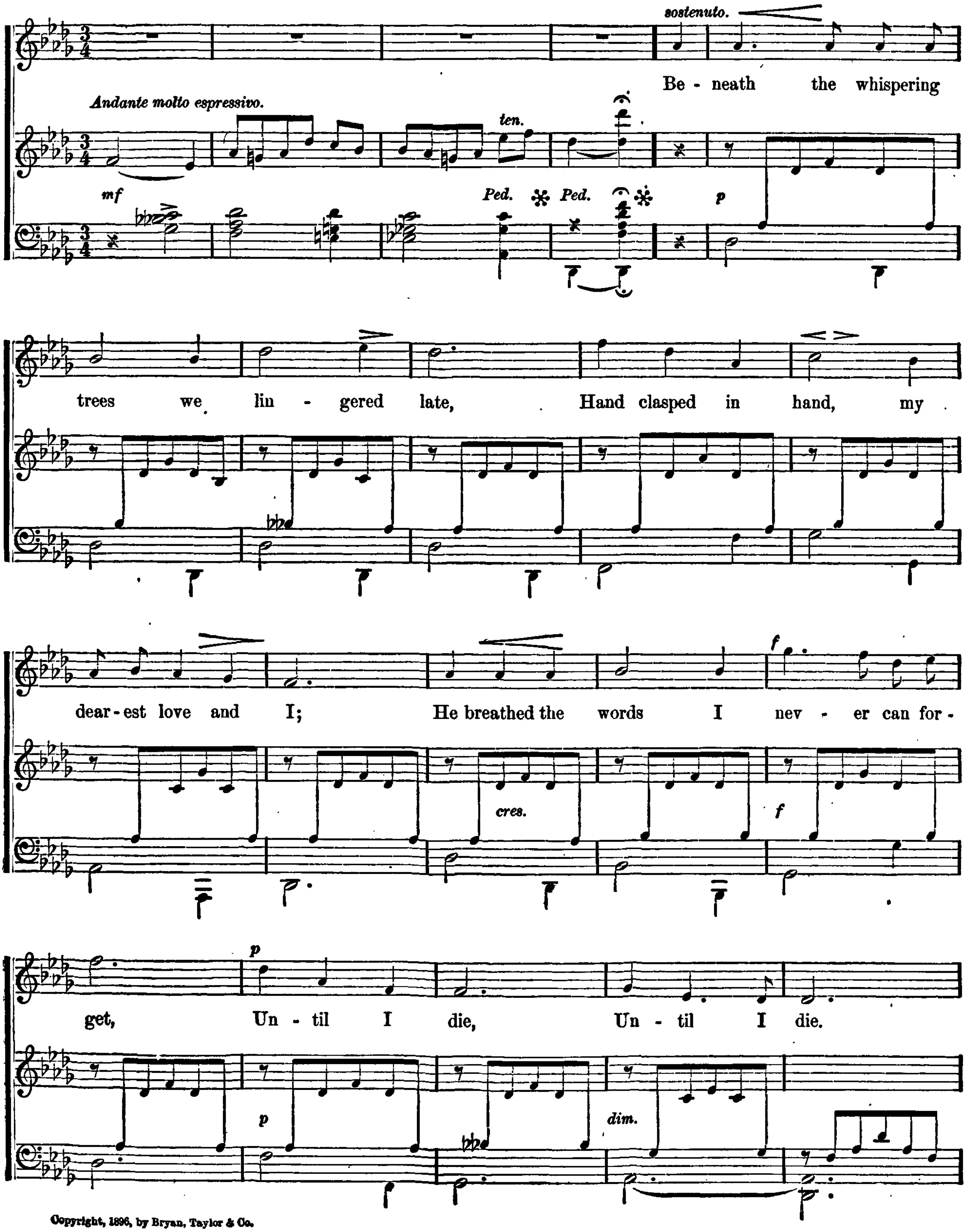

Andantino.
1. Oh, where, and oh where is your High - land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the
2. Oh, where, and oh where does your High - land lad - die dwell? He dwells in mer - ry
French for King George up - on the throne; And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home.
Scot - land, at the sign of the Blue Bell. And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my lad-die well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, His waistcoat's of the plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!

"SWEETHEART, FAREWELL!"

THE musical setting of this song is by HERVE D. WILKINS, a well known and talented American composer. The name of the writer of the words is not known.


sostenuto.
Be - neath the whispering
Andante molto espressivo.
ten.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
p
trees we lin - gered late, Hand clasped in hand, my
dear - est love and I; He breathed the words I nev - er can for -
f
cres.
get, Un - til I die, Un - til I die.
dim.

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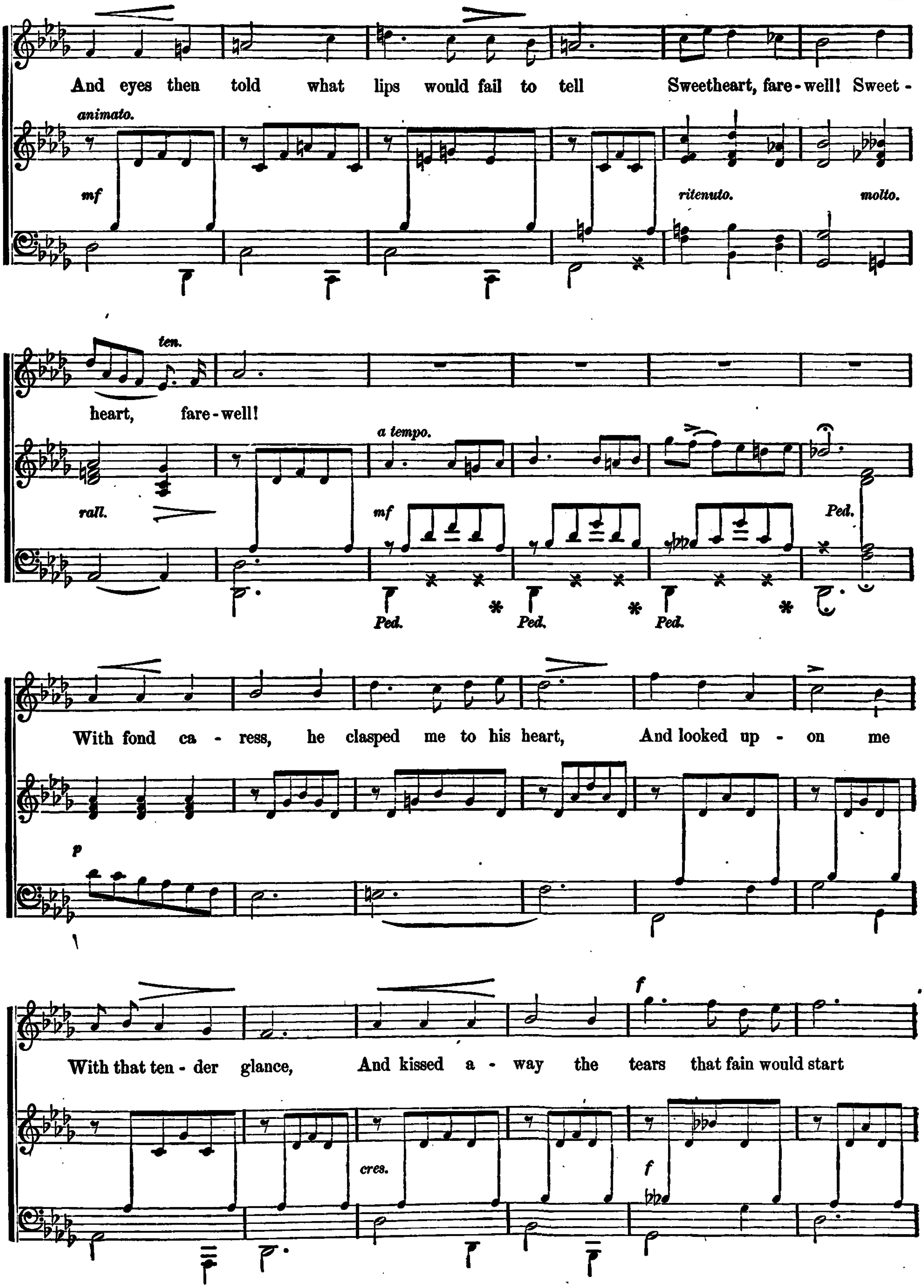
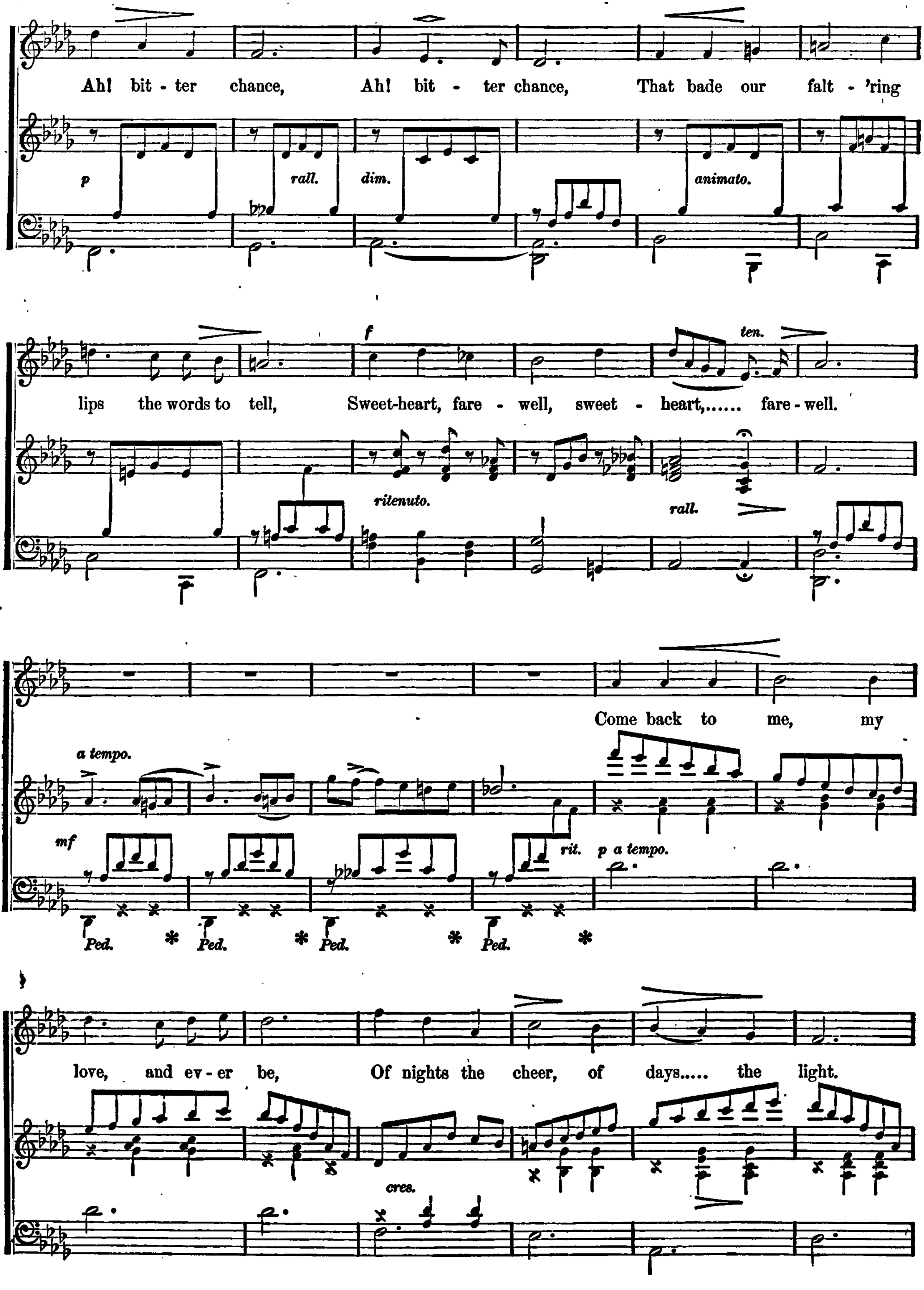
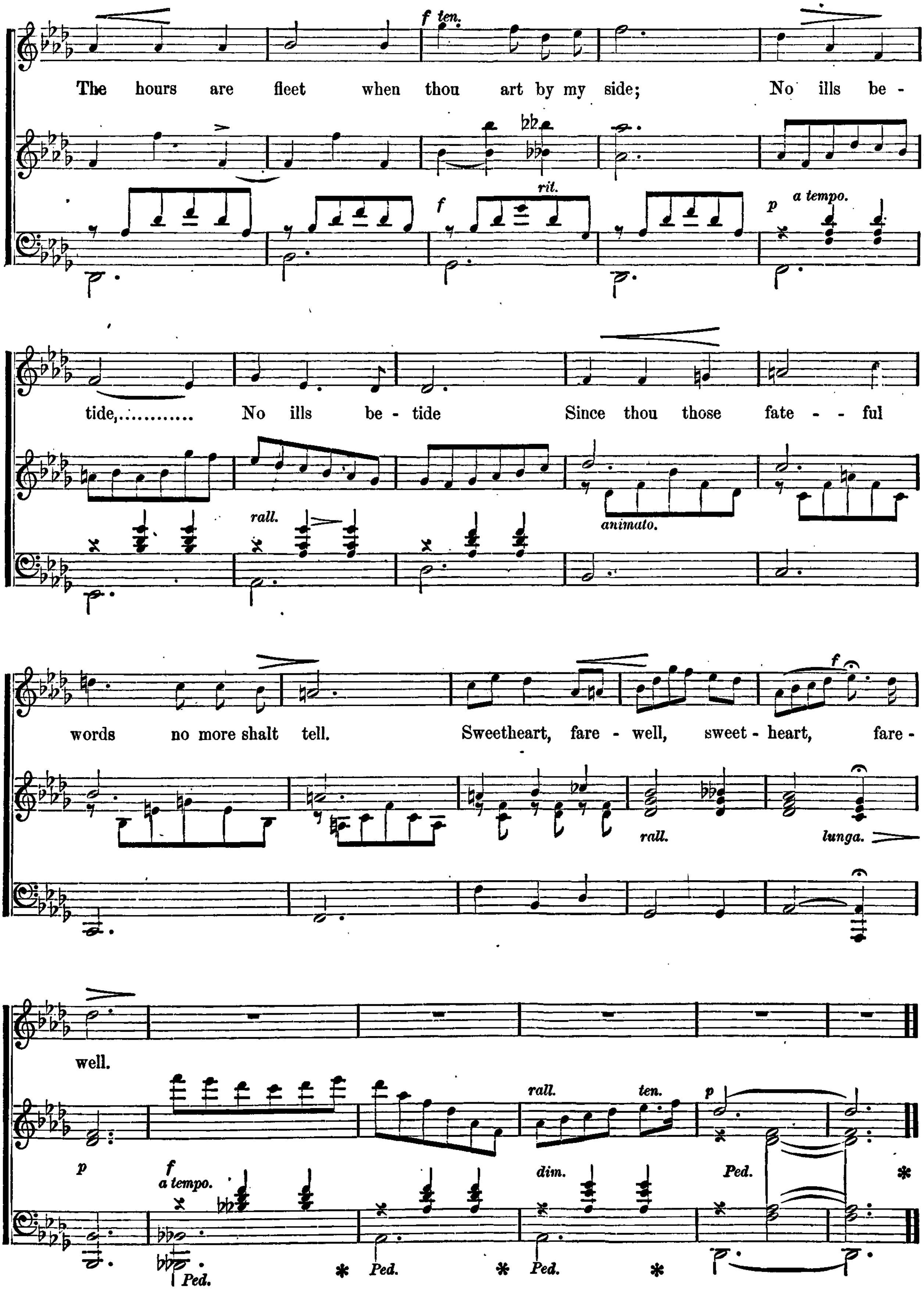

And eyes then told what lips would fail to tell Sweetheart, fare-well! Sweet-
animato.
mf
ritenuto.
molto.
heart, fare-well!
ten.
a tempo.
rall.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
With fond ca-ress, he clasped me to his heart, And looked up-on me
p
With that ten-der glance, And kissed a-way the tears that fain would start
cres.
f
f

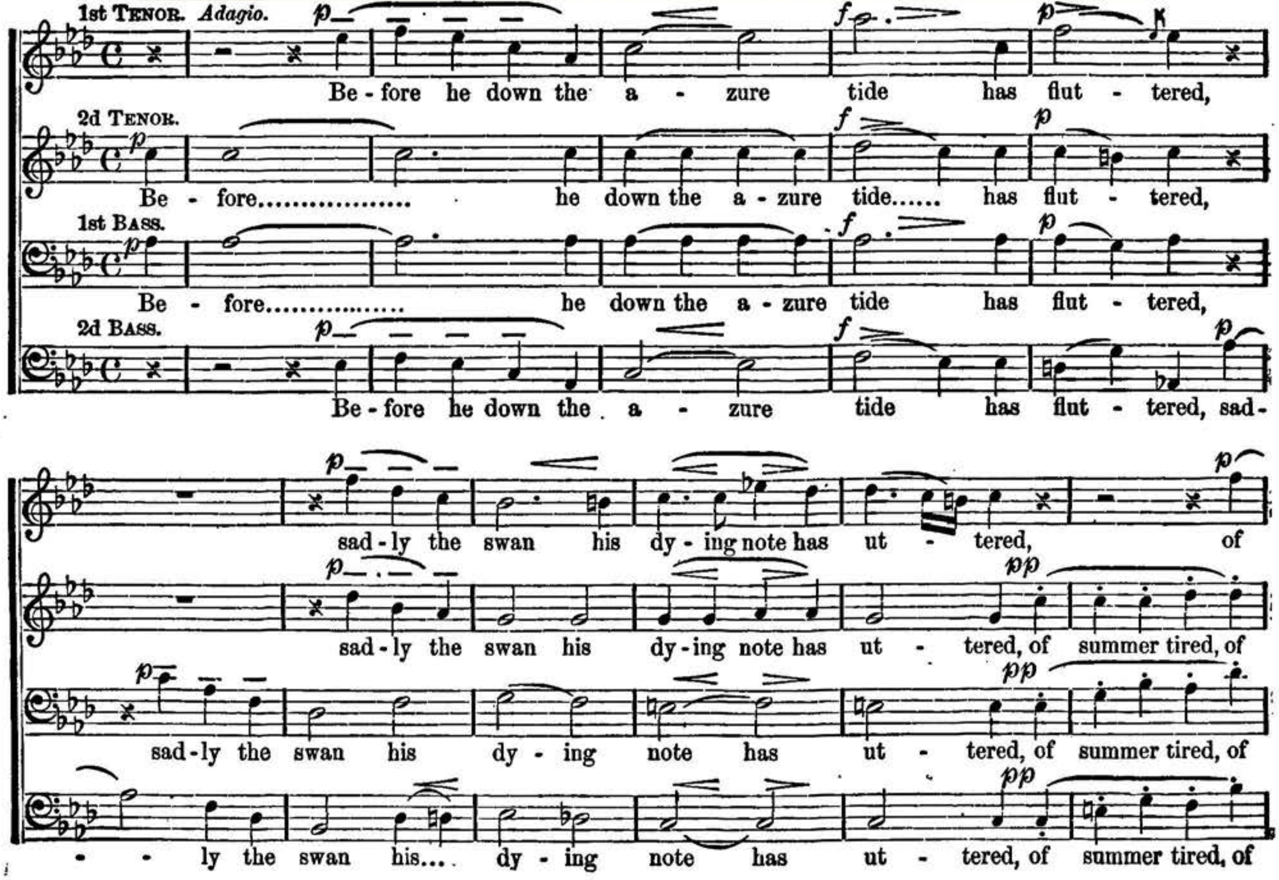

Ah! bit - ter chance, Ah! bit - ter chance, That bade our falt - 'ring
p
rall.
dim.
animato.
lips the words to tell, Sweet-heart, fare - well, sweet - heart,...... fare - well.
f
ten.
ritenuto.
rall.
Come back to me, my
a tempo.
mf
rit.
p a tempo.
Ped.
*
love, and ev - er be, Of nights the cheer, of days..... the light.
cres.

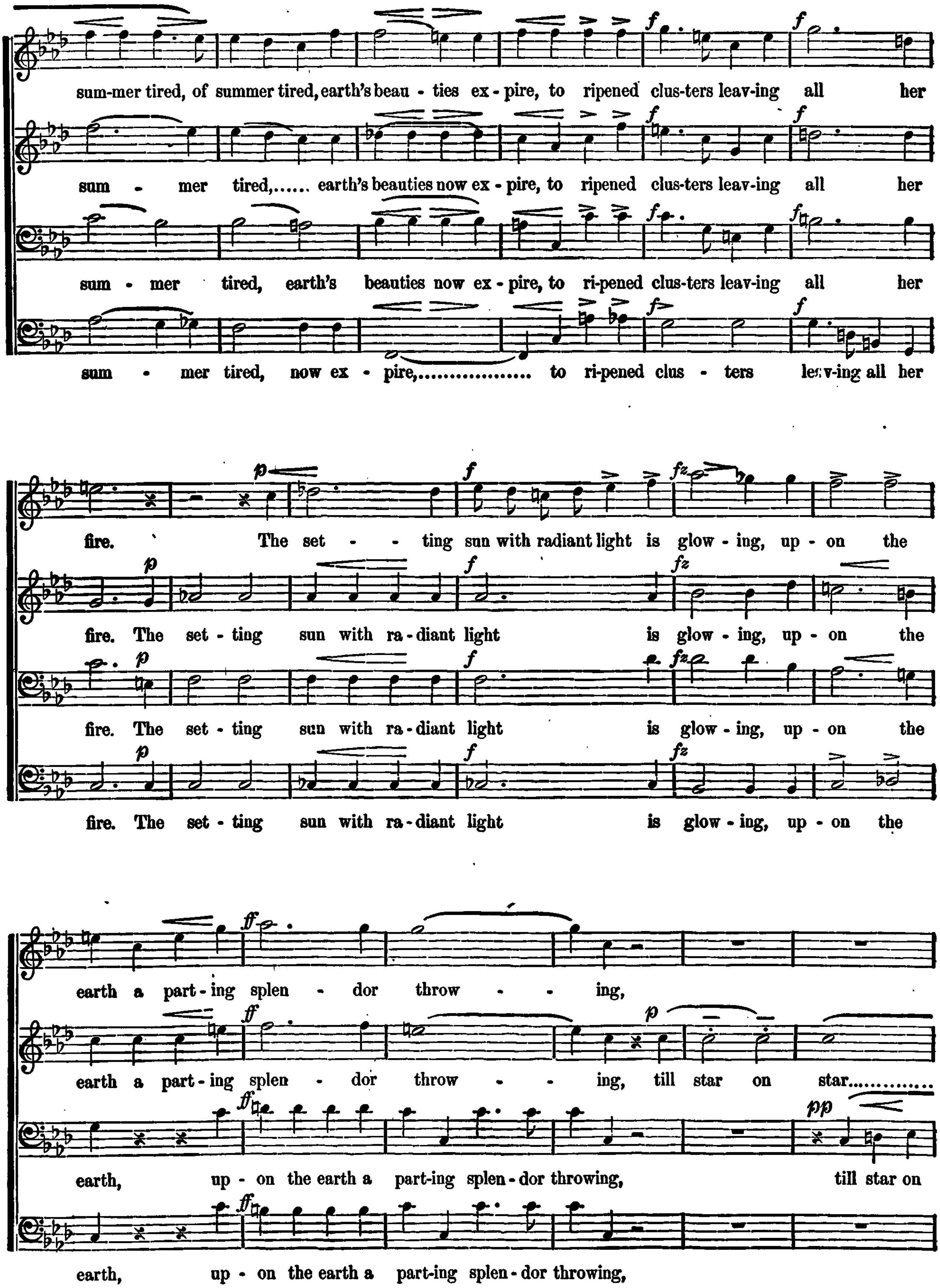

f ten.
The hours are fleet when thou art by my side; No ills be -
rit.
f
p a tempo.
tide,………… No ills be - tide Since thou those fate - - ful
rall.
animato.
words no more shalt tell. Sweetheart, fare - well, sweet - heart, fare -
f
rall.
lunga.
well.
rall.
ten.
p
p
f
a tempo.
dim.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

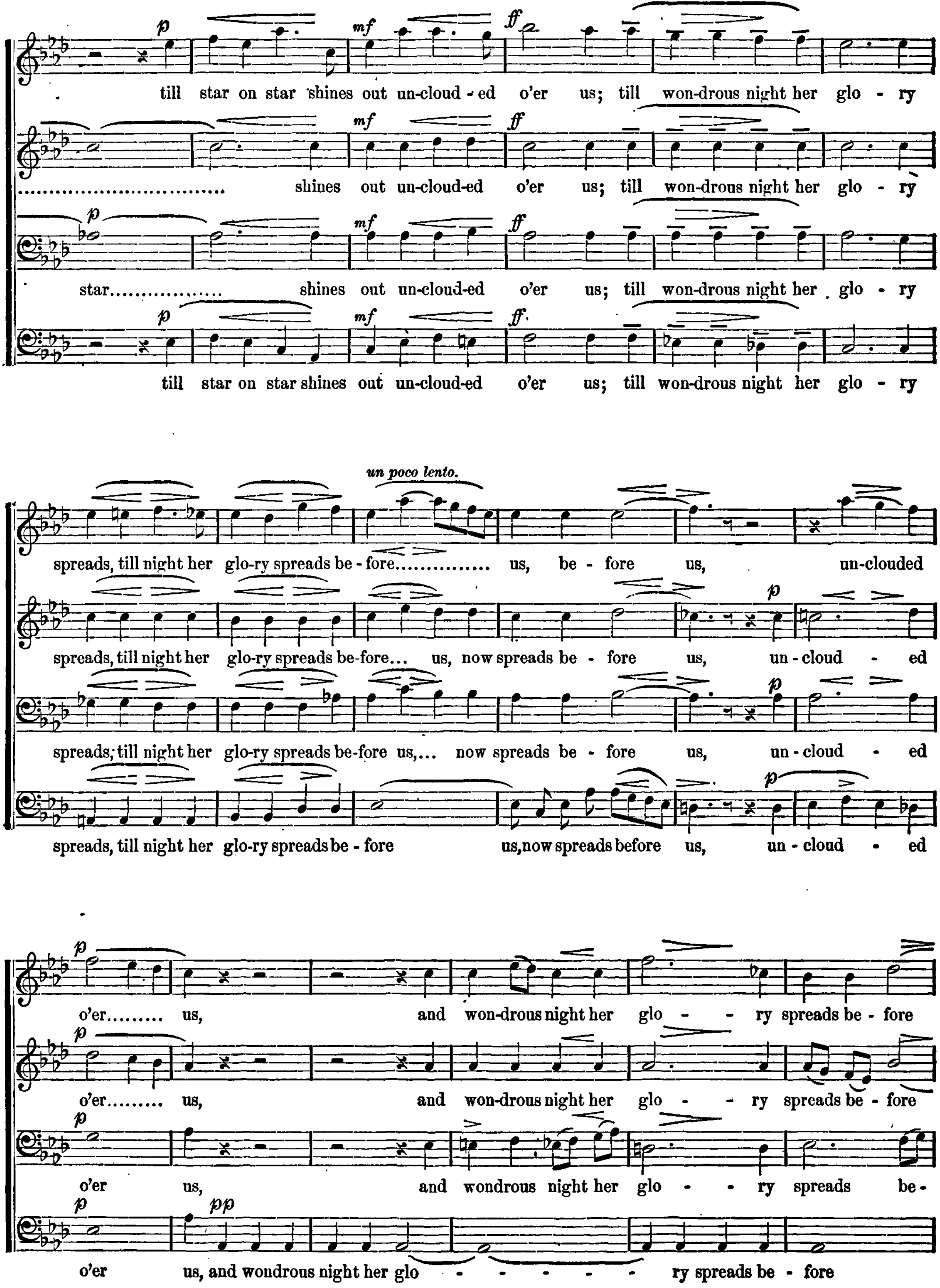
SWAN SONG.

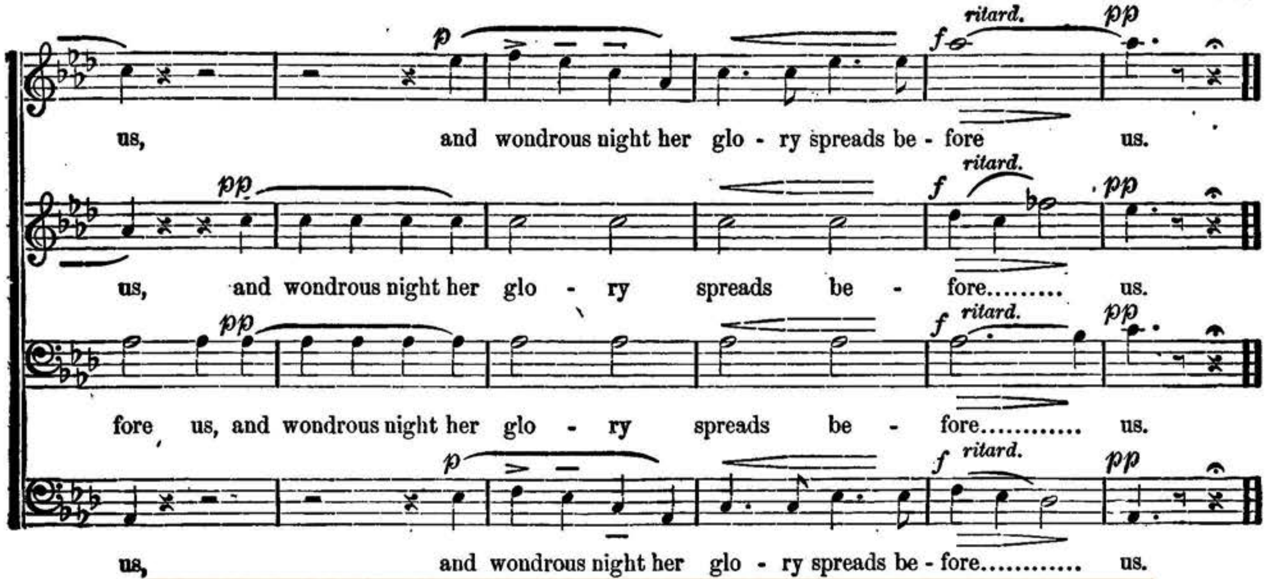
QUARTETTE FOR MALE VOICES.

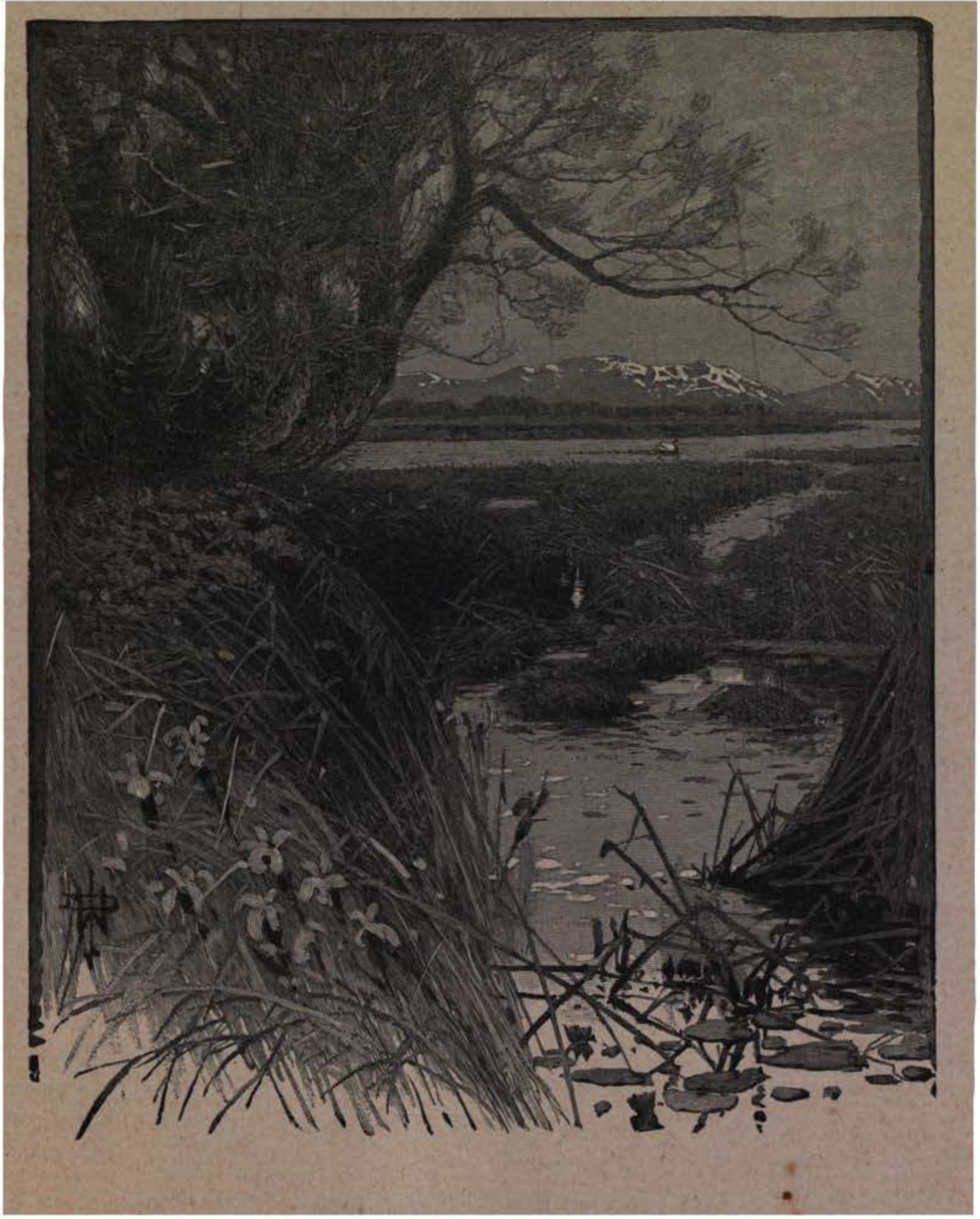
Freidrich H. Trühn who wrote the music of the "Swan Song," belongs to the little group of composers that followed in the footsteps of Franz Abt. He was a pupil of Mendelssohn and has been successful chiefly with his music for male voices. Trühn produced his opera entitled "Trilby" in 1835, just sixty years before Du Maurier's book of the same name created so great a sensation.


1st Tenor. Adagio.
Be - fore he down the a - zure tide has flut - tered,
2d Tenor.
Be - fore.................. he down the a - zure tide...... has flut - tered,
1st Bass.
Be - fore.................. he down the a - zure tide has flut - tered,
2d Bass.
Be - fore he down the a - zure tide has flut - tered, sad-
sad - ly the swan his dy - ing note has ut - tered, of
sad - ly the swan his dy - ing note has ut - tered, of summer tired, of
sad - ly the swan his dy - ing note has ut - tered, of summer tired, of
- - ly the swan his.... dy - ing note has ut - tered, of summer tired, of


sum-mer tired, of summer tired, earth's beau - ties ex - pire, to ripened clus-ters leav-ing all her
sum - mer tired,...... earth's beauties now ex - pire, to ripened clus-ters leav-ing all her
sum - mer tired, earth's beauties now ex - pire, to ri-pened clus-ters leav-ing all her
sum - mer tired, now ex - pire,.................. to ri-pened clus - ters leav-ing all her
fire. The set - - ting sun with radiant light is glow - ing, up - on the
fire. The set - ting sun with ra - diant light is glow - ing, up - on the
fire. The set - ting sun with ra - diant light is glow - ing, up - on the
fire. The set - ting sun with ra - diant light is glow - ing, up - on the
earth a part - ing splen - dor throw - - ing,
earth a part - ing splen - dor throw - - ing, till star on star..............
earth, up - on the earth a part-ing splen - dor throwing, till star on
earth, up - on the earth a part-ing splen - dor throwing,


p
mf
ff
till star on star shines out un-cloud - ed o'er us; till won-drous night her glo - ry
shines out un-cloud-ed o'er us; till won-drous night her glo - ry
star.................. shines out un-cloud-ed o'er us; till won-drous night her glo - ry
till star on star shines out un-cloud-ed o'er us; till won-drous night her glo - ry
un poco lento.
spreads, till night her glo-ry spreads be - fore............... us, be - fore us, un-clouded
spreads, till night her glo-ry spreads be-fore... us, now spreads be - fore us, un - cloud - ed
spreads, till night her glo-ry spreads be-fore us,... now spreads be - fore us, un - cloud - ed
spreads, till night her glo-ry spreads be - fore us, now spreads before us, un - cloud - ed
pp
o'er......... us, and won-drous night her glo - - ry spreads be - fore
o'er......... us, and won-drous night her glo - - ry spreads be - fore
o'er us, and wondrous night her glo - - ry spreads be -
o'er us, and wondrous night her glo - - - - - - ry spreads be - fore


ritard.
p
pp
f
us, and wondrous night her glo - ry spreads be - fore us.
us, and wondrous night her glo - ry spreads be - fore......... us.
fore us, and wondrous night her glo - ry spreads be - fore............ us.
us, and wondrous night her glo - ry spreads be - fore............ us.

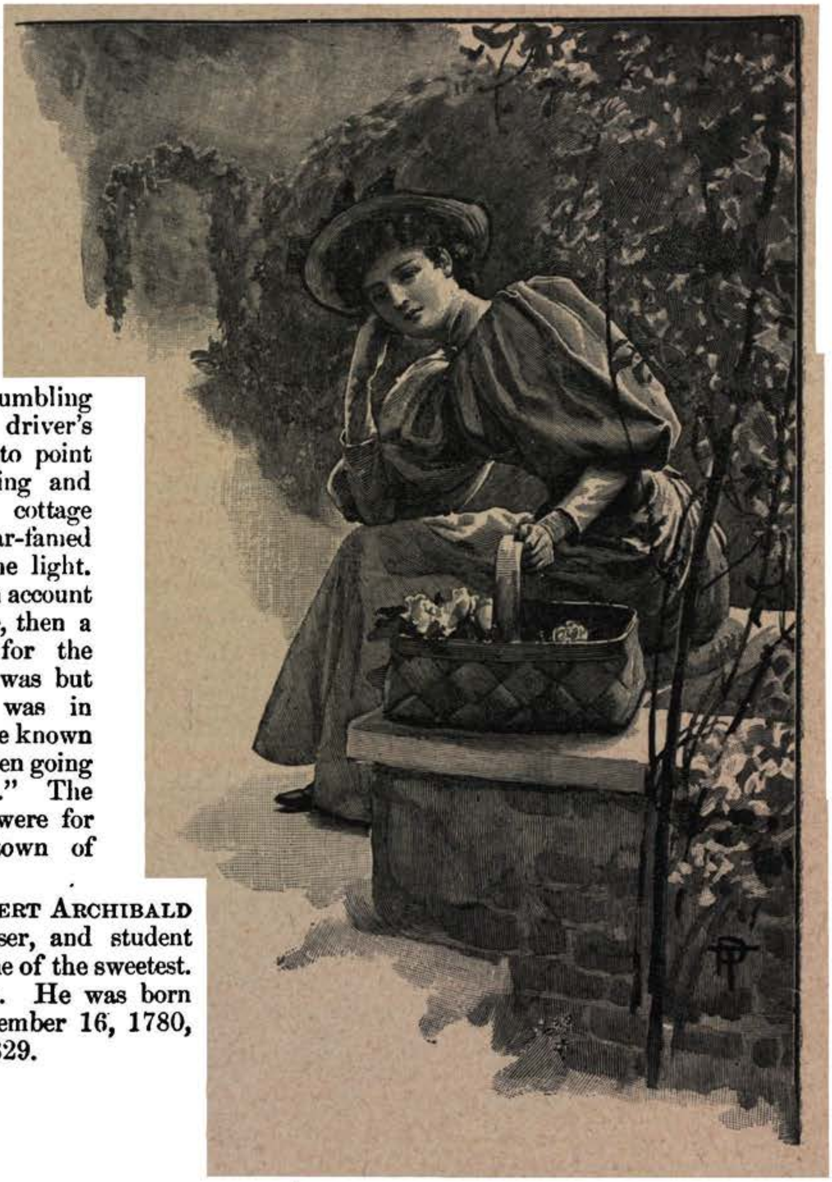


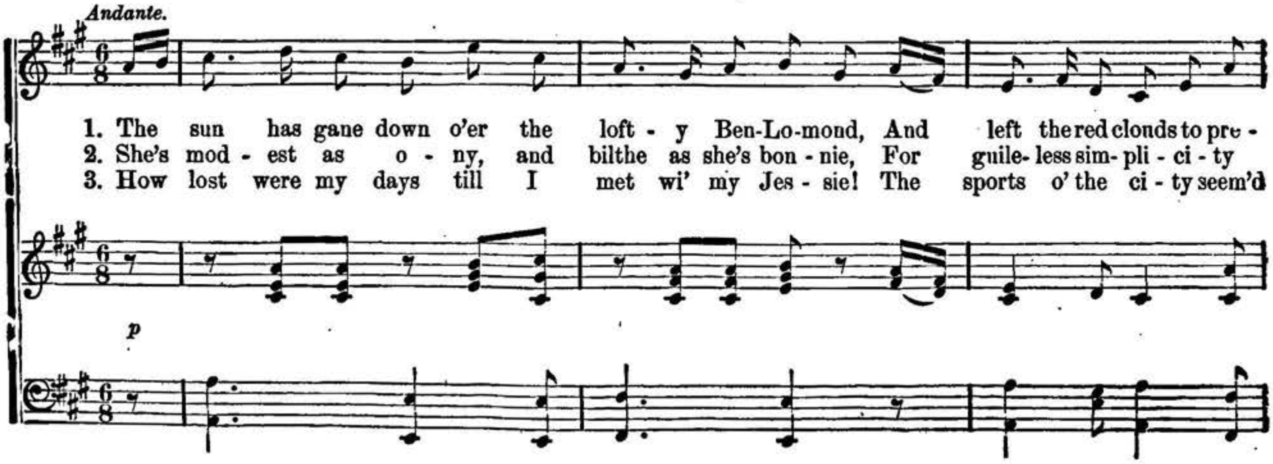
JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

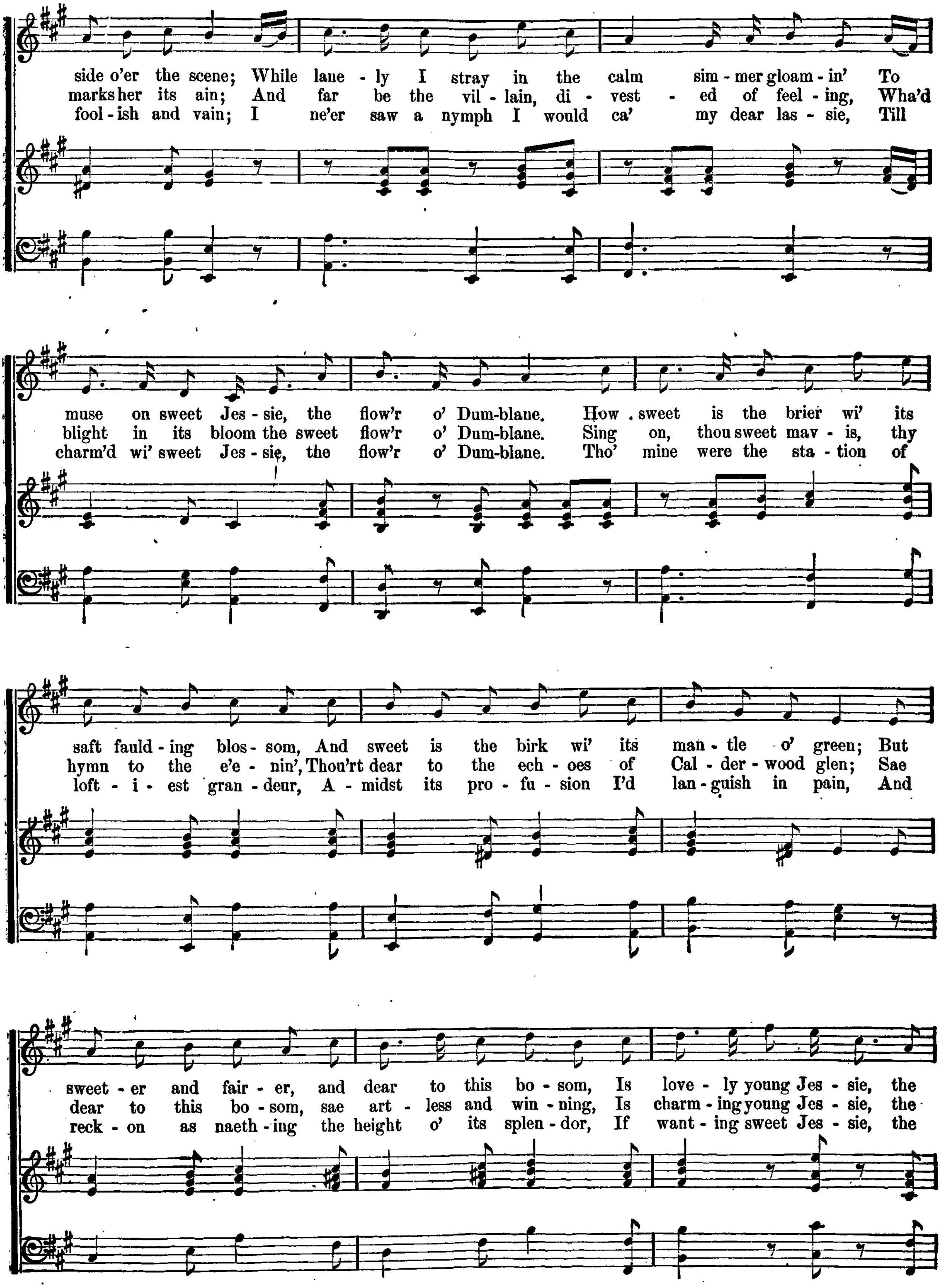
Robert Tannahill was the author of this beautiful song. The last stanza, beginning "How lost were my days till I met with my Jessie," was not in the original song, and it is so commonplace that it is difficult to believe Tannahill added it.

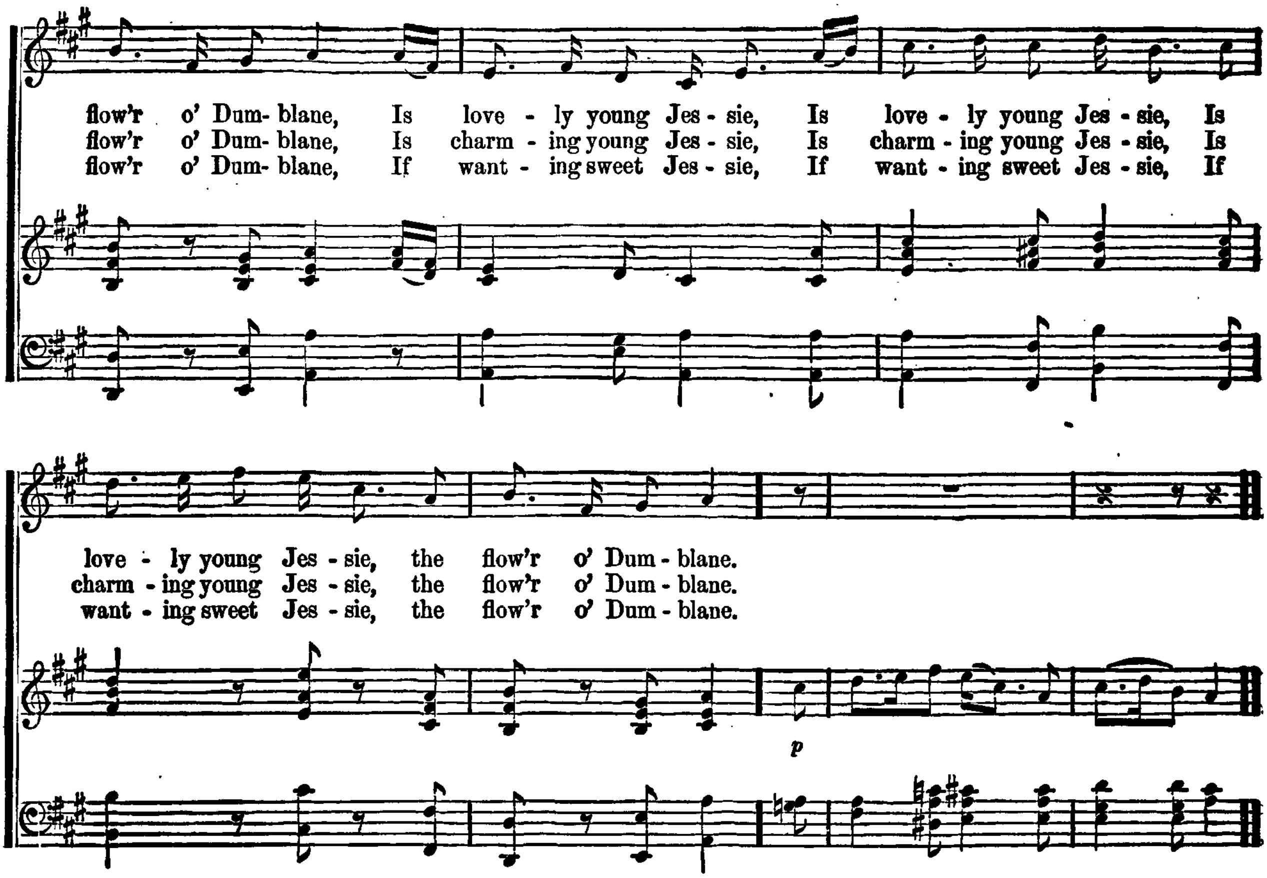
The heroine of the song has been much speculated about. Each Jessie, in the old town, had the honor of being represented as the "blooming fair." Dumblane lay upon a celebrated and picturesque stage-route, and we can fancy the quieter rolling of the rumbling wheels, and the louder rolling of the driver's voice, who, with his long whip, used to point out to each fresh load of sight-seeking and story-loving passengers, the humble cottage where the tiny bud, that became the far-famed "flower o' Dumblane," unfolded to the light. One enthusiastic traveller published an account of his interview with the bonnie lassie, then a decidedly plain old lady. Alas! for the truthfulness of this historian. Jessie was but a poet's dream. Tannahill never was in Dumblane; had he been, he would have known that from there the sun could not be seen going down "o'er the lofty Ben Lomond." The only fancies of the poet's short life were for two young women of his native town of Paisley.

The exquisite air was made by **Robert Archibald Smith**, who is celebrated as acomposer, and student of Scottish airs, of which he made some of the sweetest. He set some of Tannahill's best songs. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, England, November 16, 1780, and died in Edinburgh, January 3, 1829.




Andante.
1. The sun has gane down o'er the loft - y Ben-Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre -
2. She's mod - est as o - ny, and bilthe as she's bon - nie, For guile- less sim- pli - ci - ty
3. How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jes - sie! The sports o' the ci - ty seem'd
p

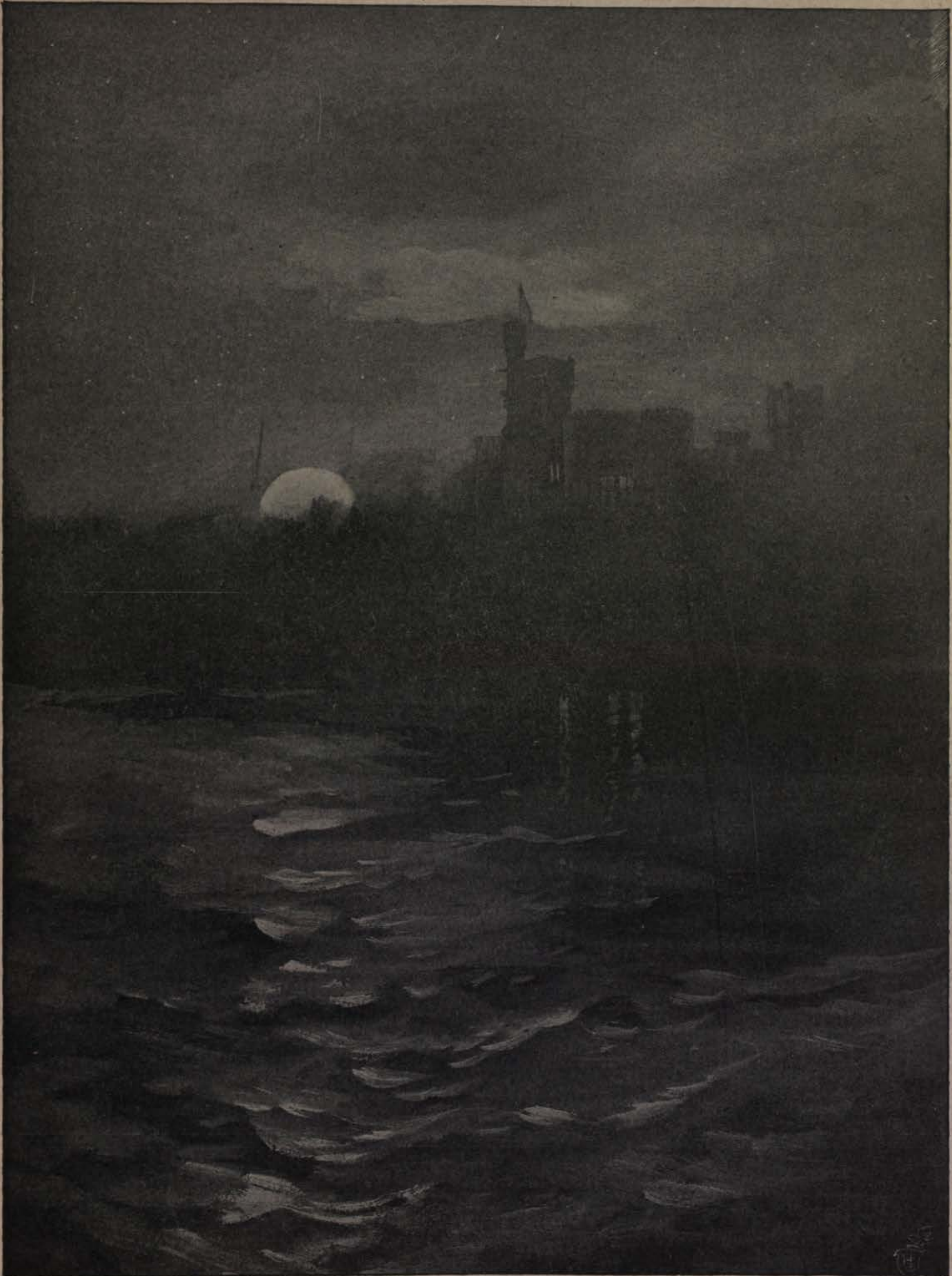

side o'er the scene; While lane - ly I stray in the calm sim - mer gloam - in' To
marks her its ain; And far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed of feel - ing, Wha'd
fool - ish and vain; I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear las - sie, Till
muse on sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its
blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-blane. Sing on, thou sweet mav - is, thy
charm'd wi' sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum-blane. Tho' mine were the sta - tion of
saft fauld - ing blos - som, And sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; But
hymn to the e'e - nin', Thou'rt dear to the ech - oes of Cal - der - wood glen; Sae
loft - i - est gran - deur, A - midst its pro - fu - sion I'd lan - guish in pain, And
sweet - er and fair - er, and dear to this bo - som, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, the
dear to this bo - som, sae art - less and win - ning, Is charm - ing young Jes - sie, the
reck - on as naeth - ing the height o' its splen - dor, If want - ing sweet Jes - sie, the


flow'r o' Dum- blane, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is
flow'r o' Dum- blane, Is charm - ing young Jes - sie, Is charm - ing young Jes - sie, Is
flow'r o' Dum- blane, If want - ing sweet Jes - sie, If want - ing sweet Jes - sie, If
love - ly young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum - blane.
charm - ing young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum - blane.
want - ing sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum - blane.
p

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
  And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
  To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
  And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle of green;
But sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
  Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,
  For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
  Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
  Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
  Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
  The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
  Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
  Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
  If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

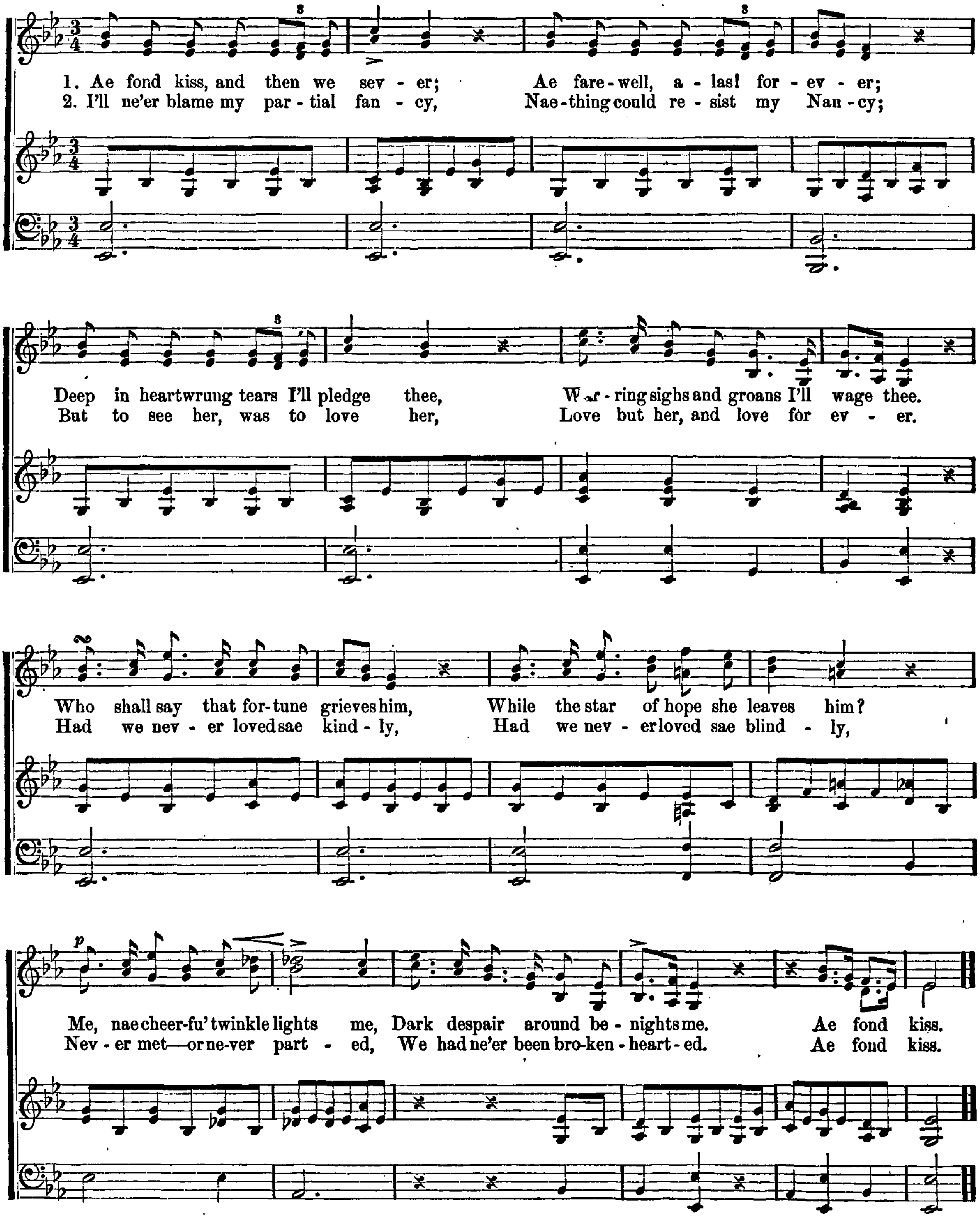


"STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT."

AE FOND KISS.

Sir Walter Scott's saying that "the four lines beginning 'Had we never loved sae kindly,' contained the essence of a thousand love-poems," is almost as well known as the song itself, which is Burns at his sweetest.

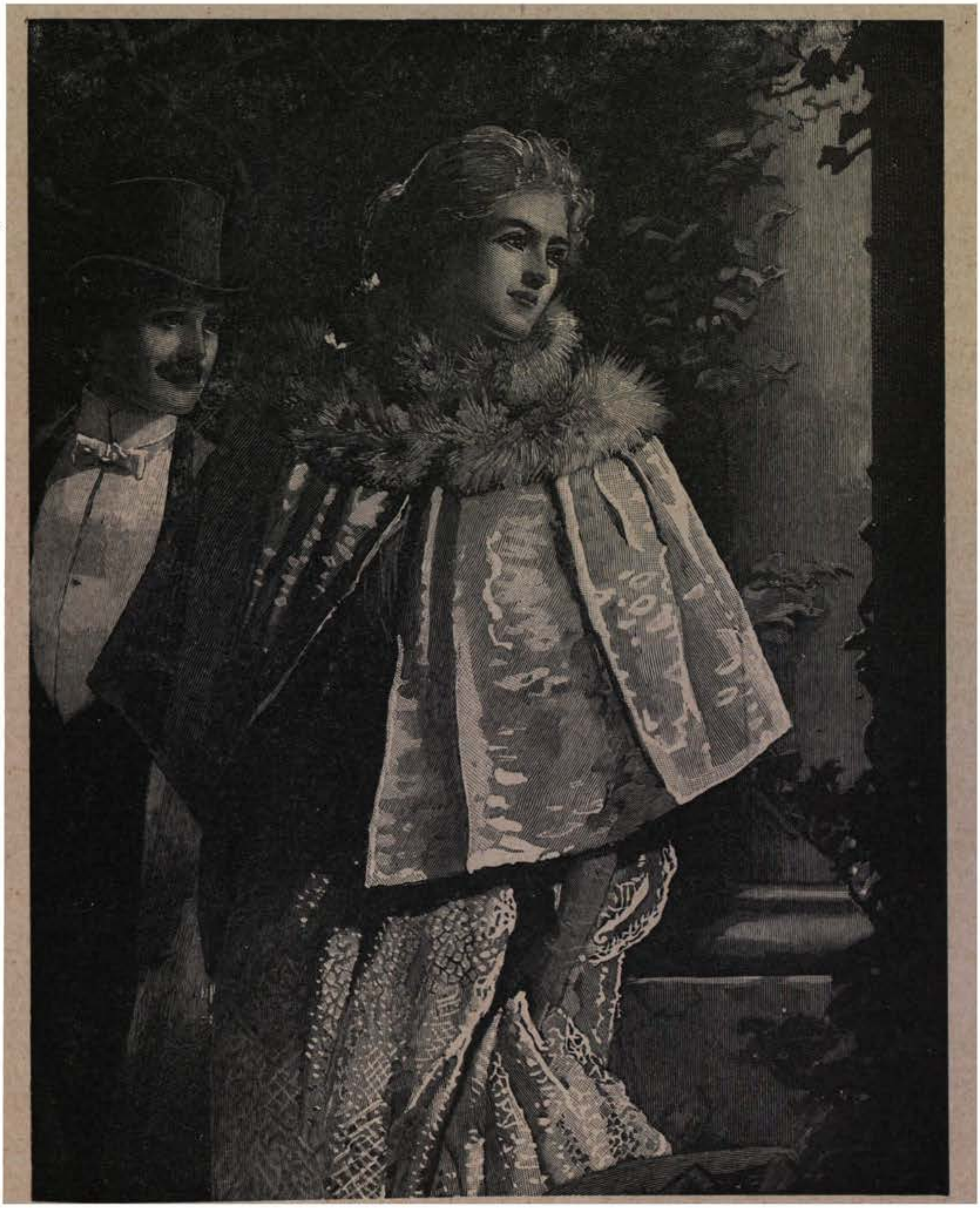
Arranged by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.


3/4
1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er; Ae fare-well, a - las! for - ev - er;
2. I'll ne'er blame my par - tial fan - cy, Nae-thing could re - sist my Nan - cy;
Deep in heartwrung tears I'll pledge thee, War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
But to see her, was to love her, Love but her, and love for ev - er.
Who shall say that for-tune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him?
Had we nev - er loved sae kind - ly, Had we nev - er loved sae blind - ly,
p
Me, nae cheer-fu' twinkle lights me, Dark despair around be - nights me. Ae fond kiss.
Nev - er met—or ne-ver part - ed, We had ne'er been bro-ken - heart - ed. Ae fond kiss.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! forever;
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
Ae fond kiss.

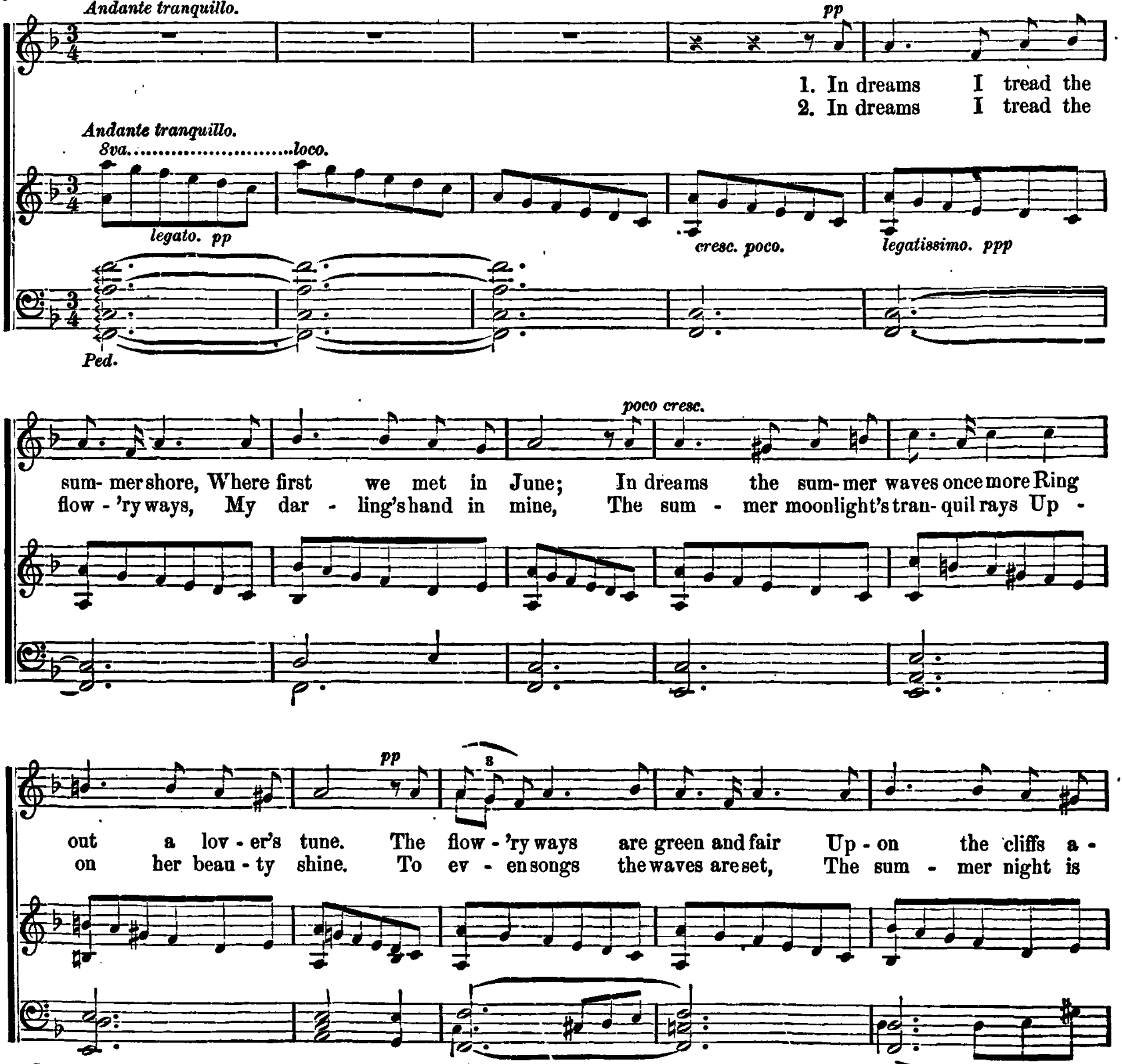
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Ae fond kiss.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Ae fond kiss.



A SUMMER SONG.

The music to this refreshing lyric of summer is the composition of **Orton Bradley**, one of the distinguished members of the fraternity of English musicians who have brought their talent and their teachings to America, whither he came in 1894. Mr. Bradley was born in England, and received his education at Harrow and Oxford, holding the position of head of the school at Harrow and taking classical honors at the University. At Oxford he was Scholar and Organist of his college (Hertford) and on graduation he took the position of organist at King Edward's School, Bromsgrove, for one year, at the close of which he devoted himself to private teaching and to the direction of large musical enterprises. For six years, 1887–93, he was Musical Director to the People's Palace in London, and in 1892 became the first conductor of the National Sunday League Choir, resigning both positions in order to accept the offers which brought him to America. In this country he continued, with growing reputation, his work as a solo pianist, and was in much demand as the director of several amateur musical societies, among which were the New Brunswick Choral Society and the Amateur Choral Club of New York. He served as pianist for the Damrosch opera chorus in the rehearsal of operatic works, and was quickly recognized as an authority on the correct rendering of operas and oratorios, being much sought by professional singers for special instruction in this work. The words of "A Summer Song" were written by **G. Henry Howard Paul**, better known as Howard Paul, a well-known actor, dramatist, humorist and newspaper correspondent, born in Philadelphia in 1835, but for many years resident in England, and the author of a number of entertaining books.


Andante tranquillo.
pp
1. In dreams I tread the sum- mer shore, Where first we met in June; In dreams the sum-mer waves once more Ring out a lov - er's tune. The flow - 'ry ways are green and fair Up - on the cliffs a -
2. In dreams I tread the flow - 'ry ways, My dar - ling's hand in mine, The sum - mer moonlight's tran- quil rays Up - on her beau - ty shine. To ev - en songs the waves are set, The sum - mer night is
Andante tranquillo.
8va.........................loco.
legato. pp
cresc. poco.
legatissimo. ppp
Ped.
poco cresc.
pp

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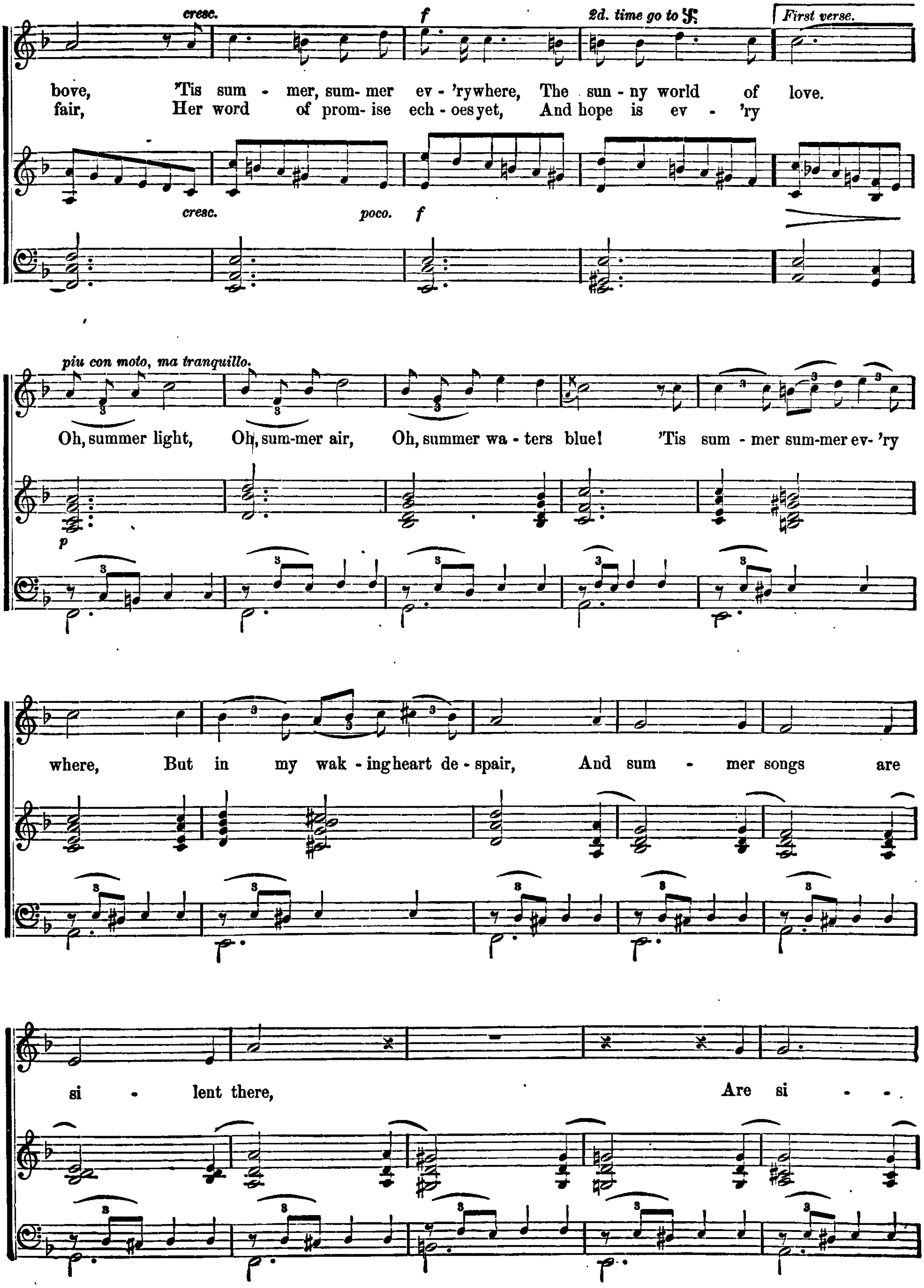
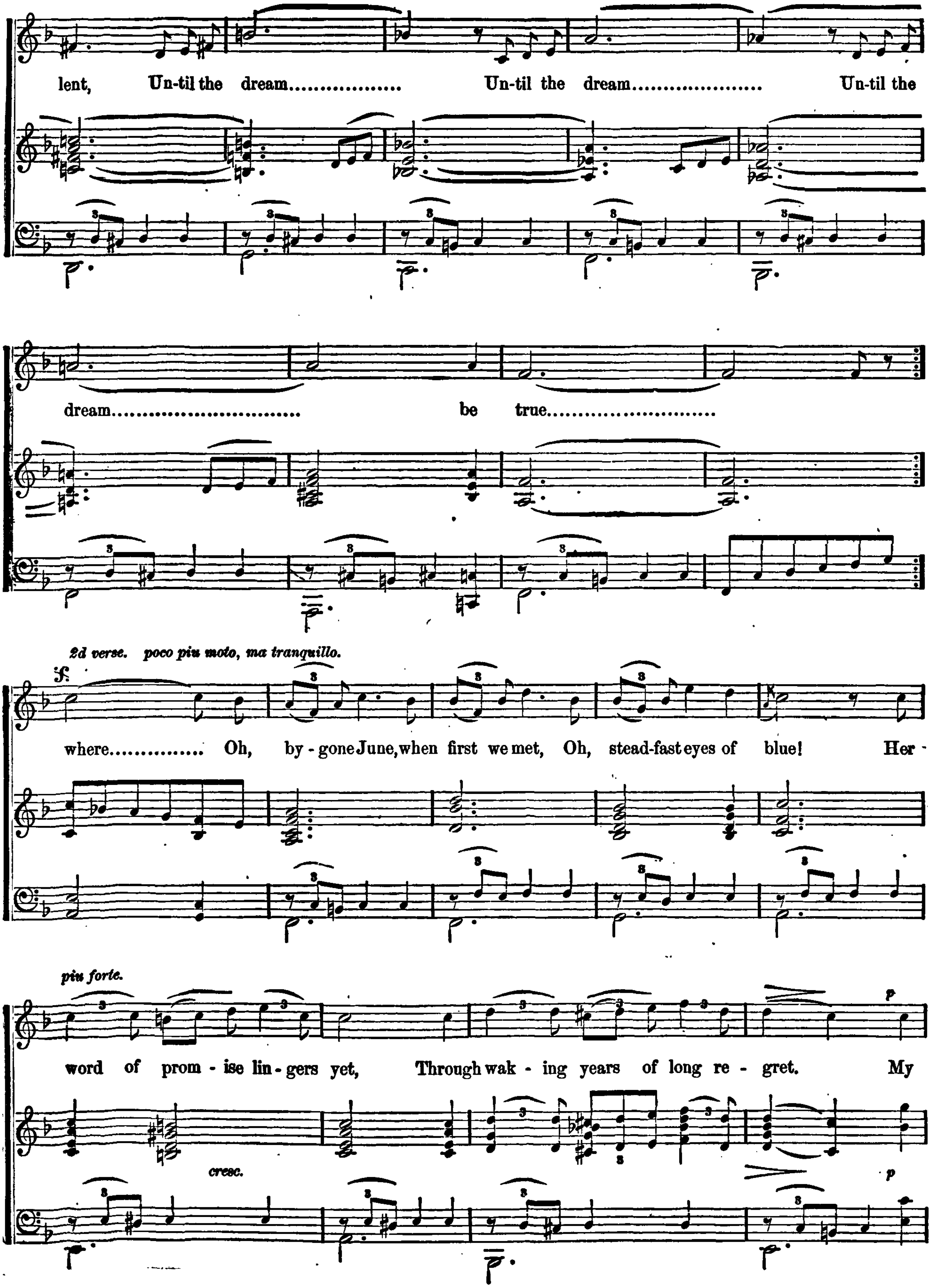
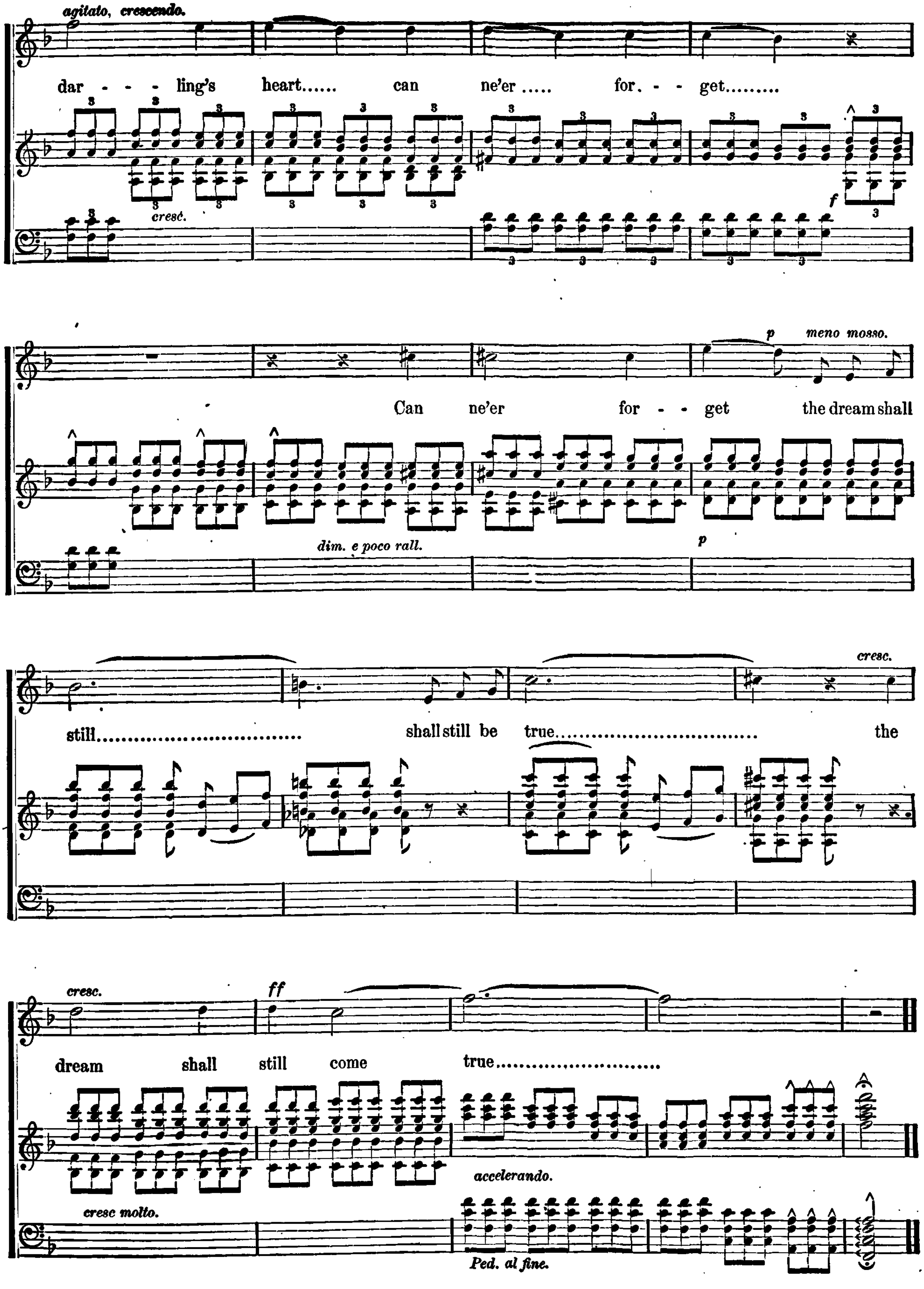

cresc.
f
2d. time go to 𝄋
First verse.
bove, 'Tis sum - mer, sum- mer ev - 'rywhere, The sun - ny world of love.
fair, Her word of prom- ise ech - oes yet, And hope is ev - 'ry
cresc.
poco.
f
piu con moto, ma tranquillo.
Oh, summer light, Oh, sum-mer air, Oh, summer wa - ters blue! 'Tis sum - mer sum-mer ev- 'ry
p
where, But in my wak - ing heart de - spair, And sum - mer songs are
si - lent there, Are si - -
3


lent, Un-til the dream.................. Un-til the dream.................... Un-til the
dream............................... be true.........................
2d verse. poco piu moto, ma tranquillo.
where............... Oh, by-gone June, when first we met, Oh, stead-fast eyes of blue! Her-
piu forte.
word of prom-ise lin-gers yet, Through wak-ing years of long re-gret. My
cresc.
p


agitato, crescendo.
dar - - - ling's heart...... can ne'er ..... for. - - get.........
cresć.
f
Can ne'er for - - get the dream shall
p meno mosso.
dim. e poco rall.
p
still................................ shall still be true................................ the
cresc.
cresc.
ff
dream shall still come true..........................
cresc molto.
accelerando.
Ped. al fine.

YANKEE DOODLE.

THE air of "Yankee Doodle" is claimed by several nations. It is said to be an old vintage-song of the south of France. In Holland, when the laborers received for wages "as much buttermilk as they could drink, and a tenth of the grain," they used to sing as they reaped, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the words:

"Yanker, dudel, doodle down,
Diddle, dudel, lanther,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und tanther."

A letter from the American Secretary of Legation, dated Madrid, June 3, 1858, says: "The tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged, by persons acquainted with music, to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword-dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic Danza Esparta of brave old Biscay."

The tune was sung in England in the reign of Charles I., to a rhyme which is still alive in our nurseries:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it—
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it."

After the uprising of Cromwell against Charles, the air was sung by the cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a sort of a knot, which was derisively called a "macaroni." The words were:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap,
Upon a macaroni."

The tune first appeared in this country in June, 1755. The British general, Braddock, was assembling the colonists near Albany, for an attack on the French and Indians at forts Niagara and Frontenac. In marched

The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,

or in no regimentals at all; but wearing all the fashions of two hundred years, and with arms as quaint. The martial band to which they took their uneven steps played music that the British soldiers might have heard their grandfathers speak of. For generations the swords of our noble ancestors had been turned to pruning-hooks, and they had forgotten war and the fashion of it.

There was in the British camp a Dr. Richard Shuckburg, regimental surgeon, afterward appointed Secretary of Indian affairs by Sir William Johnson. This piecer-up of broken humanity was a wit and a musical genius, and the patchwork appearance of these new subjects amused him mightily. As they marched into the handsome and orderly British lines, the traditional picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, with a macaroni to hold his single plume, came into mind in contrast with the extravagant elegance of Charles and his cavaliers, and he planned a joke upon the instant. He set down the notes of "Yankee Doodle," wrote along them the lively travesty upon Cromwell, and gave them to the uncouth musicians as the latest martial music of England. The band quickly caught the simple and contagious air, and soon it sounded through the camp amid the laughter of the British soldiers.

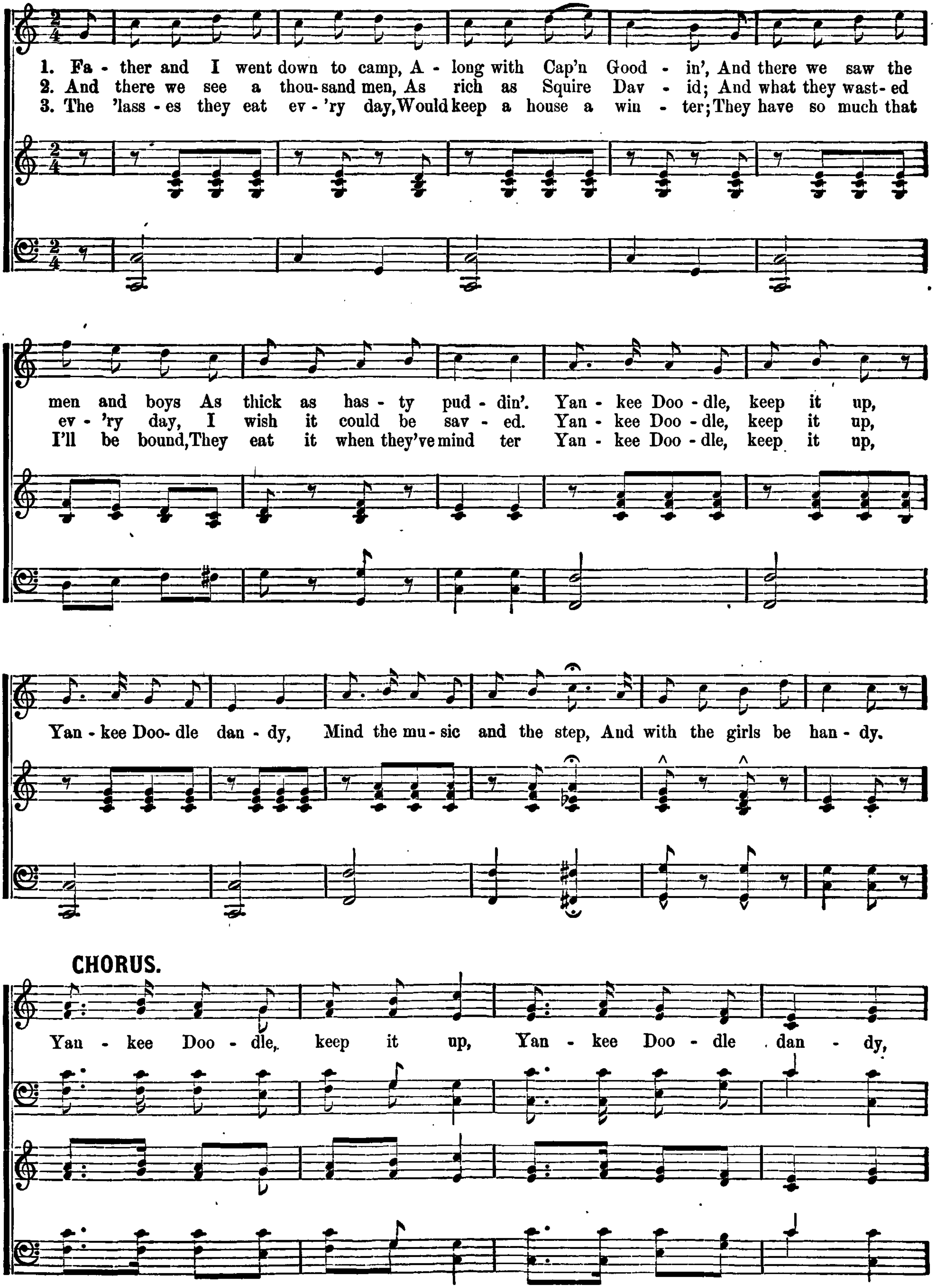
It was a prophetic piece of fun, and its significance became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," Lord Cornwallis marched into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his army and his sword. What Cromwell proved to the godless army of Charles, with—

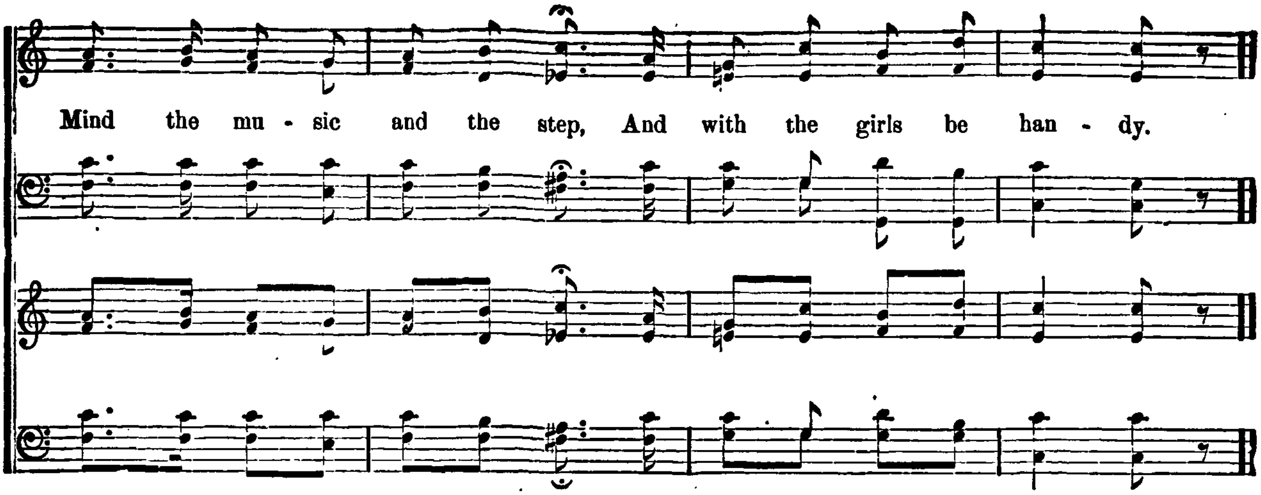
"Their perfumed satin clothes, their catches and their oaths,
Their stage-plays and their sonnets, their diamonds and their spades,"

that our ancestors were to the royal oppressors of liberty. With Cromwell's rout, our soldiers could exclaim—

"The Kings of earth in fear, shall tremble when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the House and the World."

Throughout our Revolution the song that tyranny had made to ridicule the champion of religious and political freedom, was the march to greater victories of the same principles.


1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - in', And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Dav - id; And what they wast- ed
3. The 'lass - es they eat ev - 'ry day, Would keep a house a win - ter; They have so much that
men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'. Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up,
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed. Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up,
I'll be bound, They eat it when they've mind ter Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up,
Yan - kee Doo- dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.
CHORUS.
Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,


Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.
Chorus.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.
Chorus.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day,
Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've mind ter.
Chorus.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Chorus.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Chorus.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.
Chorus.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.
Chorus.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.
Chorus.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.
Chorus.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon 't with little clubs
And called the folks together.
Chorus.

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.
Chorus.

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Chorus.

The flaming ribbon's in his hat,
They looked so taring fine, 'ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.
Chorus.

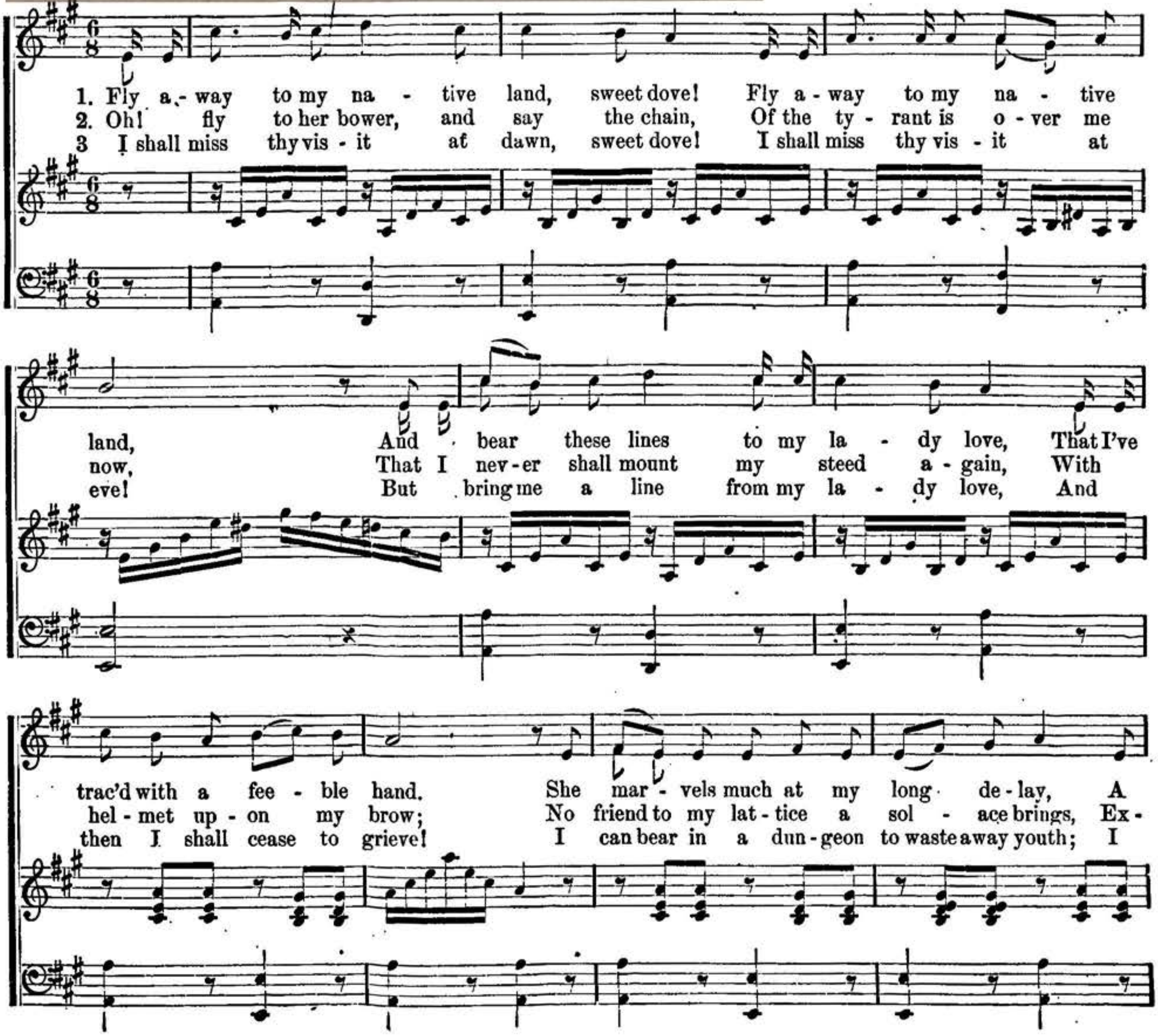
I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me
Chorus.

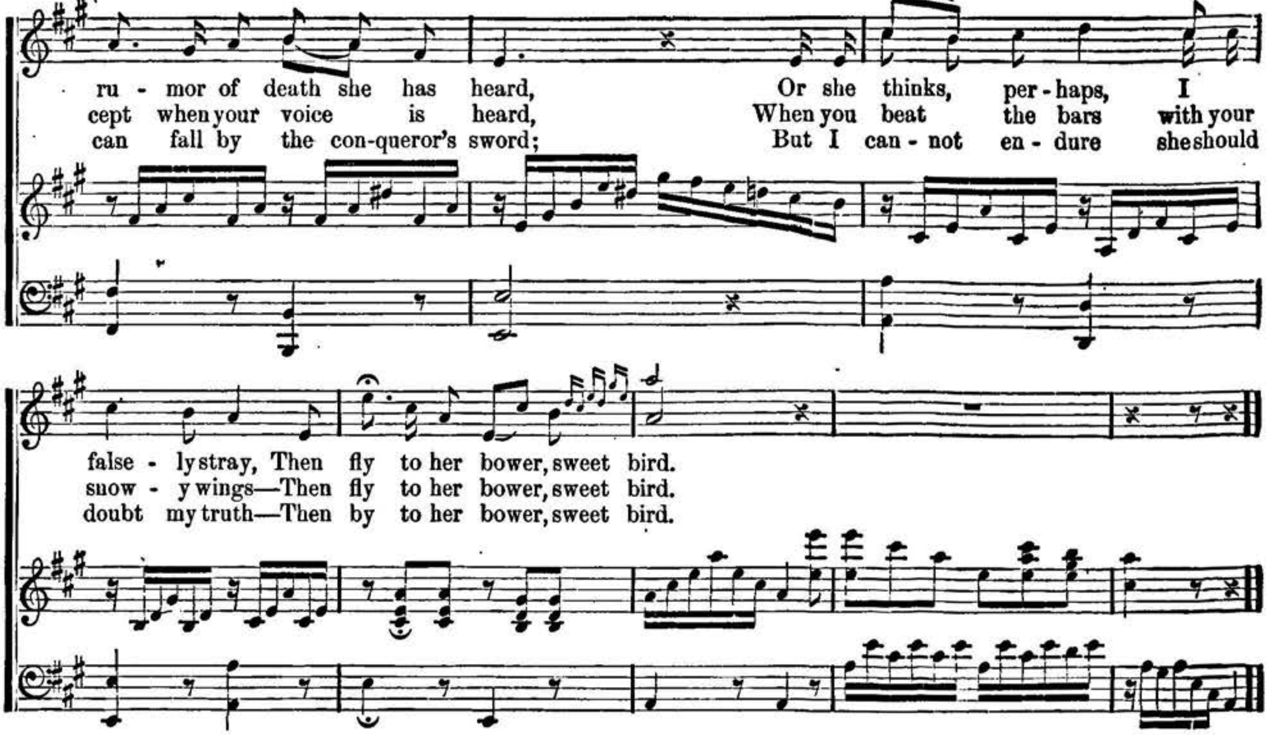
It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.
Chorus.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

A favorite theme in poetry, particularly effective in the writing of songs, is apostrophe to a bird. Variety, as well as delicacy of sentiment is readily conceived in the treatment of this theme, of which Weatherly, Pinsuti, Hutchinson, and others have made excellent use.

Daniel Johnson, the composer of the "Carrier Dove," was a music-teacher in New York, about 1850. He was a choral-singer at the Park Theatre, conductor of music at Palmo's concert saloon, and a singer of English glees. There is no clue to the author of the words.


1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove! Fly a-way to my na - tive
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain, Of the ty - rant is o - ver me
3 I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove! I shall miss thy vis - it at
land, And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
now, That I nev-er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
eve! But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And
trac'd with a fee - ble hand. She mar - vels much at my long de - lay, A
hel - met up - on my brow; No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex -
then I shall cease to grieve! I can bear in a dun - geon to waste away youth; I


ru - mor of death she has heard, Or she thinks, per - haps, I
cept when your voice is heard, When you beat the bars with your
can fall by the con-queror's sword; But I can - not en - dure she should
false - ly stray, Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.
snow - y wings—Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.
doubt my truth—Then by to her bower, sweet bird.

Fly away to my native land, sweet dove!
  Fly away to my native land,
And bear these lines to my lady love,
  That I've traced with a feeble hand.
She marvels much at my long delay,
  A rumor of death she has heard,
Or she thinks, perhaps, I falsely stray,
  Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain,
  Of the tyrant is over me now,
That I never shall mount my steed again,
  With helmet upon my brow;
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
  Except when your voice is heard,
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings—
  Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove!
  I shall miss thy visit at eve!
But bring me a line from my lady love,
  And then I shall cease to grieve!
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth;
  I can fall by the conqueror's sword;
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth—
  Then by to her bower, sweet bird.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

This most familiar song has been long, though vaguely, associated with the early days of two of America's oldest colleges, Dartmouth and Williams. I quote below the letter which an eminent educator in Massachusetts wrote to *The Dartmouth*, a periodical published by the students of that college. "The legend of the Old Pine, on the hill back of the college, in Hanover, was told me when I was a child, more than fifty years ago; and yet a graduate of Dartmouth recently said he had never heard it! The story is, that three Indians, on the day they left Dartmouth, met in a bower, of which the youthful pine, now a venerable tree, was one of the trees, and sang the song, 'When shall we three meet again?' The words and music were composed by one of their number. My mother told me the story, and from her lips I learned both the words and the music, a very plaintive minor strain. The only commencement I ever attended at Dartmouth, was in 1853, when I heard Choate's eulogy of Webster. On the evening of that day I was walking on the hill, for the sake of the prospect, and the pine tree was pointed out to me, which was said to be older than the college. While we were standing there, a company of four or five rather young men, evidently alumni, sang the very song, in the very strain, which I had learned when a child, living in Connecticut."

The late President Smith of Dartmouth, said in a letter to me: "I do not believe, with Artemus Ward, that 'Indians is pizen wherever you meet 'em,'—but that any Indian undergraduate, or Indian just graduate, ever wrote so beautiful a lyric as that you enquire about, I am slow to think."

On the other hand, a New Hampshire poet gives me the following account of his memory and opinion: "I think there must be something in the legend, because I distinctly remember that, in 1839, one Pierce, an Indian (Cherokee) of the class of 1840, came to my home (Newport, N. H.) with a cousin of mine who was in the same class, to spend a few days of his vacation, and was at my mother's house, and I remember that he sang this same song, and that my younger sister learned both the words and the music, from whom I learned them. Some of the Indian graduates at Dartmouth were smart fellows—I think fully equal to the writing of this song. It is not perfect in its construction, by any means; for instance, the third stanza, which is somewhat incoherent, although a very sweet, pretty thing. The first line of the same stanza is strong evidence of Indian origin, as Indians' hair is always a 'burnished' black, and here were *three* black-haired fellows."

From still another quarter comes the legend that the song emanated from Williams College, and that it was sung by three young men, just graduating there, who had met in a meadow, in the shade of a great haystack, to consecrate themselves to the work of foreign missions among the earliest that America had known. One of their number was said to have composed the song entire, and the especial proof lay in the second stanza:

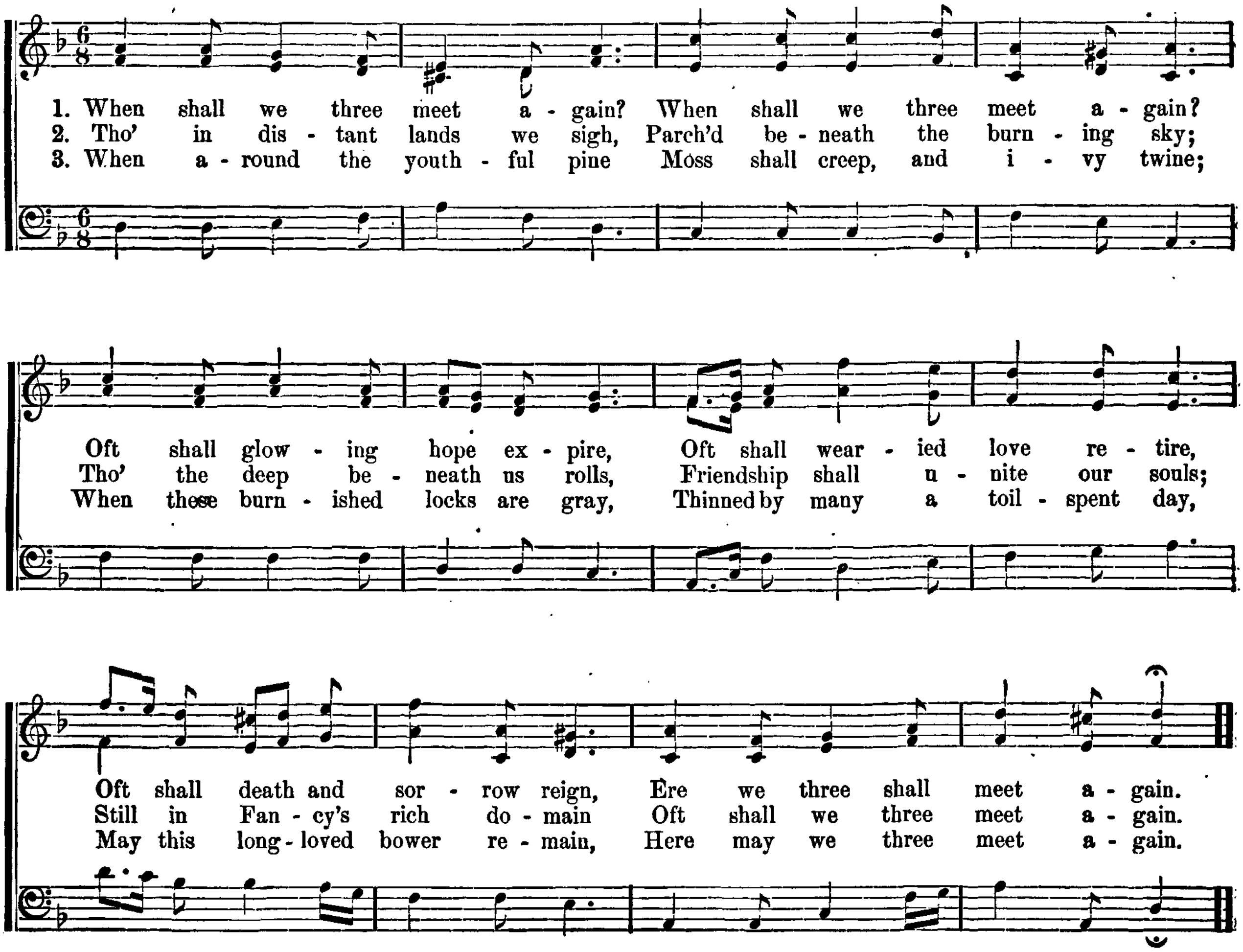
> Though in distant lands we sigh,
> Parched beneath a hostile sky;
> Though the deep between us rolls,—
> Friendship shall unite our souls,
> Still, in Fancy's rich domain,
> Oft shall we three meet again.

Three standard English collections, published within the past sixty years, have contained the song without the stanza to which tradition points in proof of Indian origin. No authorship of the words is given, but the air is spoken of in one place as the work of Samuel Webbe, in another as the work of Dr. William Horsley. **Samuel Webbe**, was an English composer, born in London in 1740. His father, who was wealthy, died suddenly when about to assume a government office in Minorca, and the property was taken from his widow and infant son. Mrs. Webbe was rendered so destitute that she was obliged to deny her son education, and when he was but eleven years old to apprentice him to a cabinet-maker. This business he hated, and though he knew not a note of written music, his fondness for the art led him to undertake to copy it. He copied from five in the morning till midnight. He also studied French, Hebrew, German, and Latin, and finally employed an Italian music-master, after which he attempted composition. His music was received warmly, and he became a favorite teacher. He made numberless songs, anthems, masses, etc., including the music of "When shall we three meet again?" which is spoken of as his "celebrated glee."

Dr. **Horsley** was a well-known English composer, born thirty years later than Webbe, whose pupil he was. He either made a new composition for the words of this song, or re-arranged his teacher's air. The former supposition is more probable, as two different airs are given.

Where the song appears in these English collections there is no definite information as to the authorship of the words; but one of the three attributes them to "a lady." Is it not probable that the glee was written before the words which accompanied it? The words seem like those of some one leaving home for a foreign land, expecting years of absence. May it not be that they were written by the wife of an English missionary who was about to accompany her husband to his distant work? At any rate, the song was no doubt written in England and brought to this country when Dartmouth College was in its infancy. The first Indian graduates, met in the "bower" for their farewell, might recall the song, but would desire to have something a little more expressive of their circumstances. One of their number would write the stanza which indicates Indian origin, and the song might pass as his own, without such intention on his part. In corroboration of this, is the fact that that stanza is not contained in the English versions, and is very greatly inferior to the rest in poetic merit. The song was no doubt sung again at Williamstown, and by the same method by which a shrewd saying has been fastened in turn upon each college president in the country, it would be easy to transmit the supposed authorship of this song from the Dartmouth students who added a stanza to the Williams students who sang it on a memorable occasion.

Harmonized by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.


1. When shall we three meet a - gain? When shall we three meet a - gain?
2. Tho' in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parch'd be - neath the burn - ing sky;
3. When a - round the youth - ful pine Moss shall creep, and i - vy twine;
Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wear - ied love re - tire,
Tho' the deep be - neath us rolls, Friendship shall u - nite our souls;
When these burn - ished locks are gray, Thinned by many a toil - spent day,
Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we three shall meet a - gain.
Still in Fan - cy's rich do - main Oft shall we three meet a - gain.
May this long - loved bower re - main, Here may we three meet a - gain.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

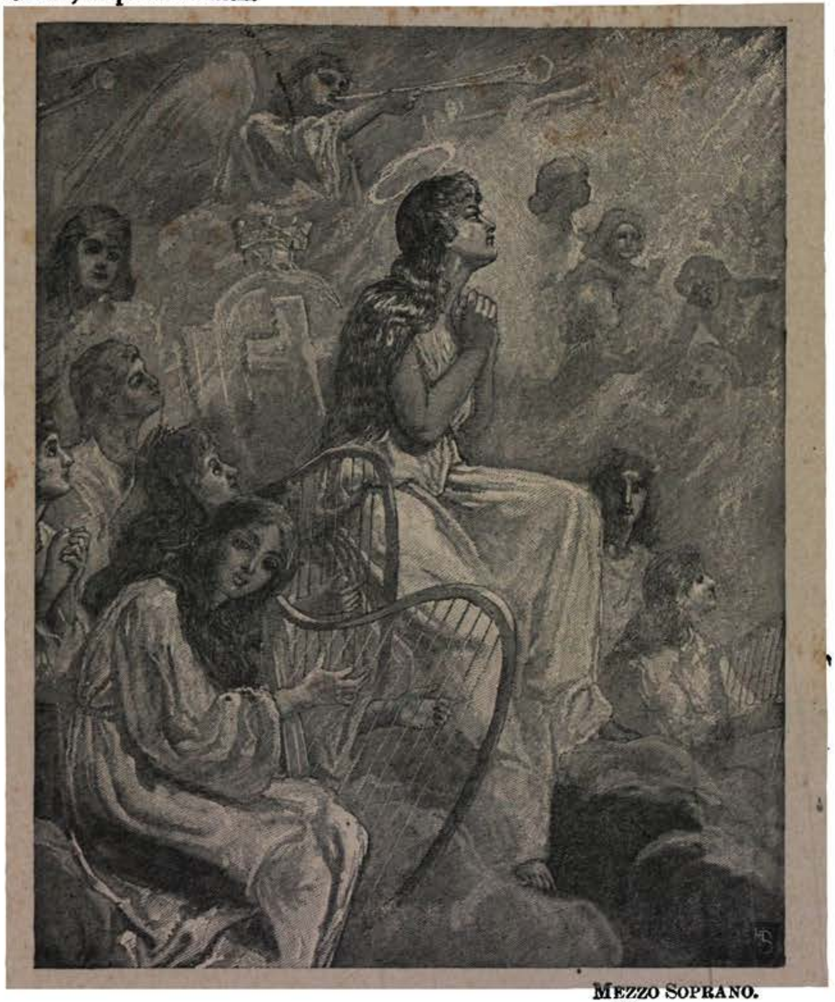
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;
When these burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toilsome day,
May this long-loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

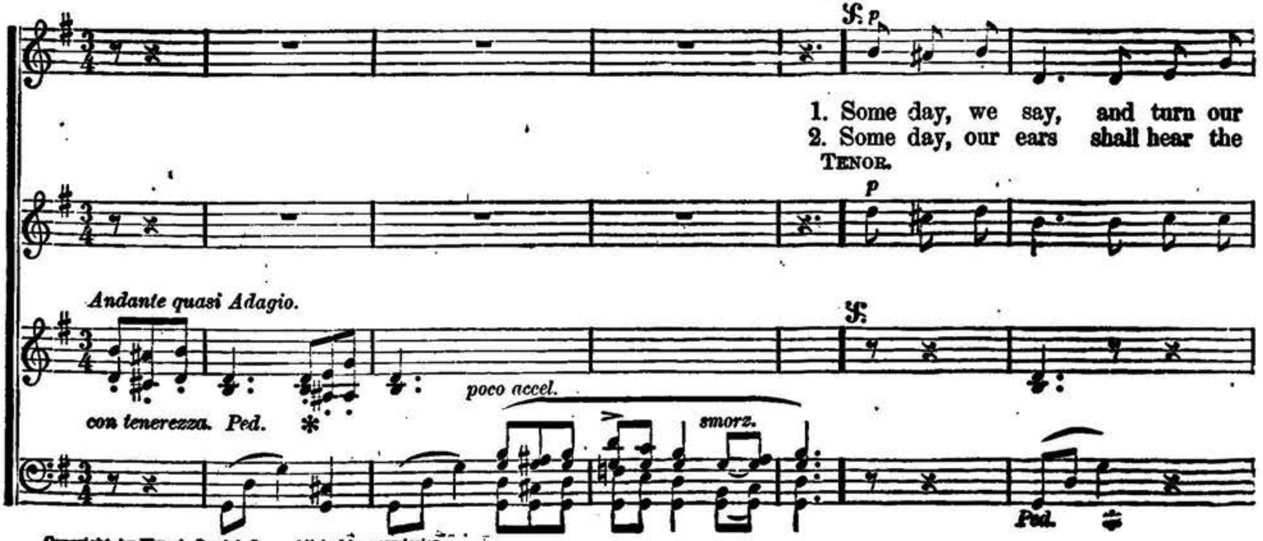
When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, Wealth, and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

O MORNING LAND!

DUET. MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR.

This is a duet for mezzo soprano and tenor, easy of execution and limited in compass. The words, which, as well as the music, are composed by **Edward H. Phelps**, are infused with a religious sentiment, and breathe of aspiration, hope and faith.




Mezzo Soprano.
p
1. Some day, we say, and turn our
2. Some day, our ears shall hear the
Tenor.
p
Andante quasi Adagio.
con tenerezza. Ped. *
poco accel.
smorz.
Ped. *

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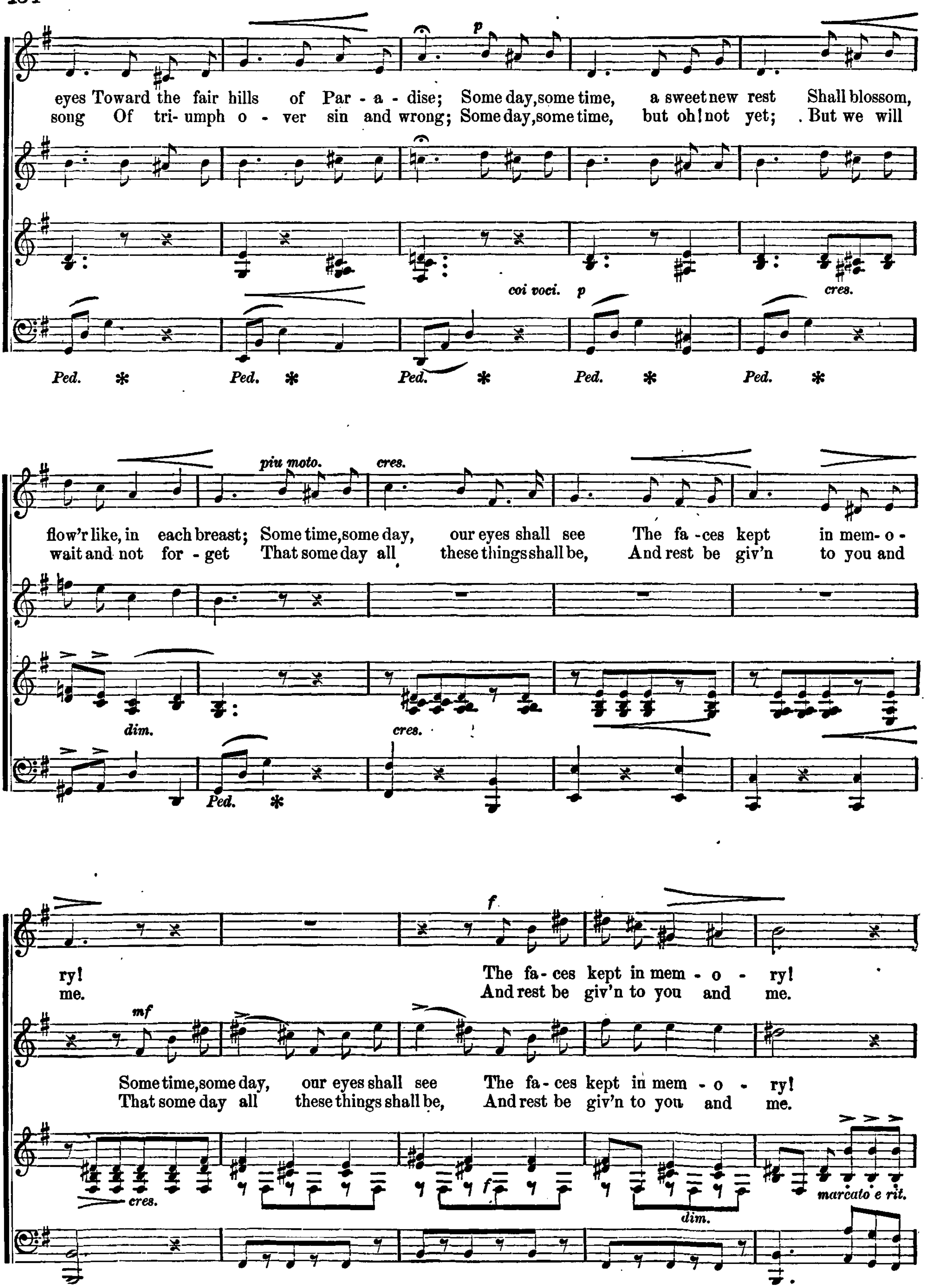
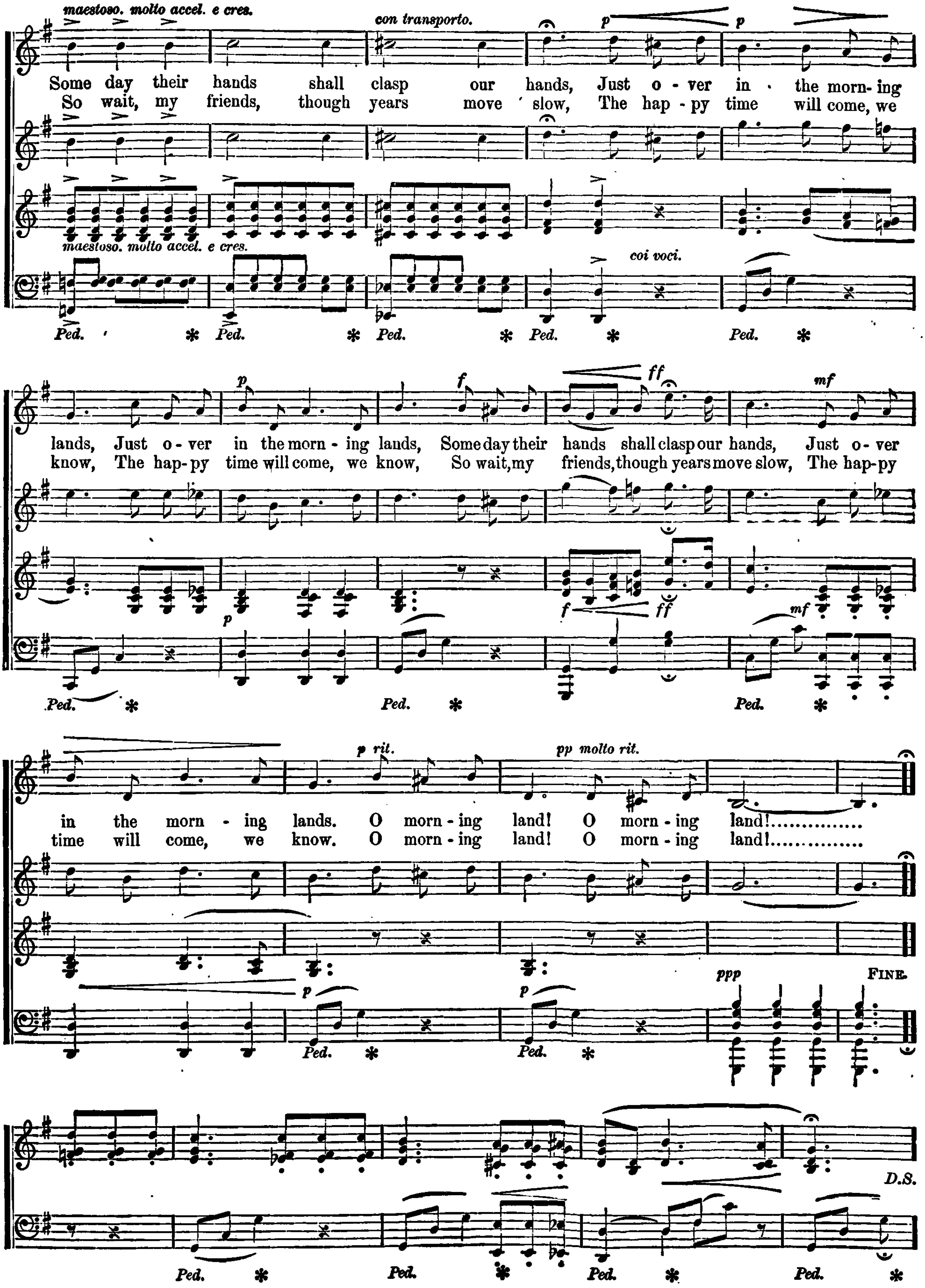
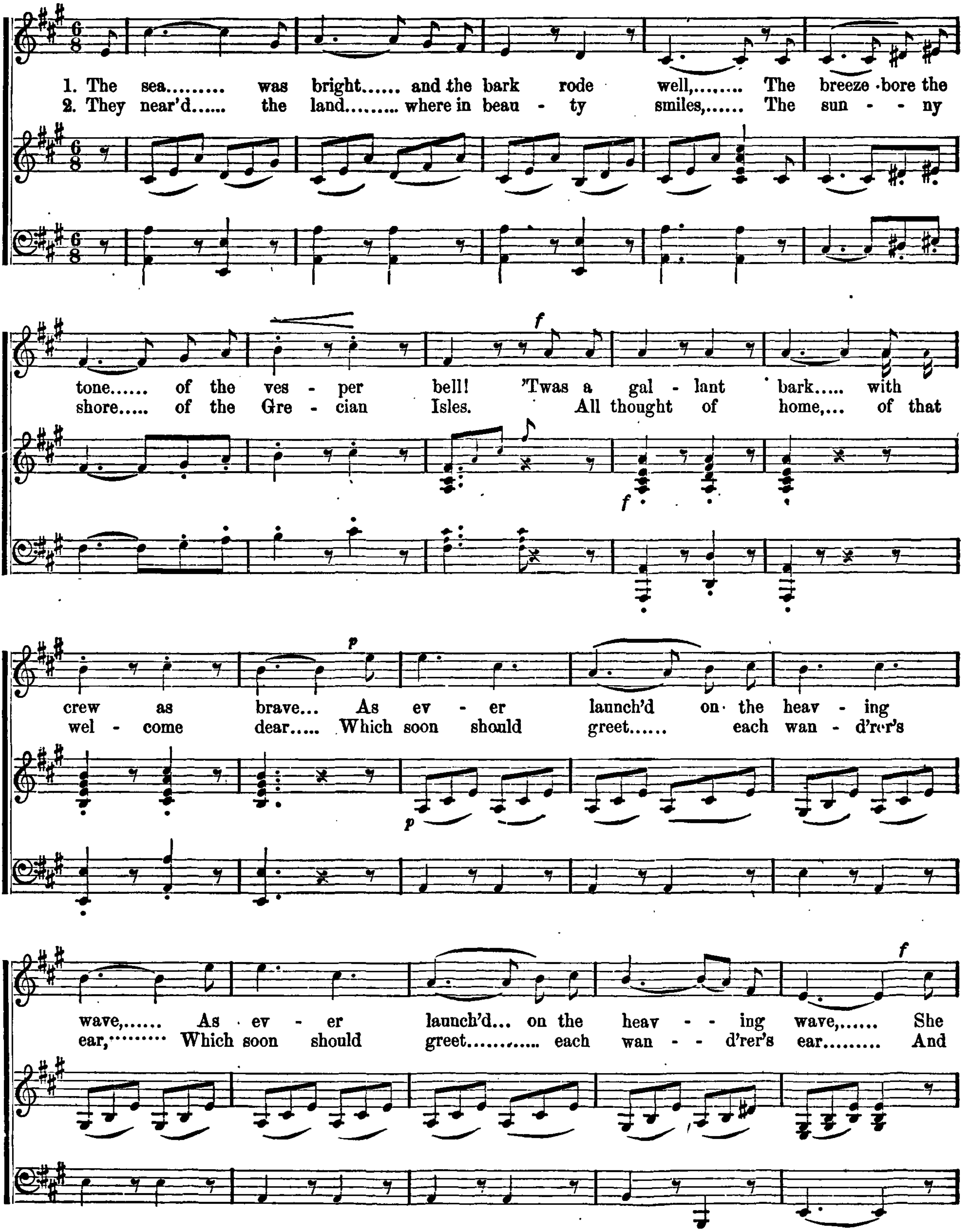
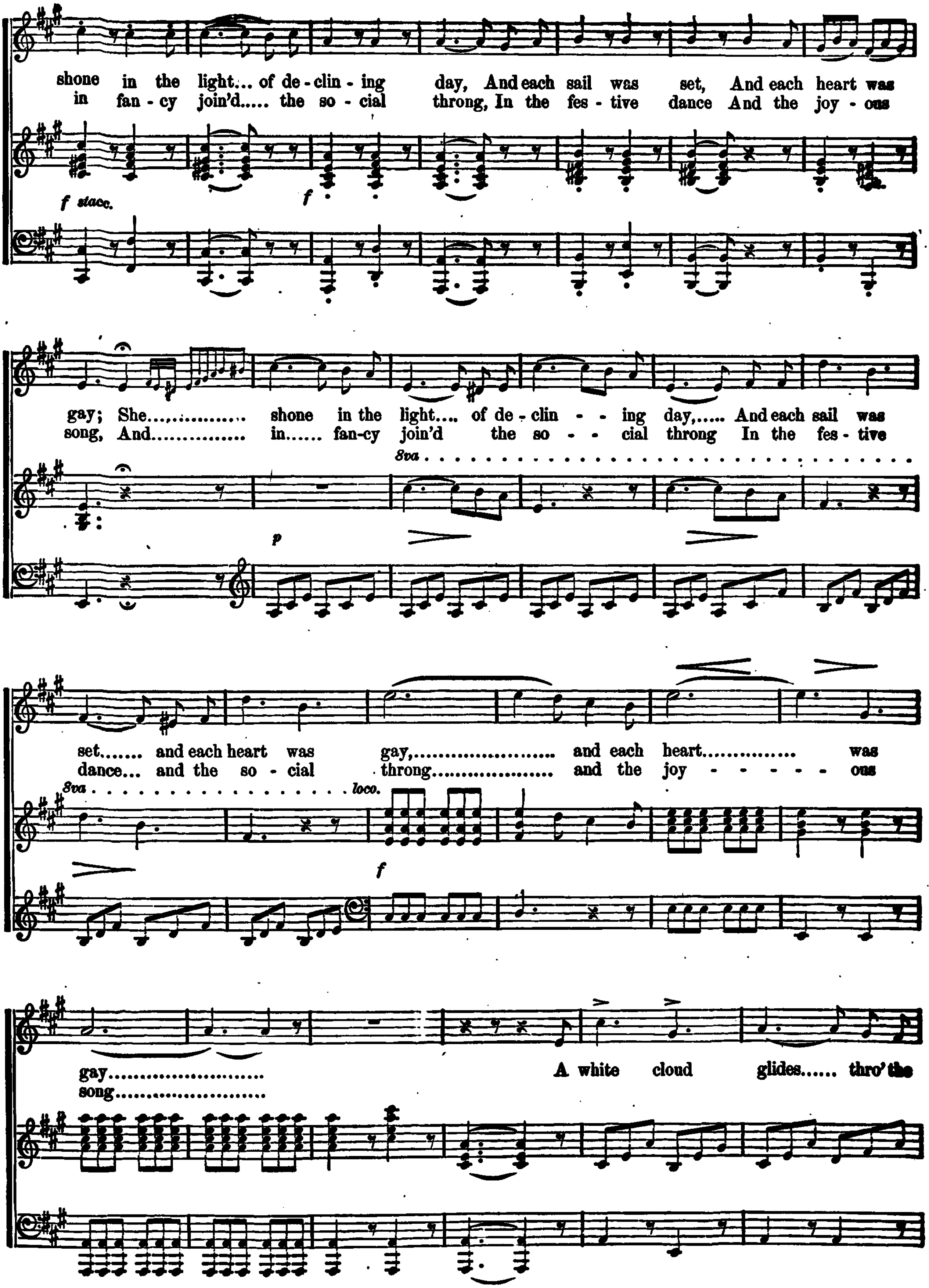

p
eyes Toward the fair hills of Par - a - dise; Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom,
song Of tri- umph o - ver sin and wrong; Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; . But we will
coi voci.
p
cres.
Ped.
piu moto.
cres.
flow'r like, in each breast; Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The fa - ces kept in mem- o -
wait and not for - get That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and
dim.
cres.
f
ry! The fa- ces kept in mem - o - ry!
me. And rest be giv'n to you and me.
mf
Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The fa- ces kept in mem - o - ry!
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me.
cres.
f
dim.
marcato e rit.

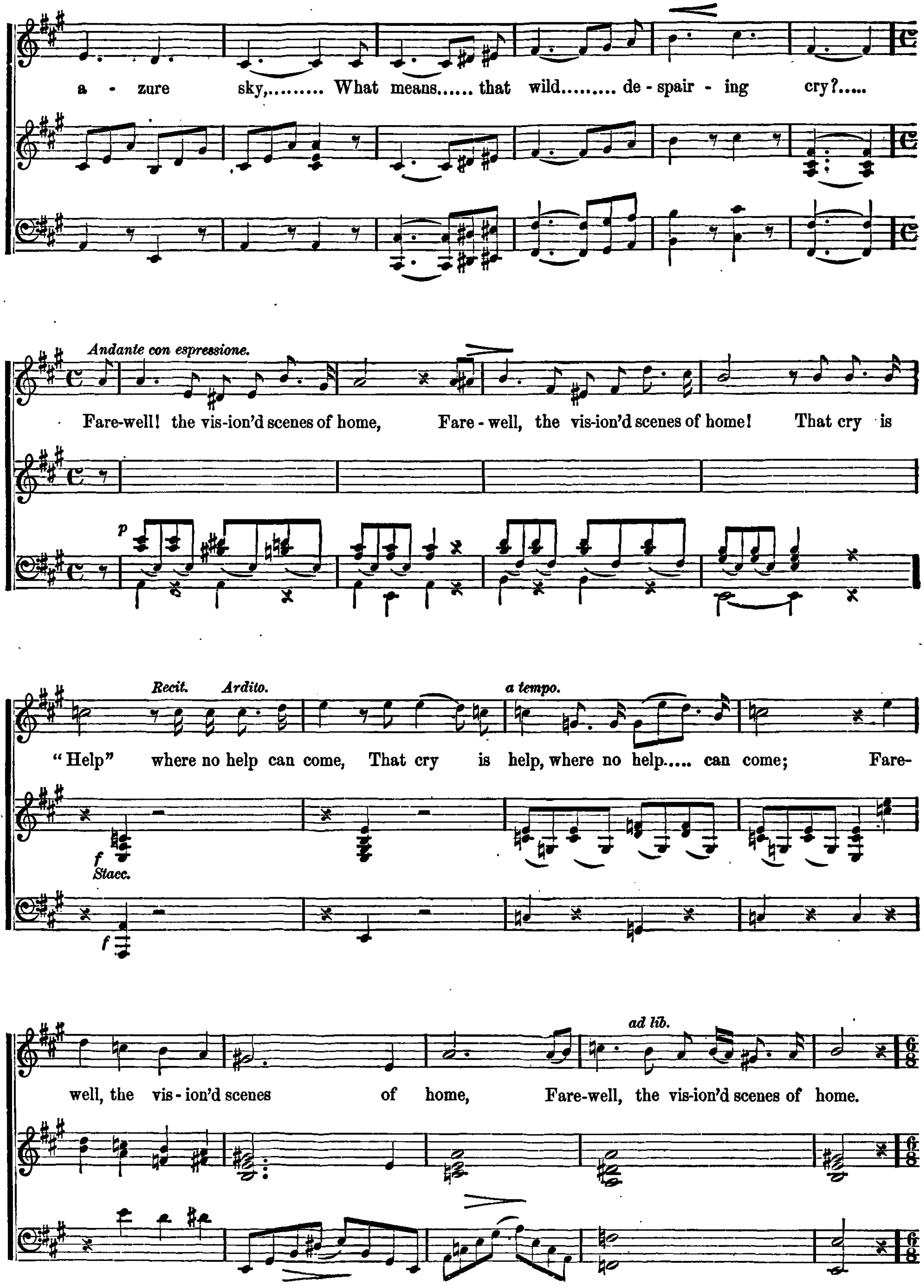

maestoso. molto accel. e cres.
con transporto.
Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just o - ver in the morn- ing
So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap - py time will come, we
maestoso. molto accel. e cres.
coi voci.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
lands, Just o - ver in the morn - ing lands, Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just o - ver
know, The hap - py time will come, we know, So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap - py
p f ff mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p rit.
pp molto rit.
in the morn - ing lands. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing land!...............
time will come, we know. O morn - ing land! O morn - ing land!..............
ppp
FINE.
Ped. * Ped. *
D.S.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

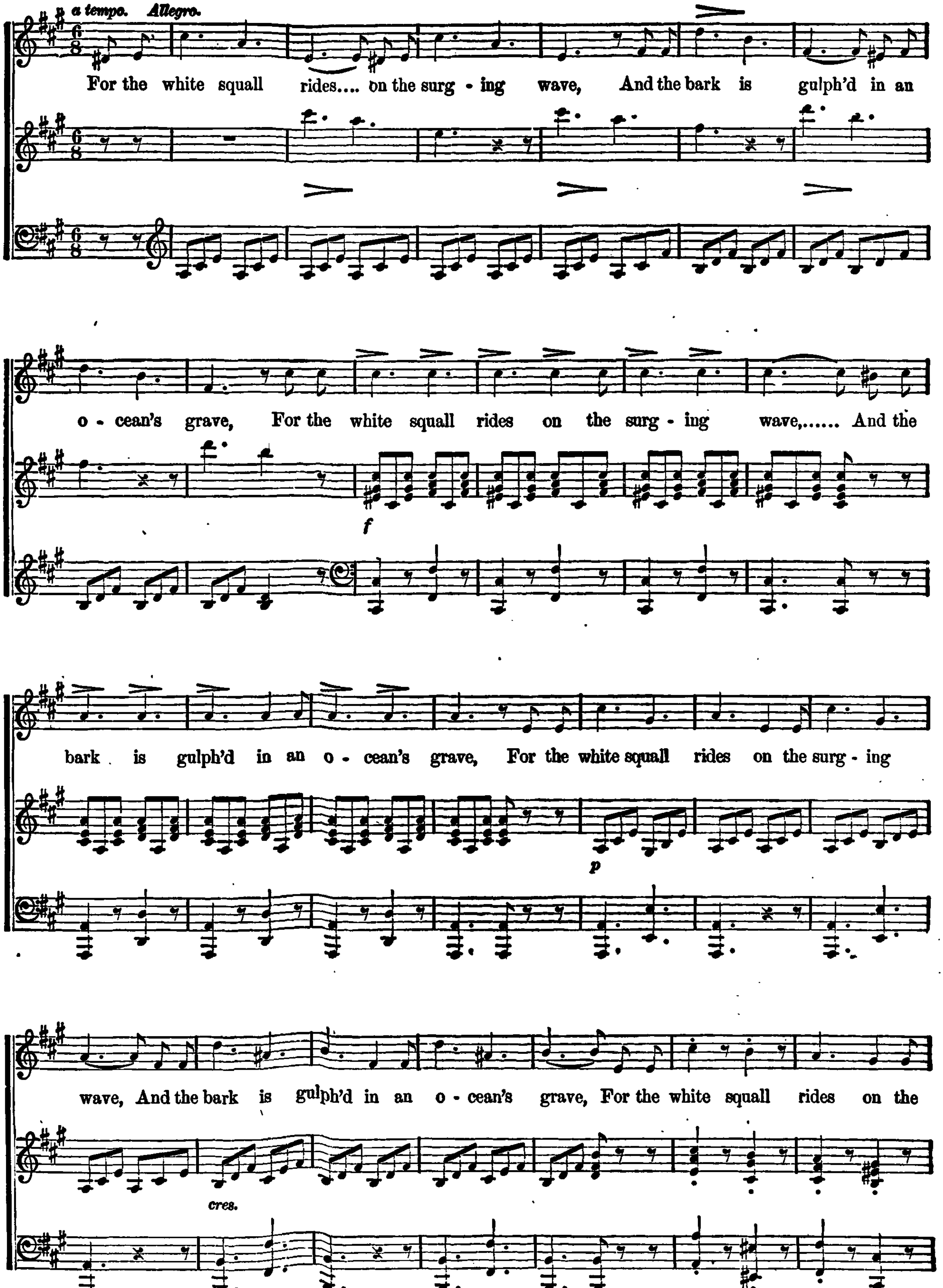
THE WHITE SQUALL.

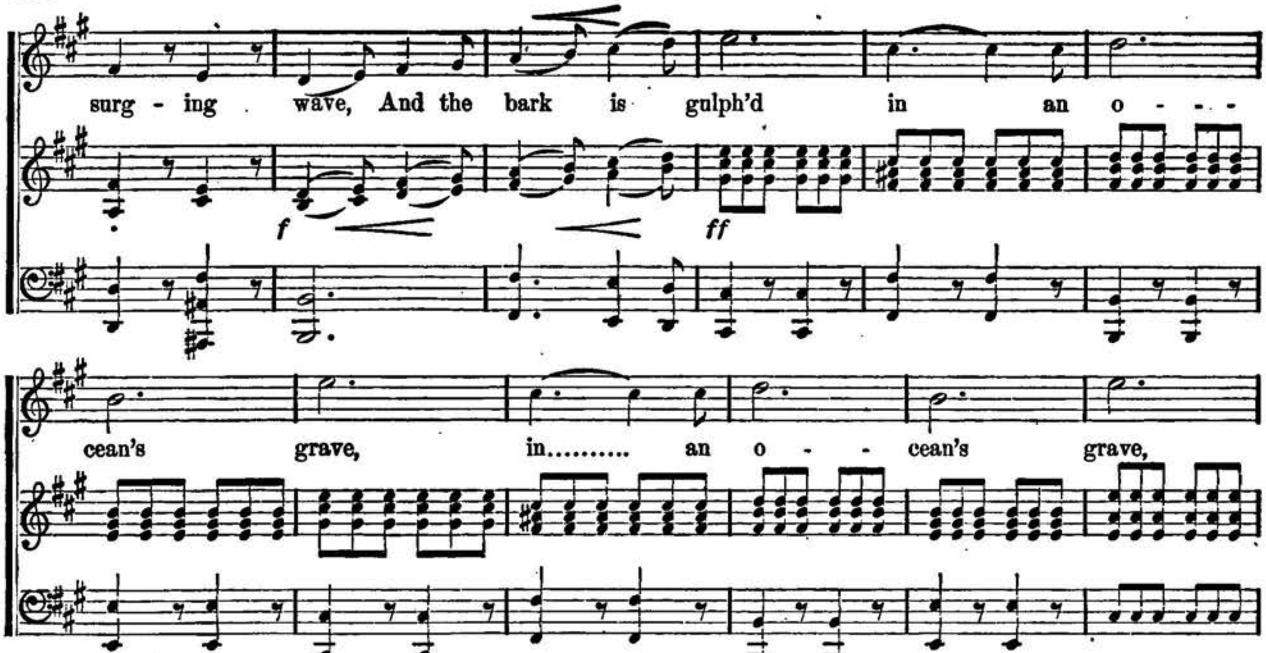
THE words of "The White Squall" were written by CAPTAIN JOHNS, of the Marines, British navy, and the air was made by GEORGE A. BARKER. The latter was a well-known English musician, and was first tenor in the Princess' Theatre, London, thirty years ago. He died in Leychurch, in 1877.

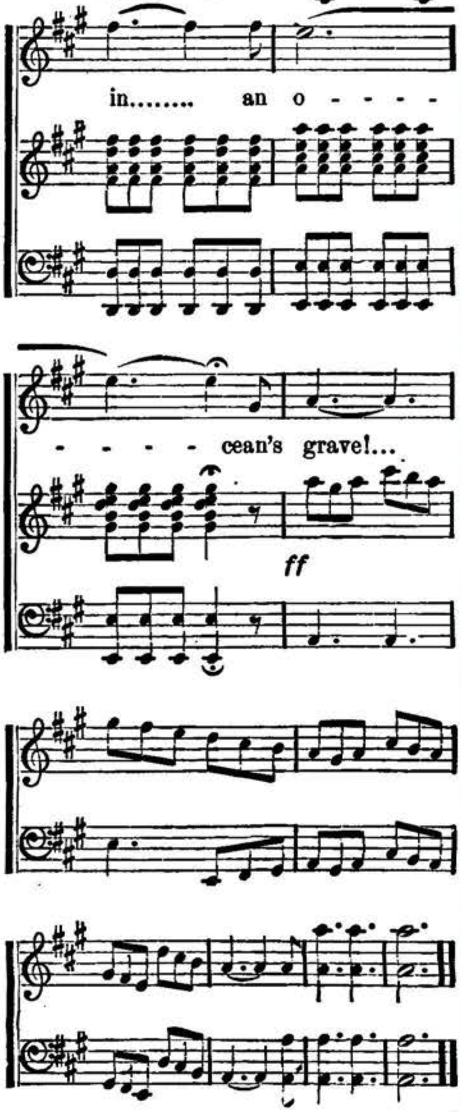

1. The sea......... was bright...... and the bark rode well,......... The breeze bore the
2. They near'd...... the land......... where in beau - ty smiles,....... The sun - - ny
tone...... of the ves - per bell! 'Twas a gal - lant bark..... with
shore..... of the Gre - cian Isles. All thought of home,... of that
crew as brave... As ev - er launch'd on the heav - ing
wel - come dear..... Which soon should greet...... each wan - d'rer's
wave,....... As ev - er launch'd... on the heav - - ing wave,....... She
ear,......... Which soon should greet............ each wan - - d'rer's ear......... And
f
p
p
f
f

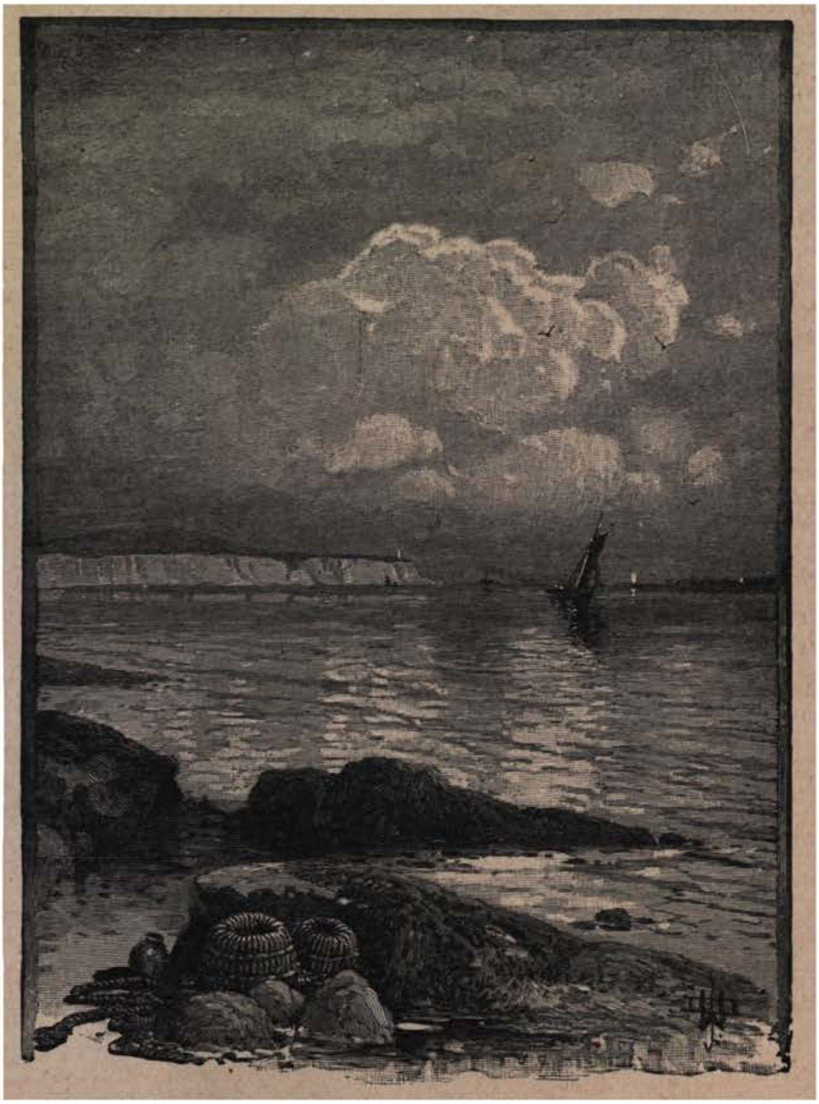

shone in the light... of de - clin - ing day, And each sail was set, And each heart was
in fan - cy join'd..... the so - cial throng, In the fes - tive dance And the joy - ous
f stacc.
f
gay; She................ shone in the light.... of de - clin - - ing day,...... And each sail was
song, And............... in...... fan-cy join'd the so - - cial throng In the fes - tive
8va
p
set....... and each heart was gay,......................... and each heart............... was
dance... and the so - cial throng..................... and the joy - - - - - - ous
8va
loco.
f
gay..........................
song..........................
A white cloud glides...... thro' the

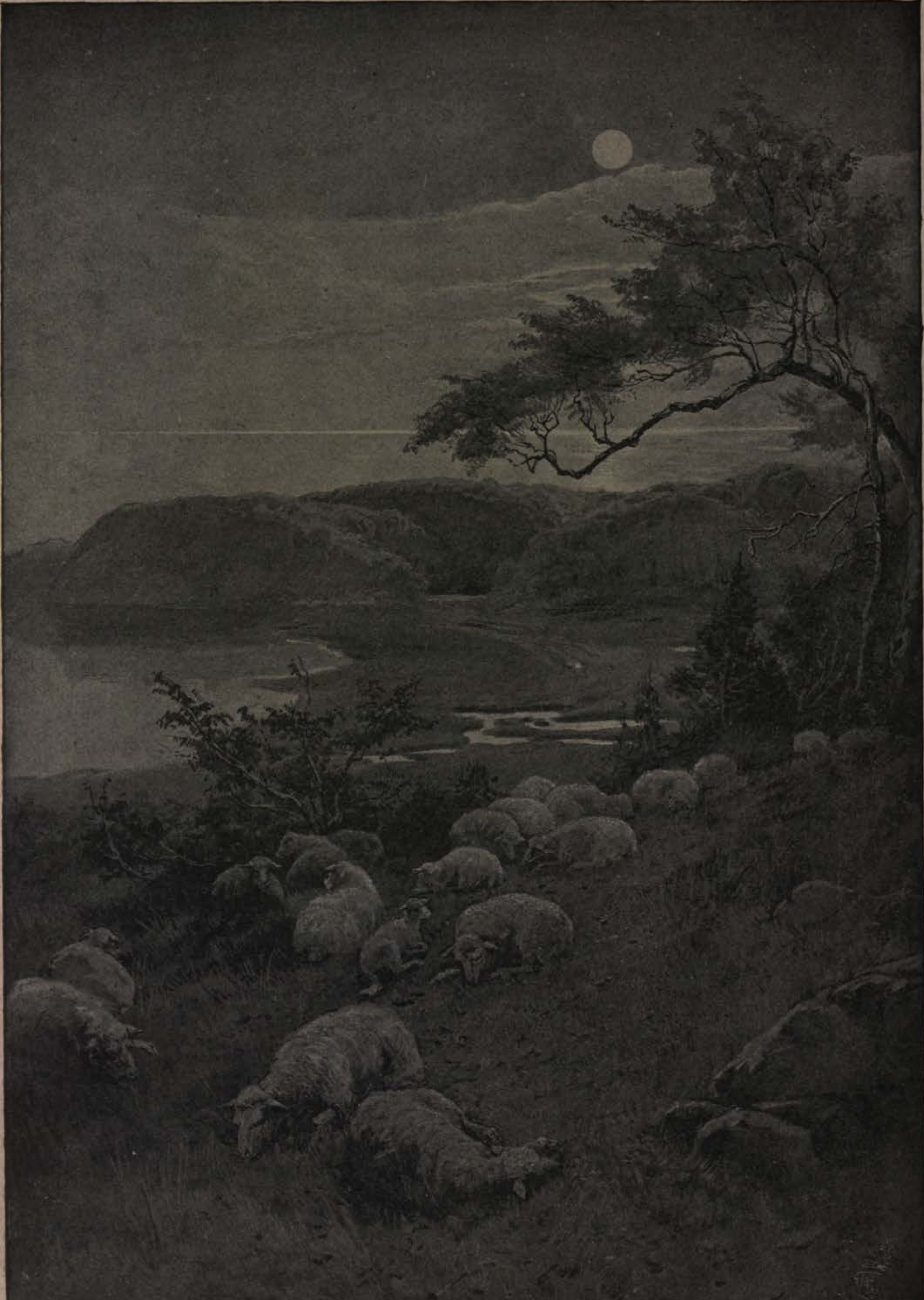

a - zure sky,......... What means...... that wild......... de - spair - ing cry?.....
Andante con espressione.
p
Fare-well! the vis-ion'd scenes of home, Fare - well, the vis-ion'd scenes of home! That cry is
Recit. Ardito.
a tempo.
f
Stacc.
"Help" where no help can come, That cry is help, where no help..... can come; Fare-
ad lib.
well, the vis - ion'd scenes of home, Fare-well, the vis-ion'd scenes of home.


a tempo. Allegro.
For the white squall rides.... on the surg - ing wave, And the bark is gulph'd in an
o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the surg - ing wave,...... And the
f
bark is gulph'd in an o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the surg - ing
p
wave, And the bark is gulph'd in an o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the
cres.


surg - ing wave, And the bark is gulph'd in an o - - -
f
ff
cean's grave, in.......... an o - - cean's grave,


in........ an o - - - -
- - - - cean's grave!...
ff





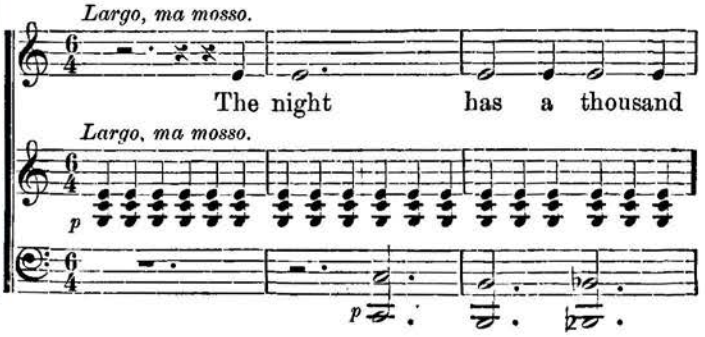
"THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."

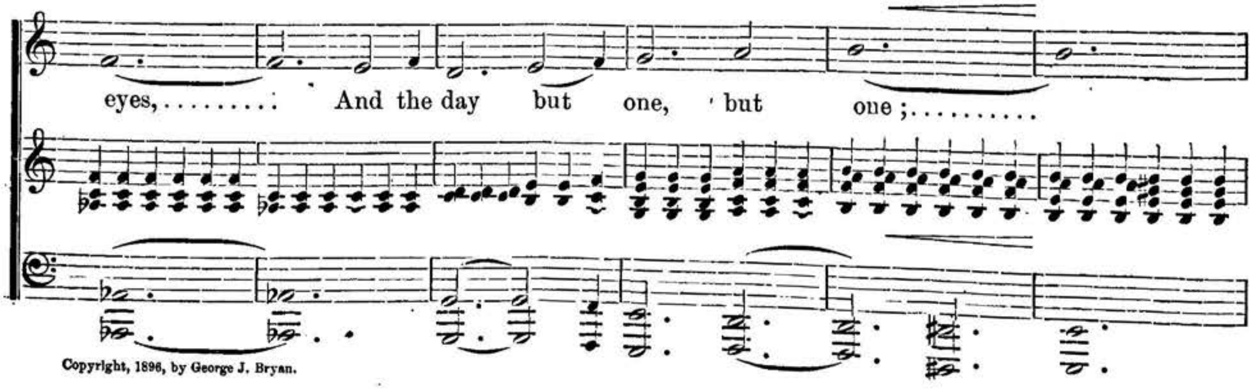
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

SONG FOR MEZZO SOPRANO.

THE melody of this song is by FRANCESCO PAOLO LA VILLA, a musician and composer, residing at the present time in New York City. He was born in Palermo, Italy. His father, a professor of the violin, seeing the indication of talent shown at an early age by his son, sent him to the Cathedral to study the organ under the organist Juvene. At the same time young La Villa was instructed on the violin by the celebrated musician, Muratori. Afterward he studied harmony with Alfano, and with Saladino and Pellegrini fugues and classics; subsequently he was taught piano and orchestration at the Royal College by Bonanno. In 1860 Paolo was attracted by the universal enthusiasm and left his music to follow Garibaldi; and in 1866 he was conscripted and ordered to join his regiment in Florence, where he returned after Italy was united, and the troops disbanded. Making that city the starting place for his career, he continued his studies, the composition of lyric opera with Mabellini, and oratorio and sacred music with Casamorata, President of the Musical Institute. His contact with such artists as Bazzini, Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Pietro Romani, Vieuxtemps, Verdi, Gounod, formed his taste. In the meantime Societá Orchestrale Fiorentina performed the overture of his opera "Neuka" and occasionally produced songs and romances that made him known as one of the most promising young composers of Italy. In 1877 his marriage with an American lady brought him to this country; when he was engaged by Theodore Thomas as Director of the vocal department of the Cincinnati College of Music.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON, an eminent English educator and poet, for some years private tutor to the children of Prince Christian, is the author of the words of this song.




eyes, ... And the day but one, but one; . . . .

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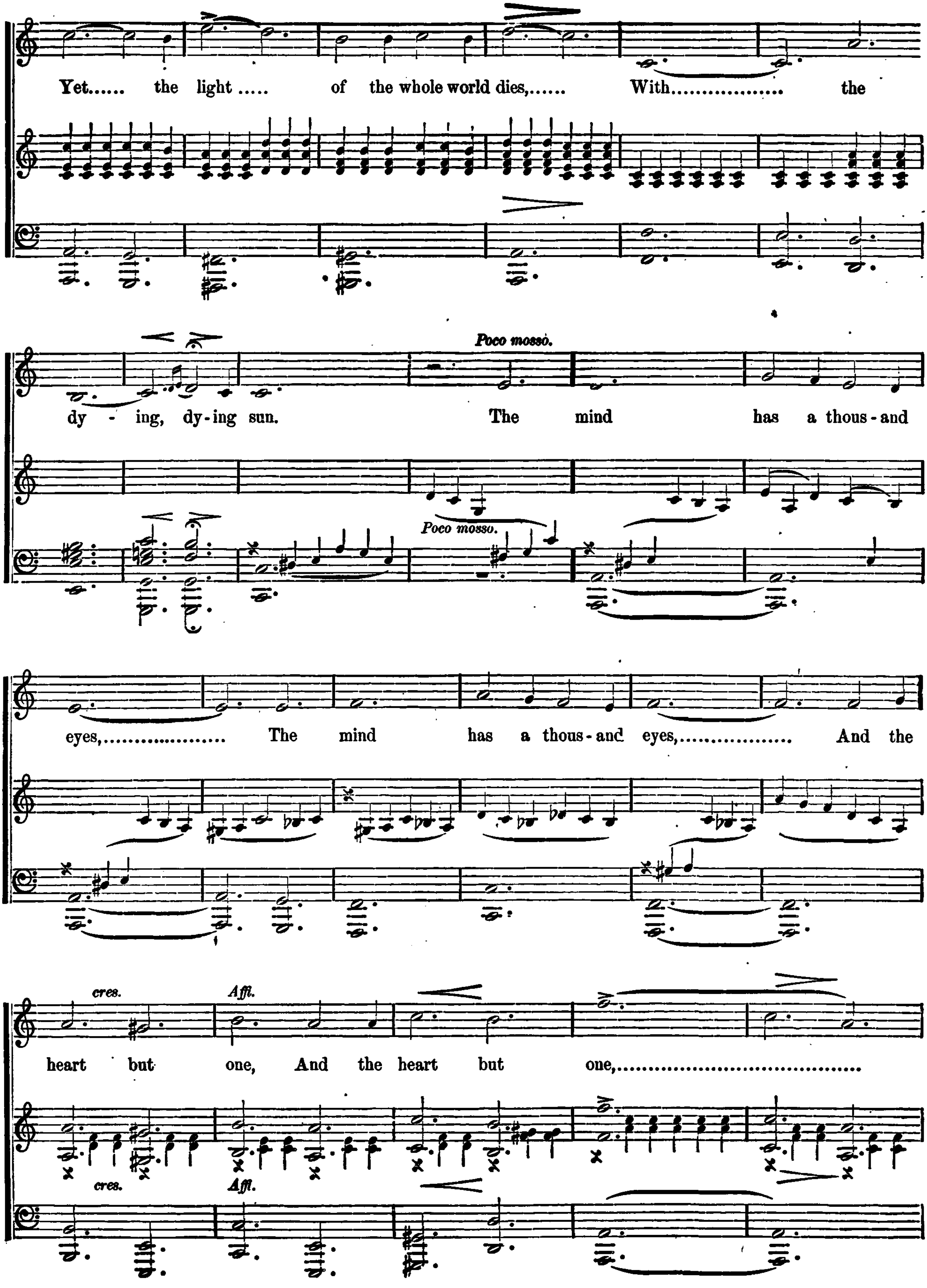
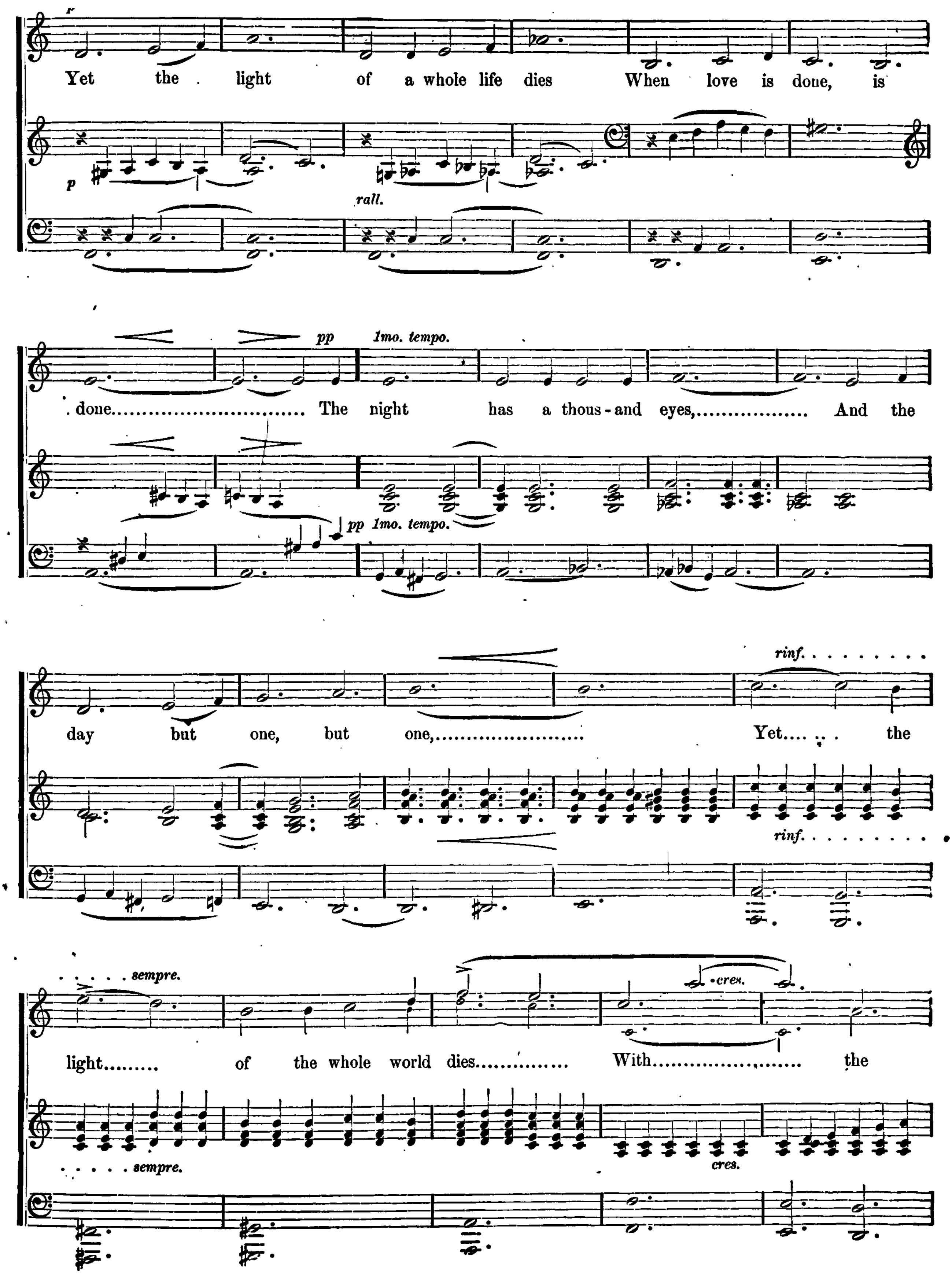
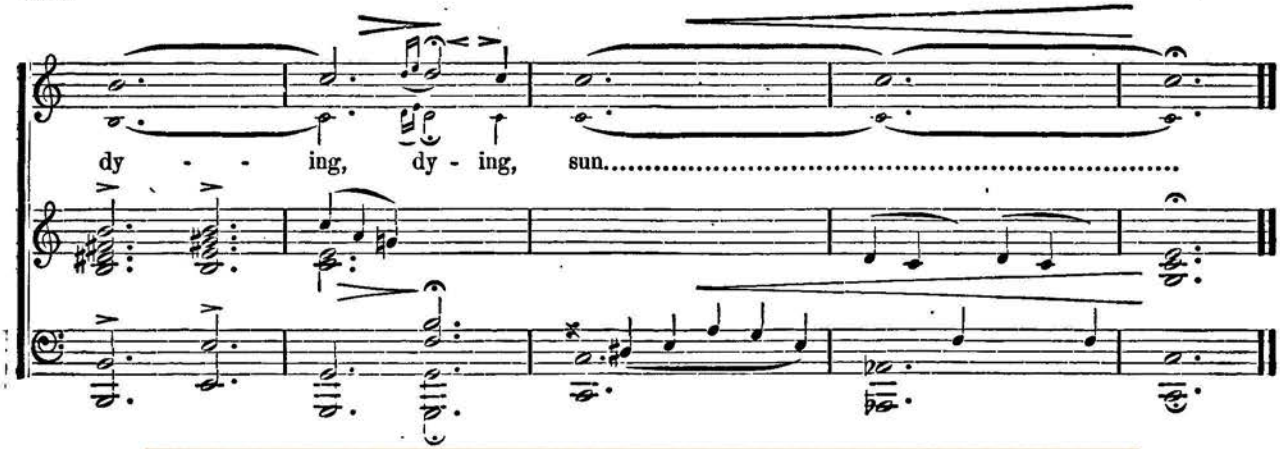
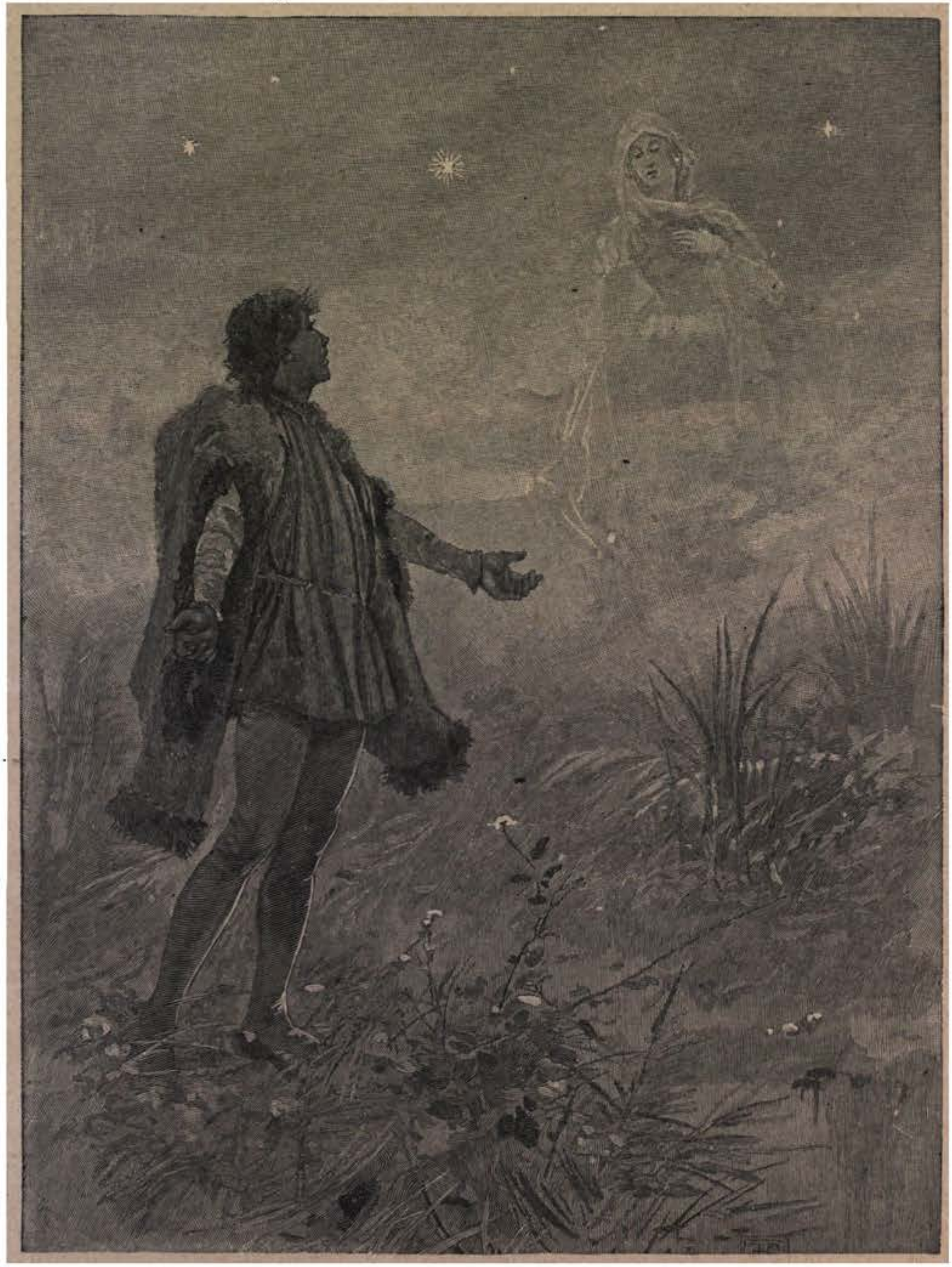

Yet...... the light ..... of the whole world dies,...... With.................. the
dy - ing, dy-ing sun.
Poco mosso.
The mind has a thous-and
Poco mosso.
eyes,..................... The mind has a thous-and eyes,................ And the
cres.
Affl.
heart but one, And the heart but one,.......................................
cres.
Affl.

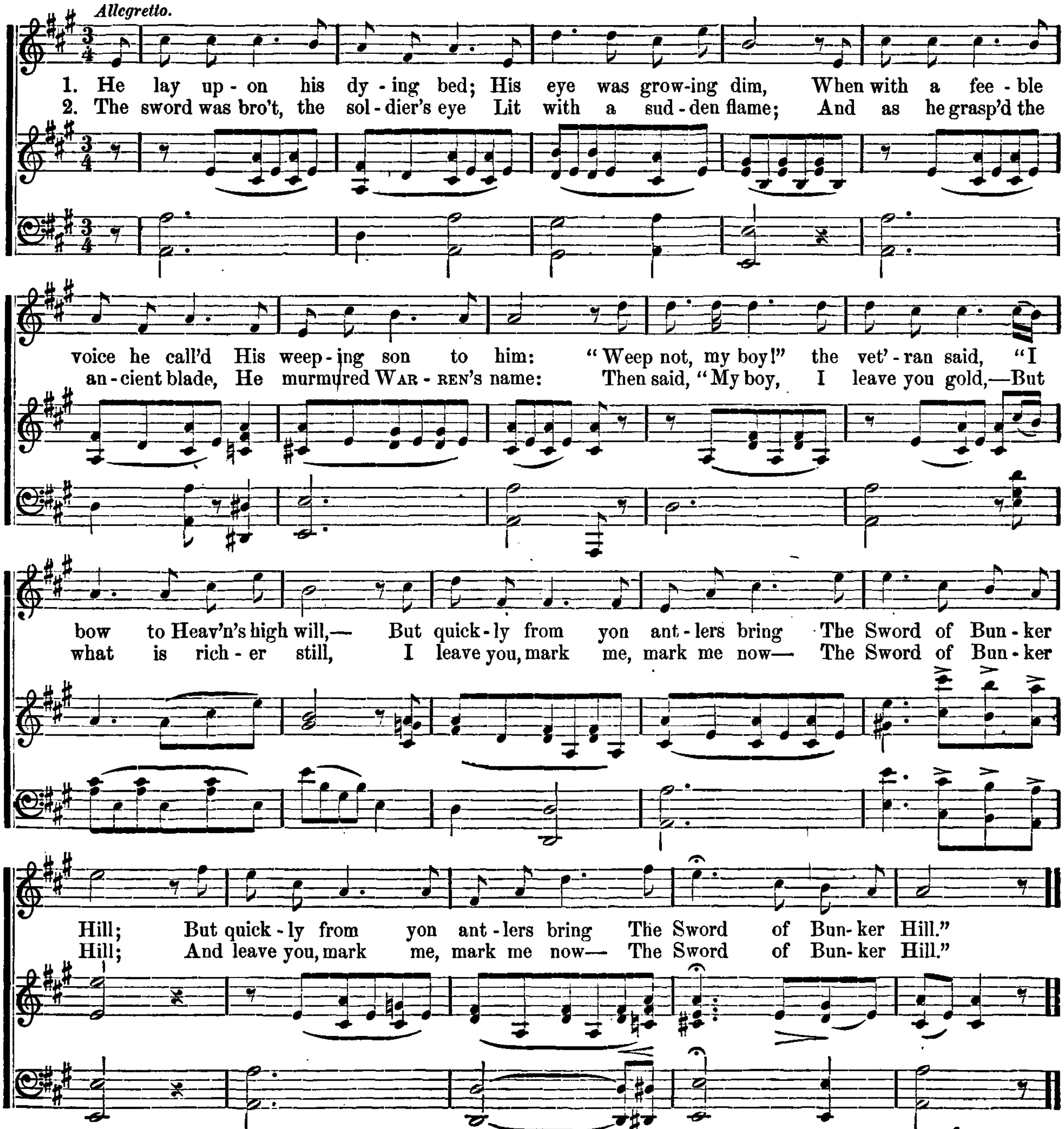

Yet the light of a whole life dies When love is done, is
p
rall.
done........................... The night has a thous-and eyes,................ And the
pp 1mo. tempo.
pp 1mo. tempo.
day but one, but one,...................... Yet.... the
rinf.
rinf.
sempre.
light........ of the whole world dies.............. With......................... the
cres.
sempre.
cres.


dy - - ing, dy - ing, sun



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

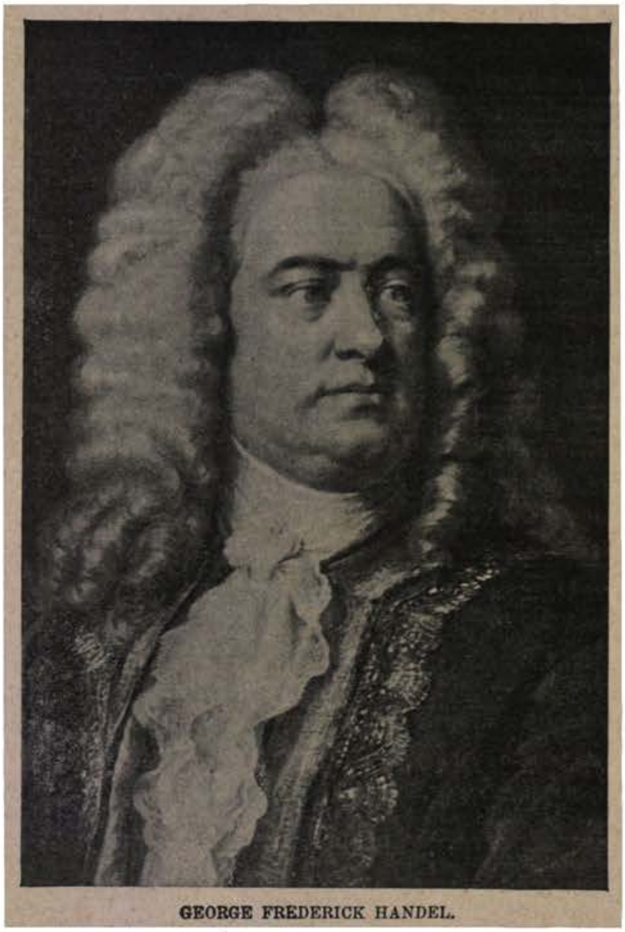
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1819. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. After completing a college course, he studied law; but having been successful with some poetical ventures, he went to New York, where he long resided, devoting himself to the most ephemeral kind of literature, and died in 1883. He published several volumes of poetry. The music of this song was composed by BERNARD COVERT.


Allegretto.
1. He lay up-on his dy-ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When with a fee-ble
2. The sword was bro't, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud-den flame; And as he grasp'd the
voice he call'd His weep-ing son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the vet'-ran said, "I
an-cient blade, He murmured WAR-REN's name: Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,—But
bow to Heav'n's high will,— But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The Sword of Bun-ker
what is rich-er still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun-ker
Hill; But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."
Hill; And leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."

3 "'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will—
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

4 "Oh, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains; the sword remains—
Its glory growing still—
And twenty millions bless the sire,
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

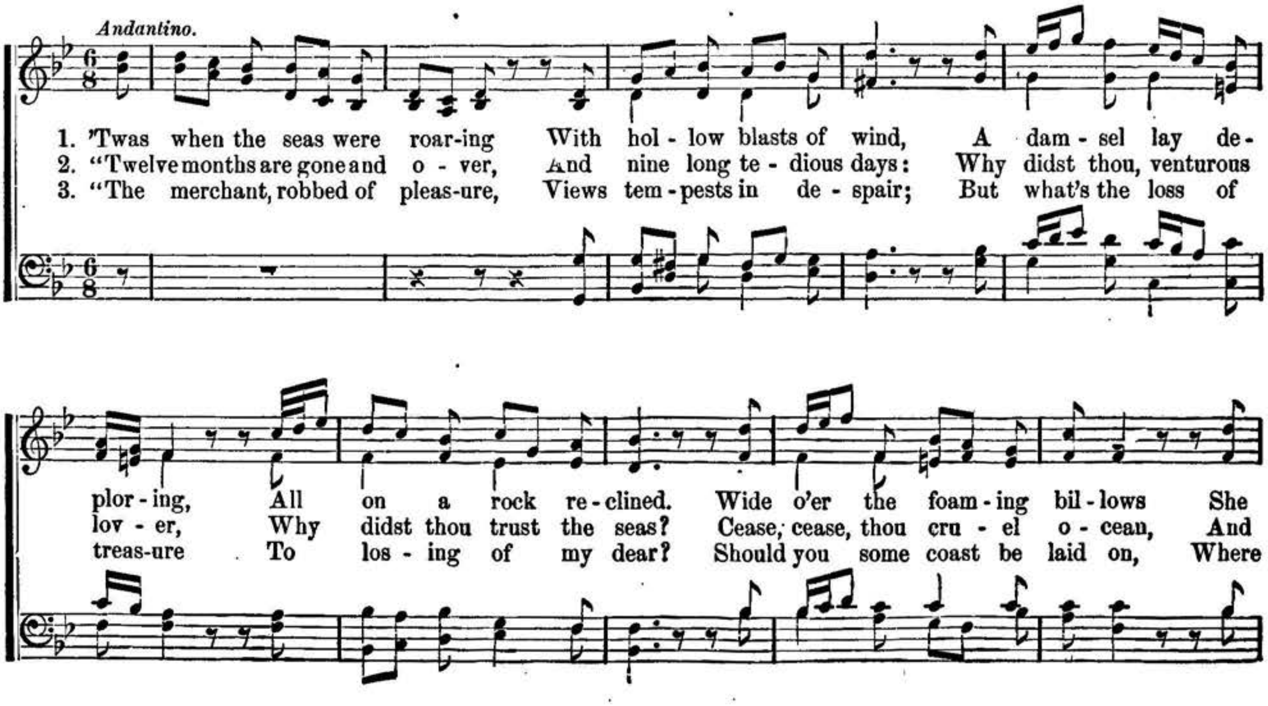
'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

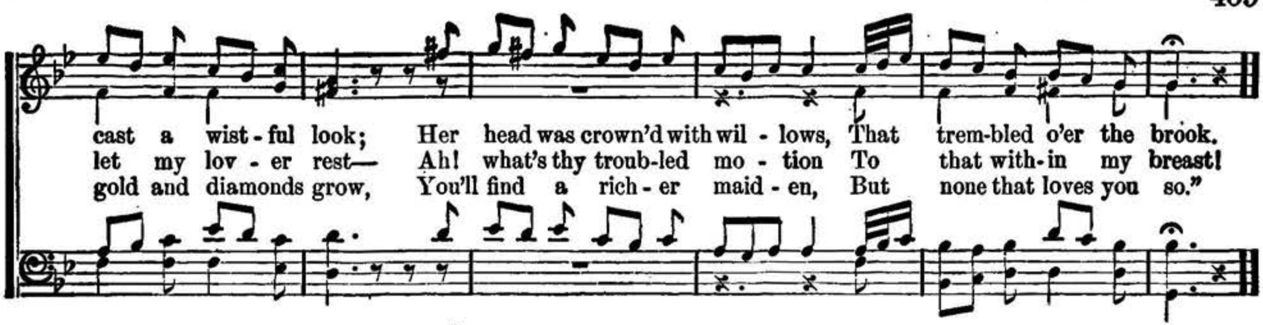


GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

THE words of the following song were written by JOHN GAY. It was made for a tragic-comic play, entitled "What-d'-ye-call-it?" This was an entirely new style of piece, in which the action was apparently tragic, but the language absurd. Part of the audience, catching the latter but faintly, were ready to dissolve in tears, while the rest were so convulsed with laughter, that the drift of the piece was forgotten in the enjoyment. Campbell says of the author: "The works of Gay are on our shelves, but not in our pockets,—in our remembrance, but not in our memories. His fables are as good as a series of such pieces will, in all possibility, ever be. No one has envied him their production; but many would like to have the fame of having written 'The Shepherd's Week,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the ballad that begins, ''Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.'" Cowper, in a letter dated August 4, 1783, says: "What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What-d'-ye-call-it?'—''Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.' I have been well informed that they all contributed."

The music of the ballad is from HANDEL. Handel, among the other great composers, is seldom associated with song music, but the time was, in England at least, when no concert programme was complete without several of Handel's songs. Many of his most beautiful melodies are now seldom heard.


Andantino.
1. 'Twas when the seas were roar-ing With hol - low blasts of wind, A dam - sel lay de-
2. "Twelve months are gone and o - ver, And nine long te - dious days: Why didst thou, venturous
3. "The merchant, robbed of pleas-ure, Views tem - pests in de - spair; But what's the loss of
plor - ing, All on a rock re - clined. Wide o'er the foam - ing bil - lows She
lov - er, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease, cease, thou cru - el o - cean, And
treas-ure To los - ing of my dear? Should you some coast be laid on, Where


cast a wist - ful look; Her head was crown'd with wil - lows, That trem-bled o'er the brook.
let my lov - er rest— Ah! what's thy troub-led mo - tion To that with-in my breast!
gold and diamonds grow, You'll find a rich - er maid - en, But none that loves you so."

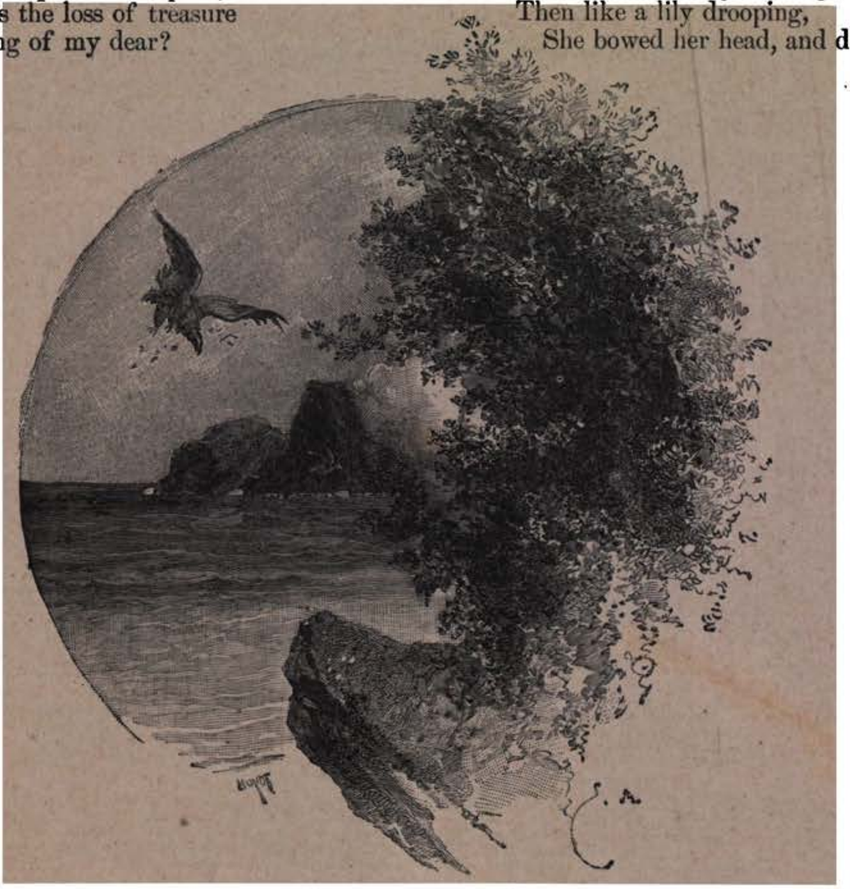
'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest—
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

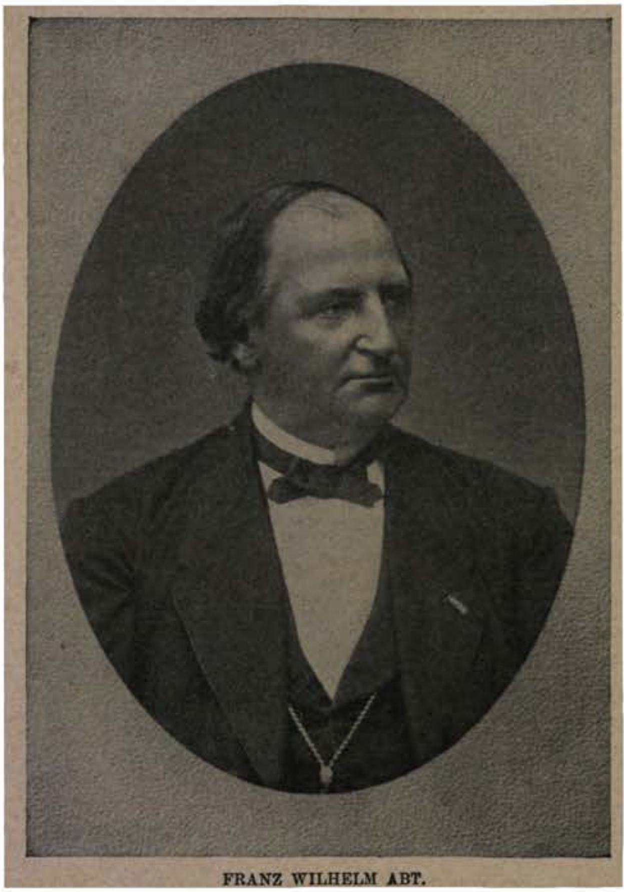
"The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so."

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied,
Then like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

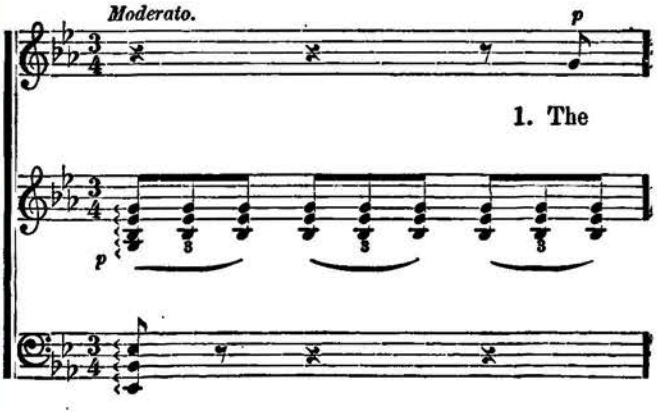


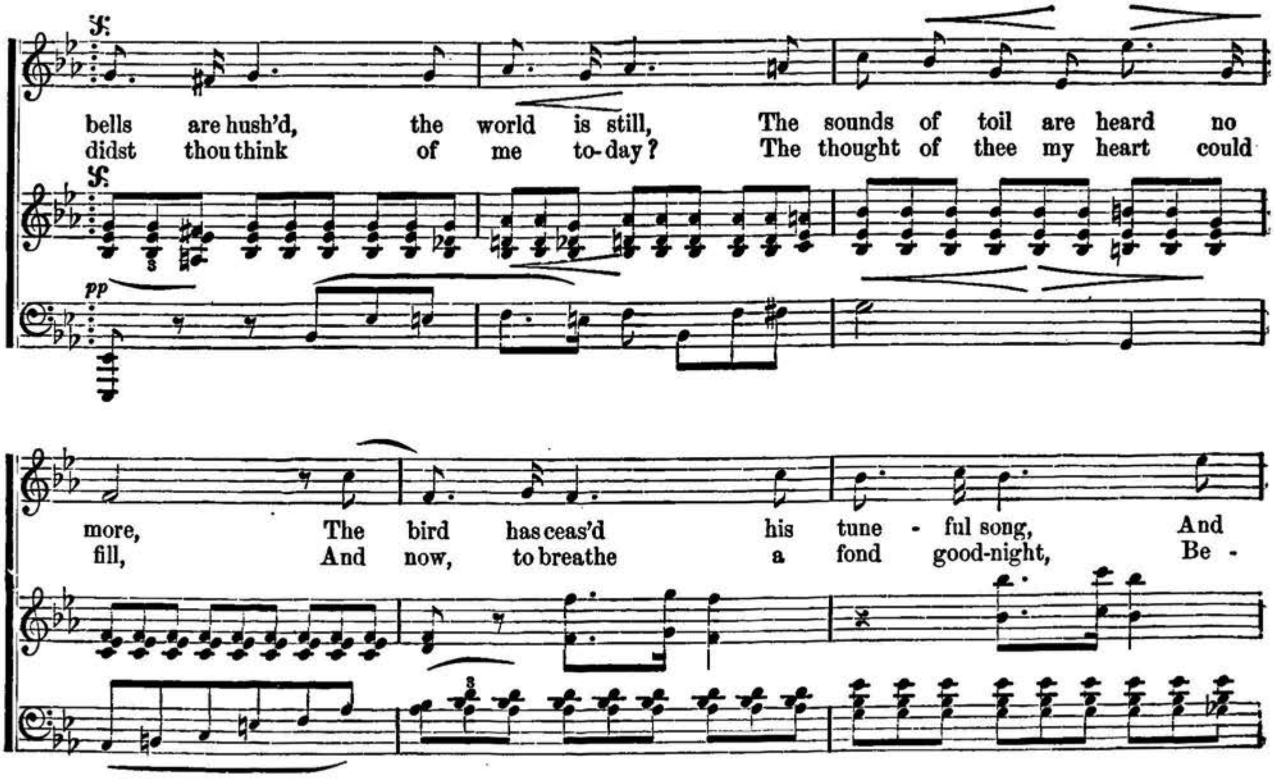
SLEEP WELL, THOU SWEET ANGEL.

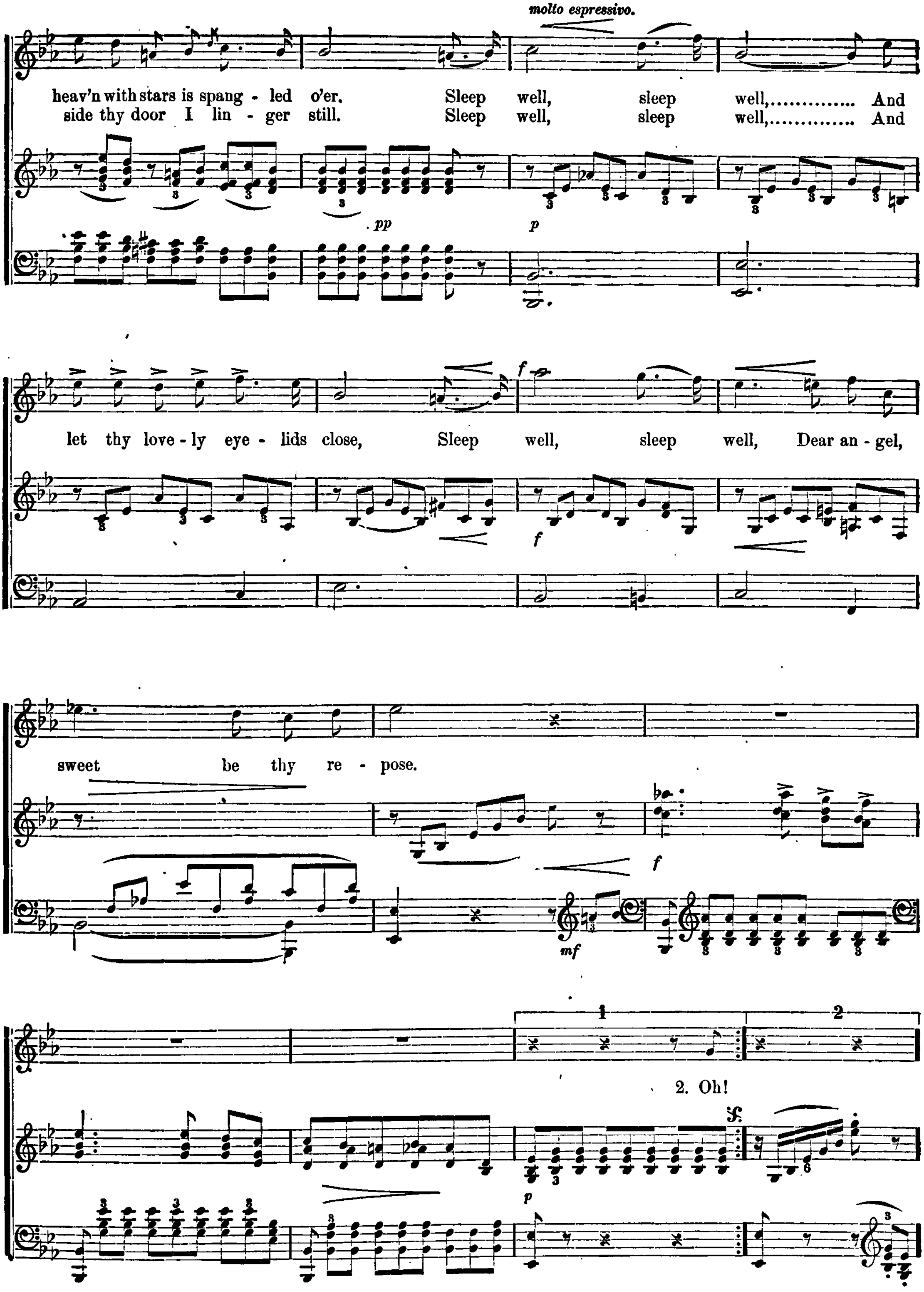


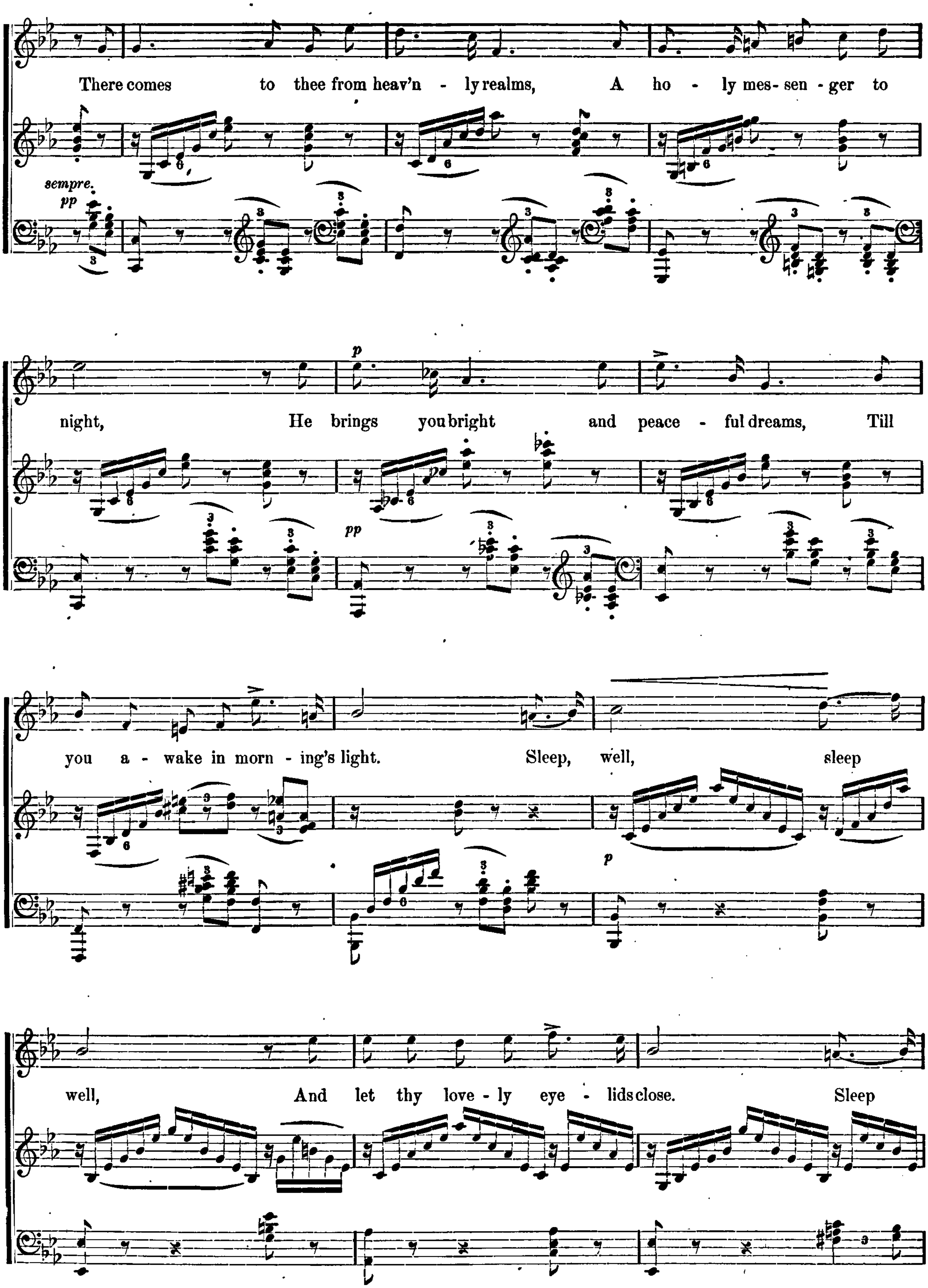
FRANZ WILHELM ABT.

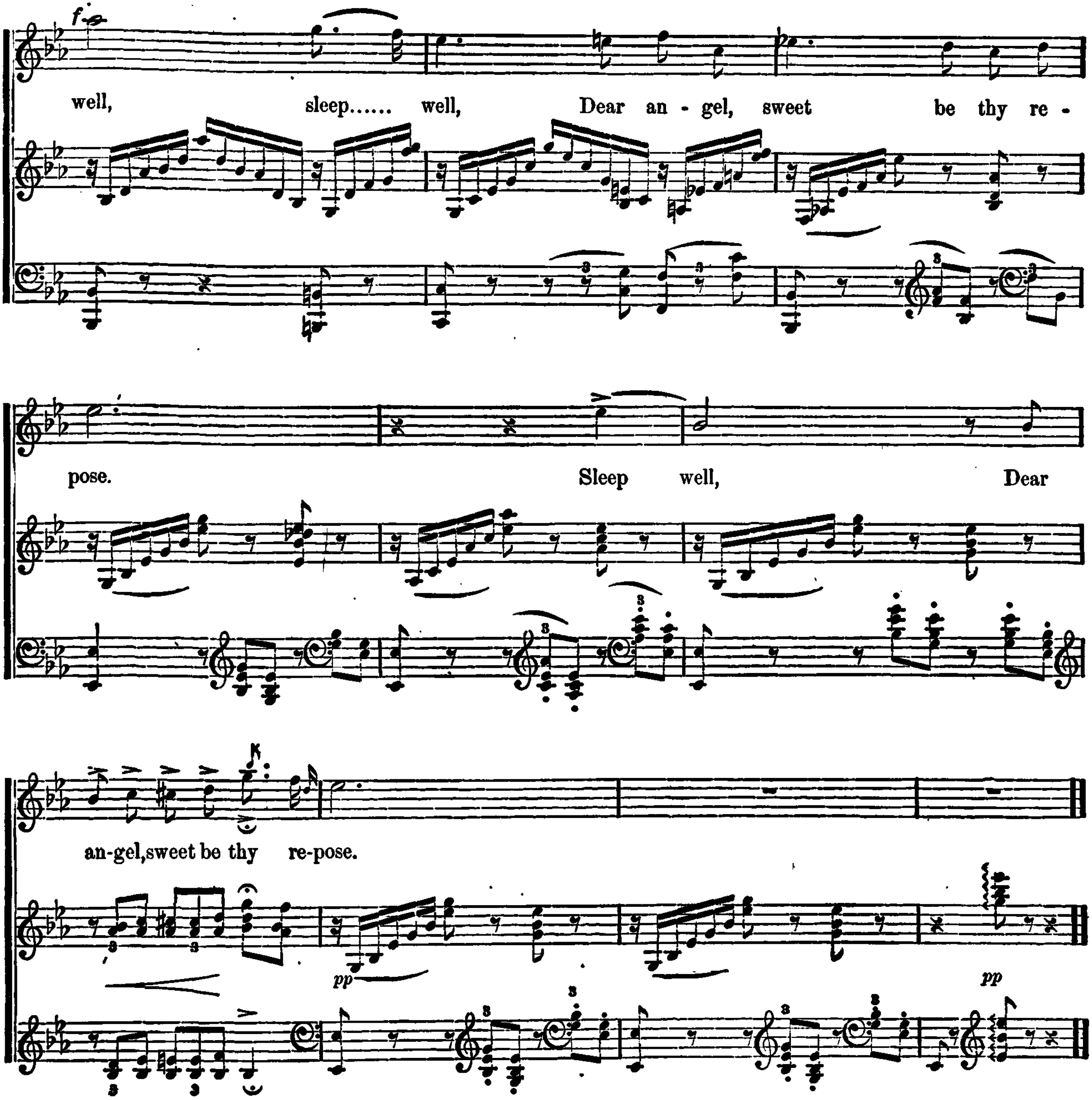
"**Sleep Well**" is one of the most famous, as it is one of the most romantic, of all the songs with which **Franz Wilhelm Abt** has enriched the music of the world. And that is well said, for his songs are sung not only in his native Germany, but wherever music is known and appreciated. There is a simplicity about his songs that renders them "popular" indeed, both because of their genuine appeal to the universal emotions and because they are within the compass of amateur singers.


Moderato.
p
1. The
p


bells are hush'd, the world is still, The sounds of toil are heard no
didst thou think of me to-day? The thought of thee my heart could
pp
more, The bird has ceas'd his tune - ful song, And
fill, And now, to breathe a fond good-night, Be -


molto espressivo.
heav'n with stars is spang - led o'er. Sleep well, sleep well,.............. And
side thy door I lin - ger still. Sleep well, sleep well,.............. And
pp
p
let thy love - ly eye - lids close, Sleep well, sleep well, Dear an - gel,
f
sweet be thy re - pose.
f
mf
1
2
2. Oh!
p


There comes to thee from heav'n - ly realms, A ho - ly mes - sen - ger to
sempre.
pp
night, He brings you bright and peace - ful dreams, Till
p
pp
you a - wake in morn - ing's light. Sleep, well, sleep
p
well, And let thy love - ly eye - lids close. Sleep


f
well, sleep...... well, Dear an - gel, sweet be thy re -
pose. Sleep well, Dear
an-gel,sweet be thy re-pose.
pp
pp

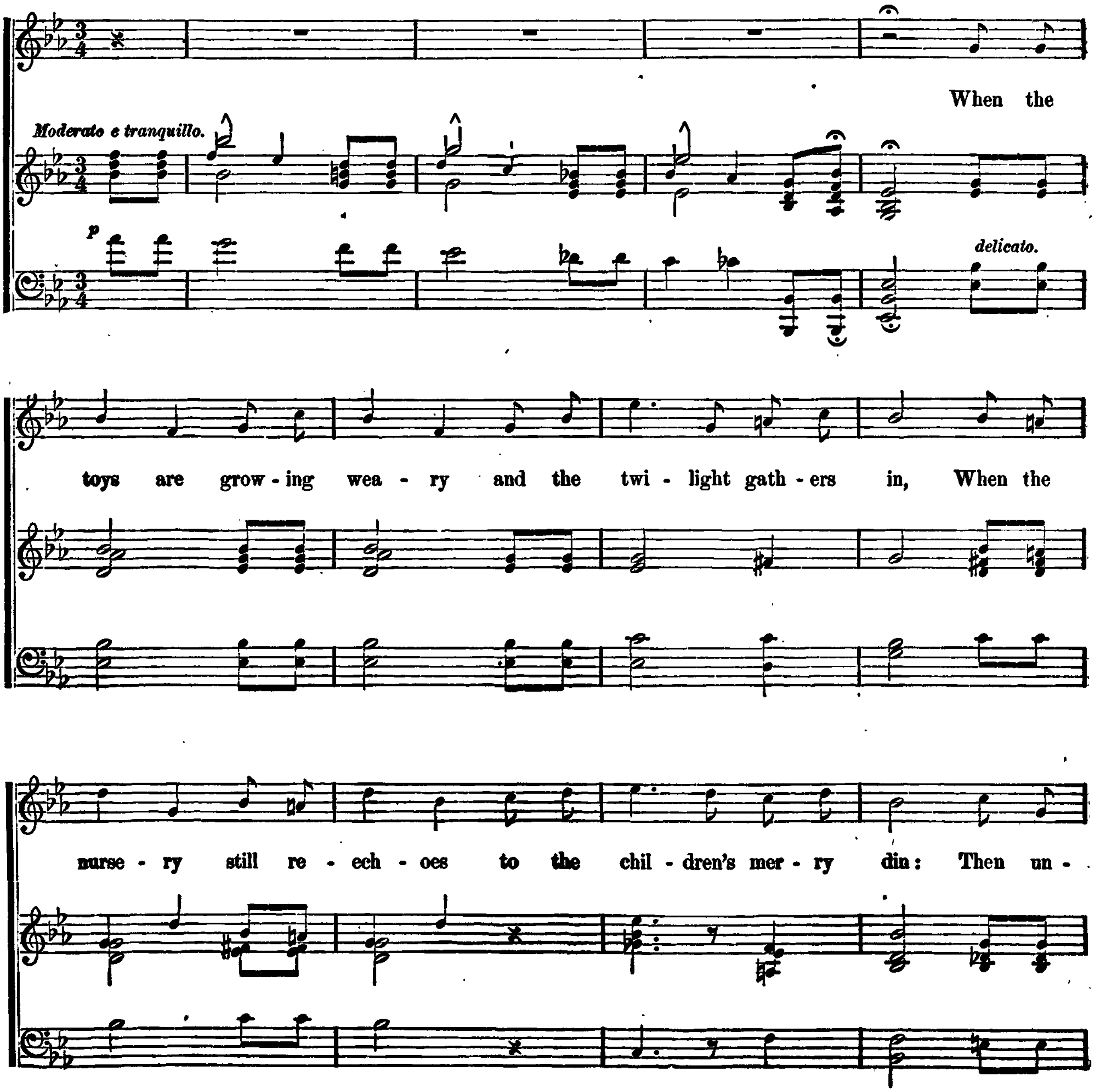
The bells are hushed, the world is still,
The sounds of toil are heard no more,
The bird has ceased his tuneful song,
And heav'n with stars is spangled o'er.
Sleep well, sleep well,
And let thy lovely eyelids close,
Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.

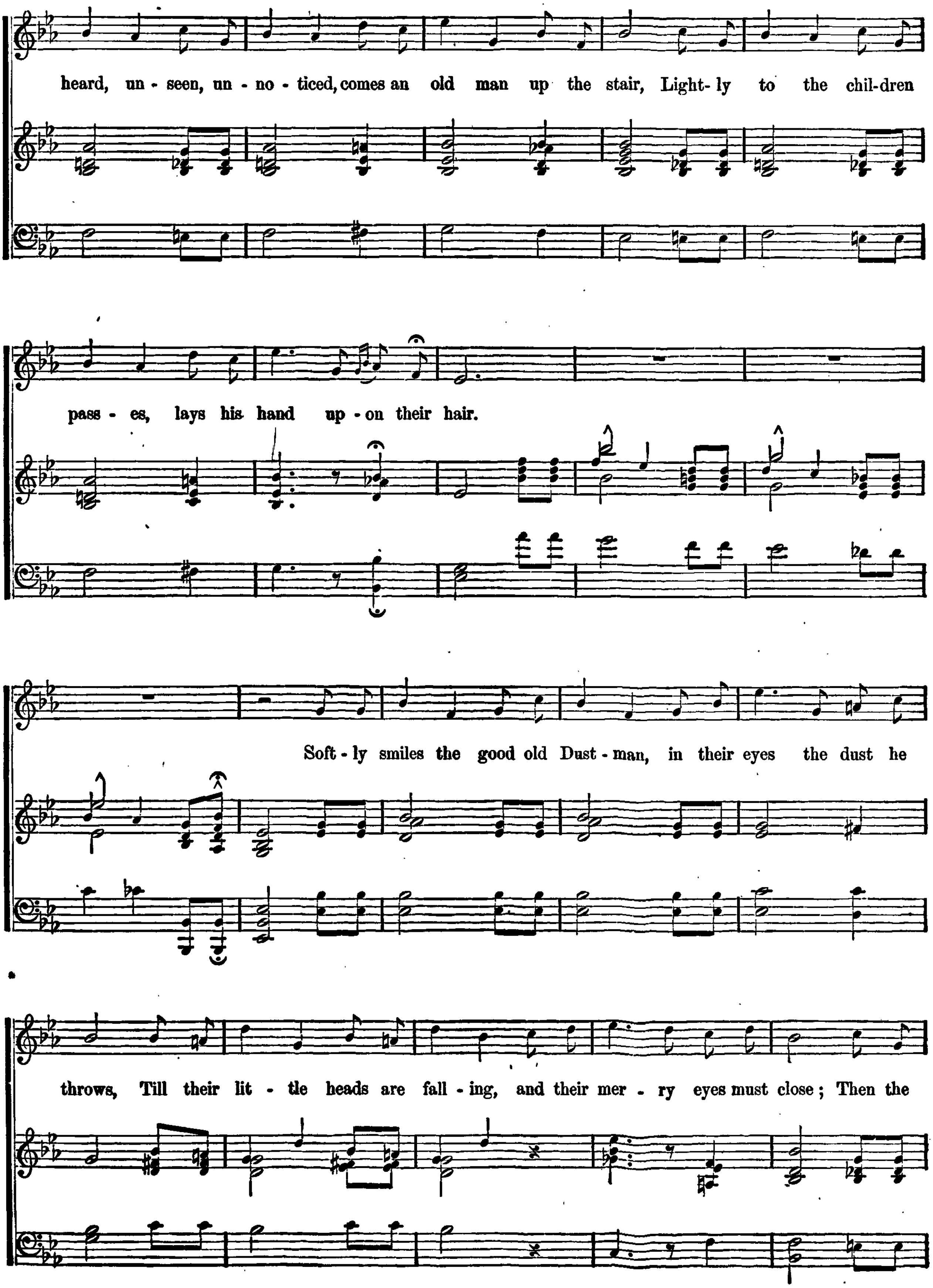
Oh ! didst thou think of me to-day?
The thought of thee my heart could fill,
And now, to breathe a fond good night,
Beside thy door I linger still.
Sleep well, sleep well,
And let thy lovely eyelids close,
Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.

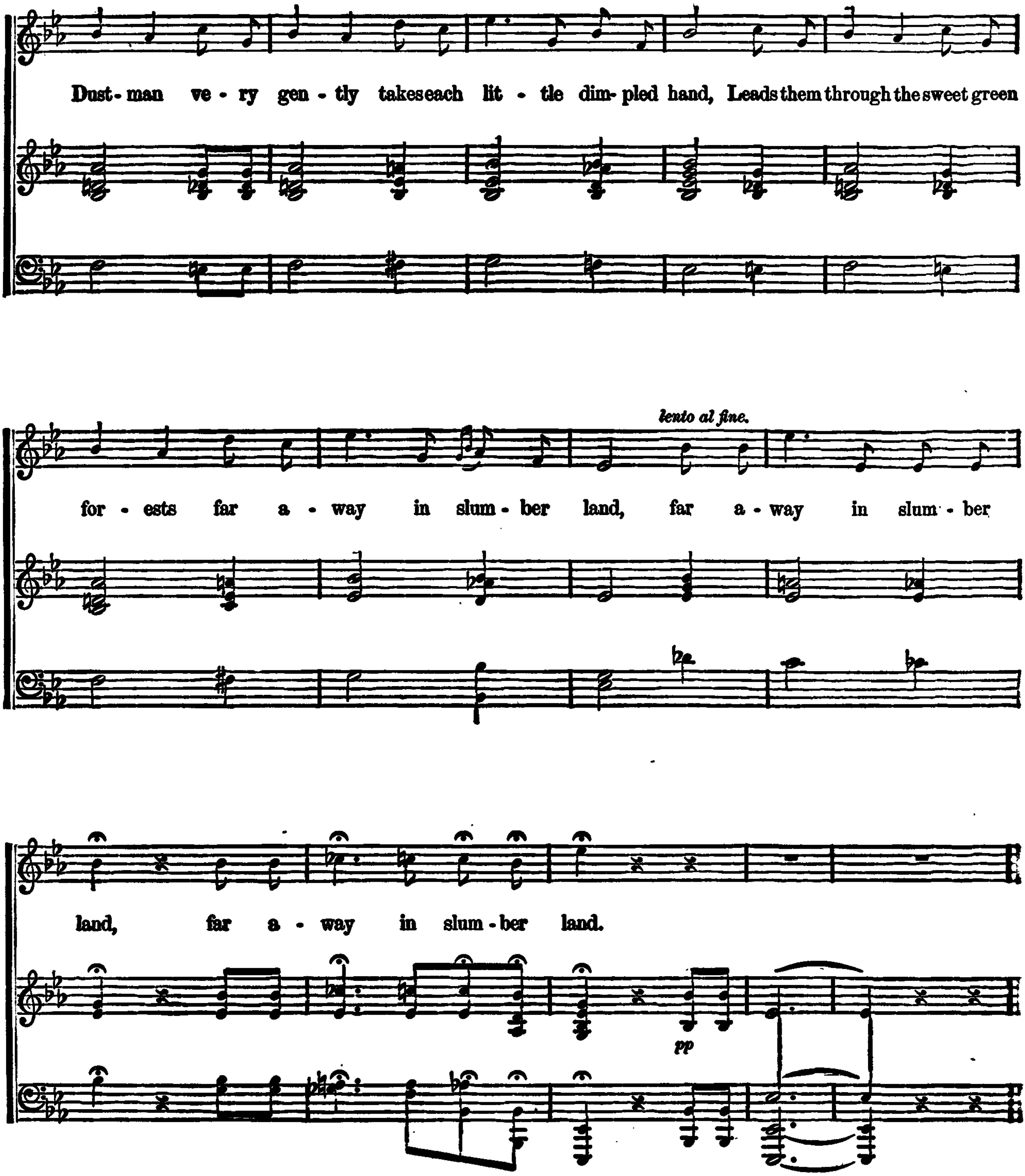
There comes to thee from heav'nly realms,
A holy messenger to-night,
He brings you bright and peaceful dreams,
Till you awake in morning's light.
Sleep well, sleep well,
And let thy lovely eyelids close,
Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.

THE DUSTMAN.

Whoever knows the wonderfully beautiful illustrated literature for children of these happy days, is familiar enough with the name of **Frederick E. Weatherly**, for he has contributed the letter-press to not less than fifty of the most popular of these volumes during the past twenty years. He is the writer of the words of this song. The variety and quaintness of the subjects that have caught his fancy, and the magical touch he brings to even the most commonplace and seemingly unpoetic feature of every day life, afford as much pleasure to the most critical and "grown up" reader as do his delicate fairy fancies to the youngest. He was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1848, and was graduated in 1871 from Oxford University, receiving soon after the degree of Master of Arts. He makes the law the serious business of his life, although the incidental work of writing the books in which he finds his own recreation while he affords recreation to others has been prolific enough to have served for the single occupation of a less industrious writer. Among the most acceptable contributions to literature from his pen are the songs which have been sympathetically set to the music of a kindred spirit, **J. L. Molloy.**

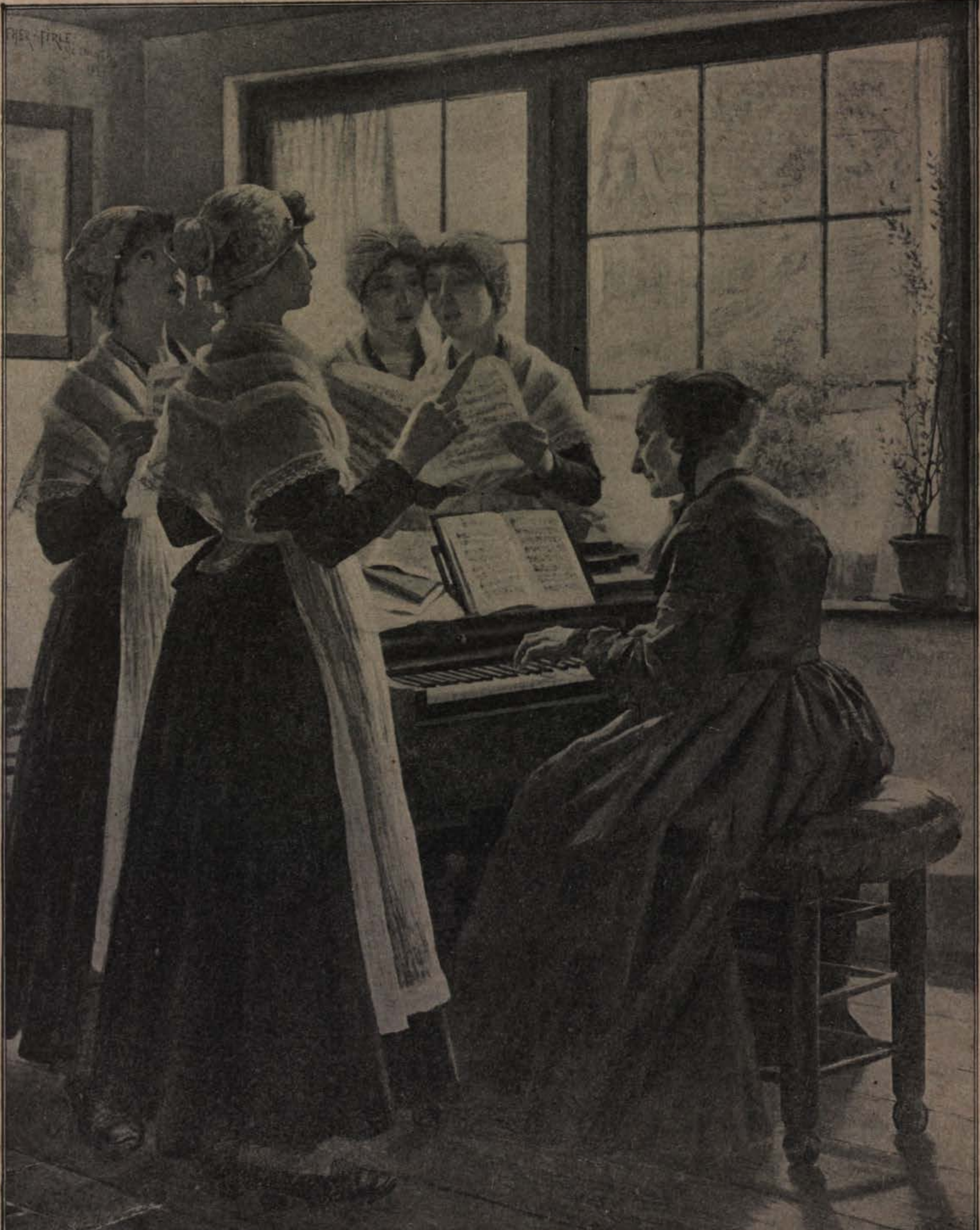

Moderato e tranquillo.
p
delicato.
When the
toys are grow - ing wea - ry and the twi - light gath - ers in, When the
nurse - ry still re - ech - oes to the chil - dren's mer - ry din: Then un -


heard, un - seen, un - no - ticed, comes an old man up the stair, Light- ly to the chil-dren
pass - es, lays his hand up - on their hair.
Soft - ly smiles the good old Dust - man, in their eyes the dust he
throws, Till their lit - tle heads are fall - ing, and their mer - ry eyes must close; Then the


Dust-man ve-ry gen-tly takes each lit-tle dim-pled hand, Leads them through the sweet green
for-ests far a-way in slum-ber land, far a-way in slum-ber
lento al fine.
land, far a-way in slum-ber land.
pp

When the toys are growing weary and the twilight
gathers in,
When the nursery still reechoes to the children's
merry din:
Then unheard, unseen, unnoticed, comes an old
man up the stair,
Lightly to the children passes, lays his hand upon
their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman, in their eyes
the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling, and their merry
eyes must close;
Then the Dustman very gently takes each little
dimpled hand,
Leads them through the sweet green forests far
away in slumber land.



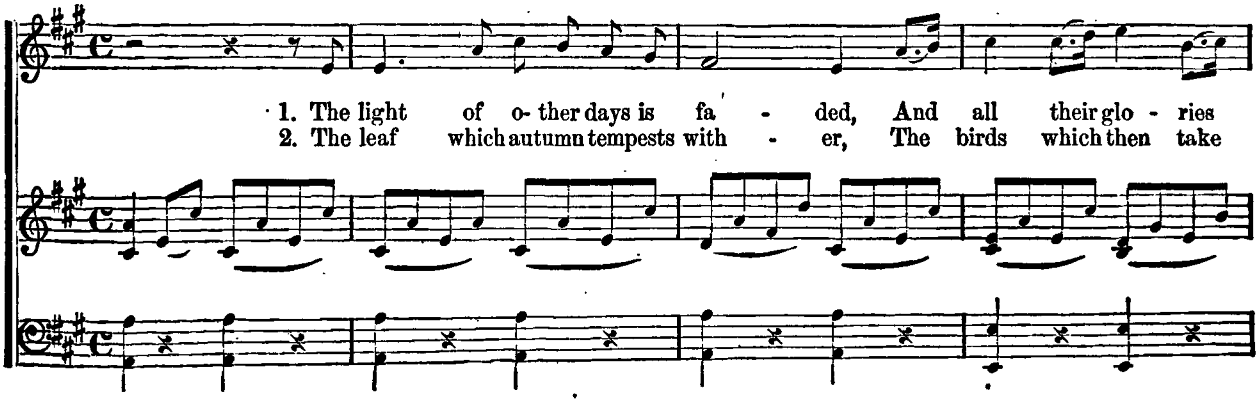
SINGING THE OLD SONGS

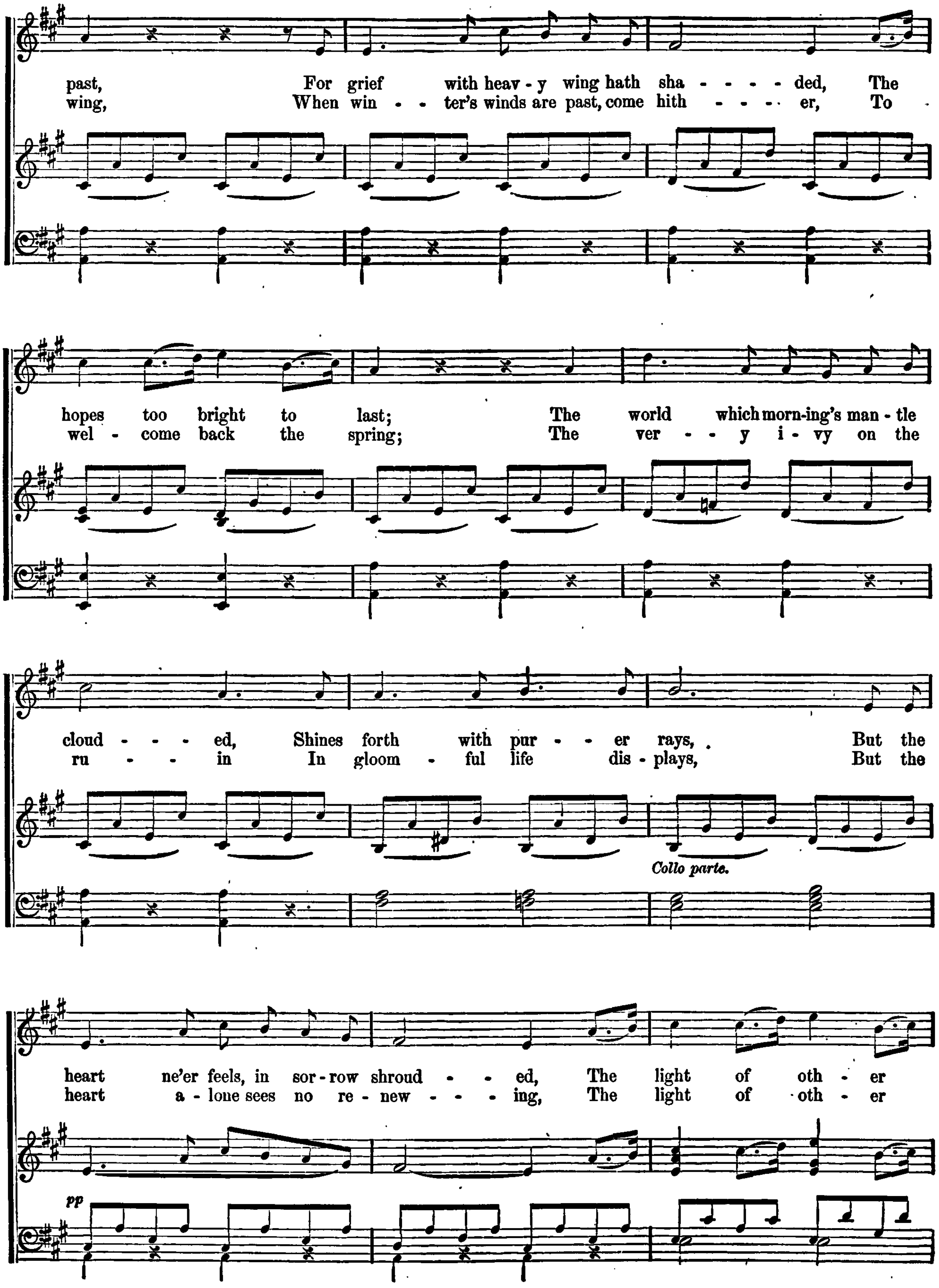
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

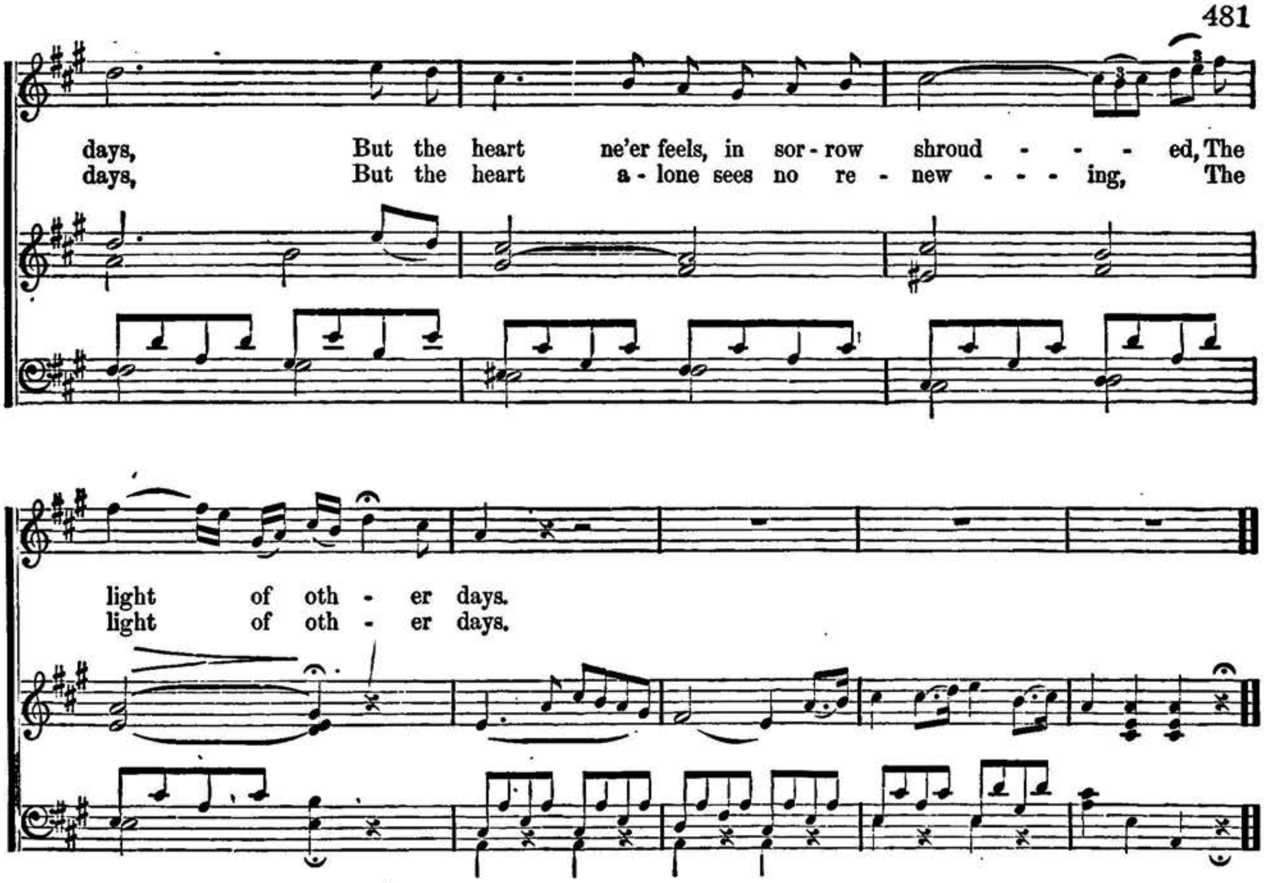
"THE Light of Other Days" is said to have been the most popular song of its time in England, and it was a great favorite in America. ALFRED BUNN, author of the words, was born about 1790. His life was spent in London, where he was for several years manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He published a volume of poems in 1816, a book called "The Stage, both before and behind the Curtain," in 1840, and in 1853, "Old England and New England," which records his impressions of and adventures in America. The excitement concerning the spirit-rappings was then at its height, and Mr. Bunn visited a "circle," where he was told the following particulars, known only to himself,—that his mother's name was Martha Charlotte, and that she died in Dublin, in 1833, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Bunn being invited to lecture in Manchester, New Hampshire, in place of Theodore Parker, who was ill, gave an amusing talk, and when it was finished a gentleman in the audience, who supposed himself listening to Parker, said: *Now,* my friend, are you convinced? Here is a man ascending the pulpit, and, instead of delivering pure and unmixed matter for the hearer's spiritual advantage, throws the congregation into horse-laughter by talking about Shakespeare and the players." At a lecture delivered in Newburyport, Bunn intended reciting the address to a skull, in "Hamlet," but on taking up the one furnished for the occasion, he discovered a sabre-cut on one side, and a bullet-hole on the other. It was impossible to apostrophize such a riddled pate with "Why might not this be the skull of a lawyer?" In life, it had been the thinking-apparatus of a soldier of the Mexican war. Mr. Bunn's was a familiar name in the daily newspaper life of London, forty years ago, and *Punch* used to take pleasure in a quiet smile at the slightly pompous and self-important figure which he cut. He died about 1860.

Henry Phillips, in his "Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century," tells the story of this song: "Mr. Bunn had introduced to the English stage Madame Malibran, who appeared in the 'Sonnambula,' and received one hundred guineas a night, which sum, great as was her talent, she did not draw to the theatre. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Bunn entered into a further engagement with her, and was very anxious to bring her out in a new opera. He consulted me upon the occasion, and, amongst other things, asked me if I thought Mr. Balfe had talent enough to write an opera for so great a vocalist. My reply was, that I believed he had talent enough for anything. This settled the question; and a subject was immediately decided on, and the opera christened 'The Maid of Artois.' Mr. Bunn wrote the libretto, which being handed over to Mr. Balfe, he commenced his music to it. All went on very well, till he conceived that beautiful recitative and air, "The light of other days is faded.' A happier thought never inspired his brain; and on scoring it for the orchestra, an equally bright idea flashed across him, in giving the solo and obligato to the cornet-a-piston, an instrument then new to the public, and producing a most charming and sympathetic effect. . . . When I rehearsed 'The Light of other days,' Madame Malibran, listening to it, said, 'Oh, that is beautiful! I must have it in my part.' The composer, the dramatist, the manager, all assured her that it could not be. 'Don't tell me,' she said; 'I shall speak to Phillips. He is good-natured, and I am sure if he knows I prefer it in my character, he will let me have it.' Now, there is no doubt but Mr. Phillips was very good-natured, and would have done almost anything to oblige a lady, but he was too wise to part with so valuable a song as this, and therefore very politely declined. She was greatly annoyed, and said she would not play in the opera. Her name, however, having been announced, left her no possibility of escape. Every rehearsal increased the effect of my song, until the night of performance arrived, when my recitative and song was, like 'Farewell to the mountain,' most successful, and I had to sing it three times.

"The success of the whole work was great, and at its termination we supped with Mr. Balfe, at his lodgings in the Quadrant, and found there, assembled to meet us, many eminent artists. Malibran had arrived before me. I rang at the street door, but as when that was opened there was no light in the passage, I called out to the servant, to ascertain how far I was to ascend, when Malibran, hearing my voice, ran to the top of the stairs, and said, 'Quick, quick, give me a candle!—here is "The light of other days" coming up in the dark.'"

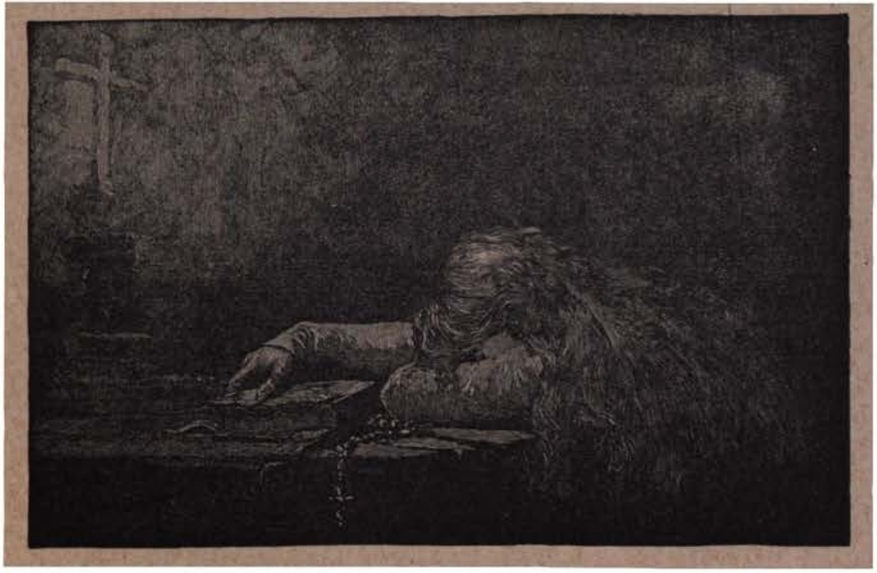

1. The light of o- ther days is fa - ded, And all their glo - ries
2. The leaf which autumn tempests with - er, The birds which then take


past, For grief with heav - y wing hath sha - - - - - ded, The
wing, When win - - ter's winds are past, come hith - - - - er, To -
hopes too bright to last; The world which morn-ing's man - tle
wel - come back the spring; The ver - - y i - vy on the
cloud - - - ed, Shines forth with pur - - - er rays, But the
ru - - in In gloom - ful life dis - plays, But the
Collo parte.
heart ne'er feels, in sor - row shroud - - - ed, The light of oth - er
heart a - lone sees no re - new - - - ing, The light of oth - er
pp


days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor - row shroud - - - - ed, The
days, But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - - - ing, The
light of oth - er days.
light of oth - er days.

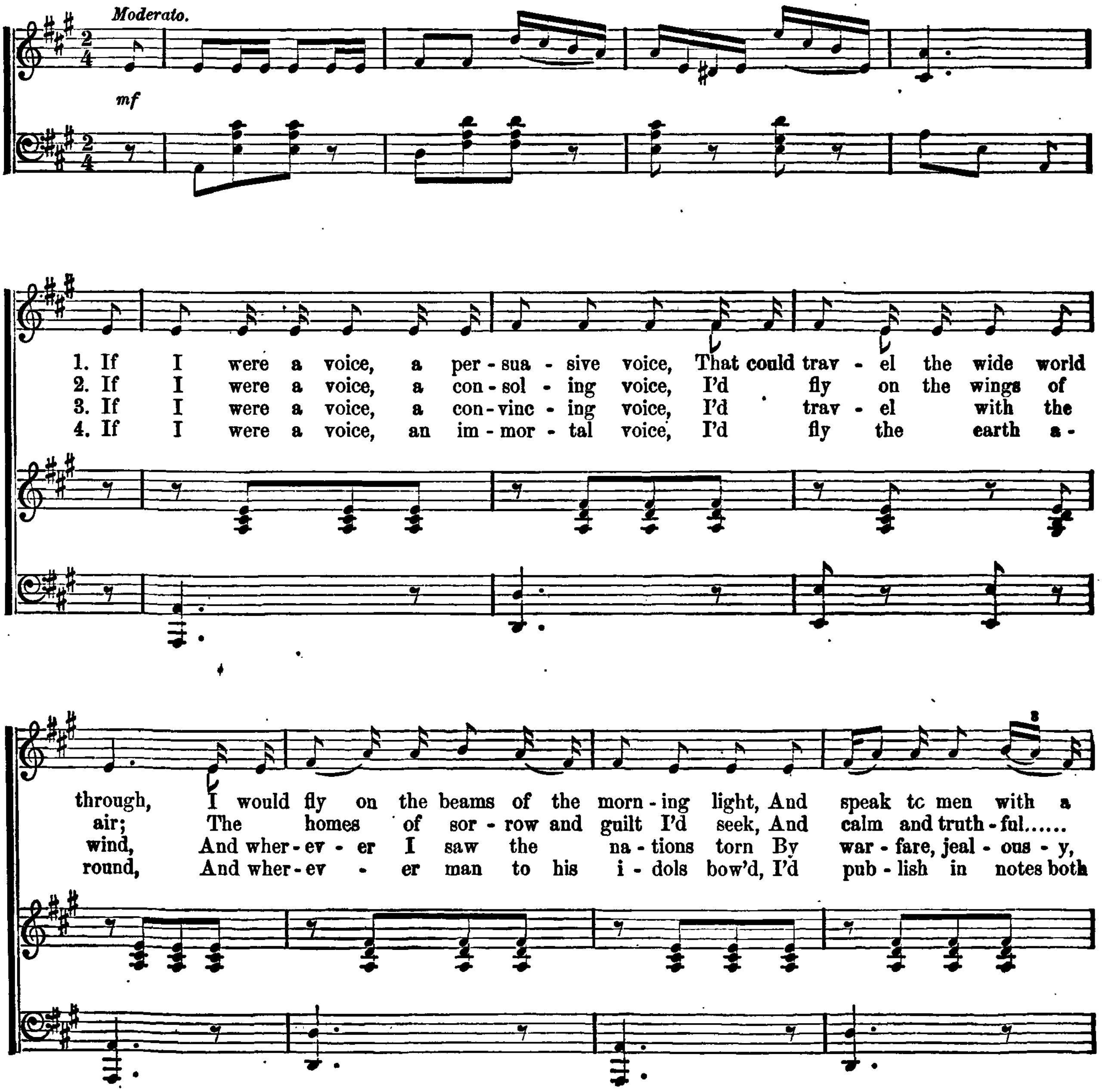
The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded,
The hopes too bright to last;
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays,
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the ruin
In gloomful life displays,
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.



IF I WERE A VOICE.

A NATURAL impulse towards a musical career, for which he was virtually self-taught, separated ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY in early life from a mechanical trade; and his talent and industry brought him in the few years of life that were vouchsafed to him a reputation among the composers of America. He was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1819, and in his youth was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He devoted his spare time to developing his native taste for music, and in 1839 he joined the "Bay State Glee Club," a traveling company which gave vocal concerts throughout New England. His success was such as to justify his going abroad in 1851 for a year's study in Europe. On his return he settled in New York, and devoted himself to composition, conducting, and the preparation of Church and Sunday School collections. He also wrote frequently for musical journals. The best known of his compositions are hymn-tunes, among which were "Rakem," "Eucharist," "Selena," "Tamar" and "Siloam." He died in 1858, at Columbia, S. C.


Moderato.
mf
1. If I were a voice, a per - sua - sive voice, That could trav - el the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the morn - ing light, And speak to men with a
2. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I'd fly on the wings of air; The homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful......
3. If I were a voice, a con - vinc - ing voice, I'd trav - el with the wind, And wher - ev - er I saw the na - tions torn By war - fare, jeal - ous - y,
4. If I were a voice, an im - mor - tal voice, I'd fly the earth a - round, And wher - ev - er man to his i - dols bow'd, I'd pub - lish in notes both

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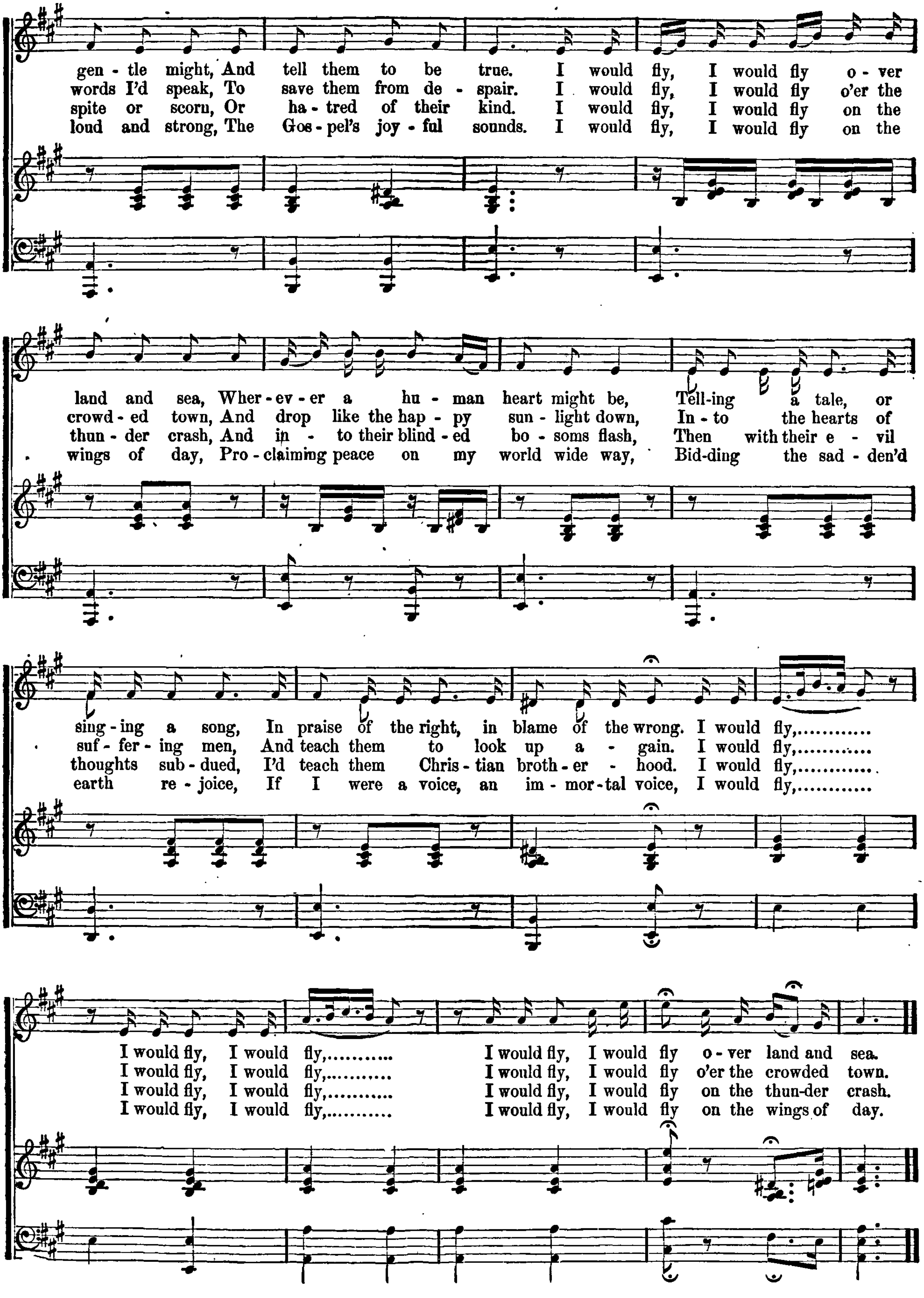
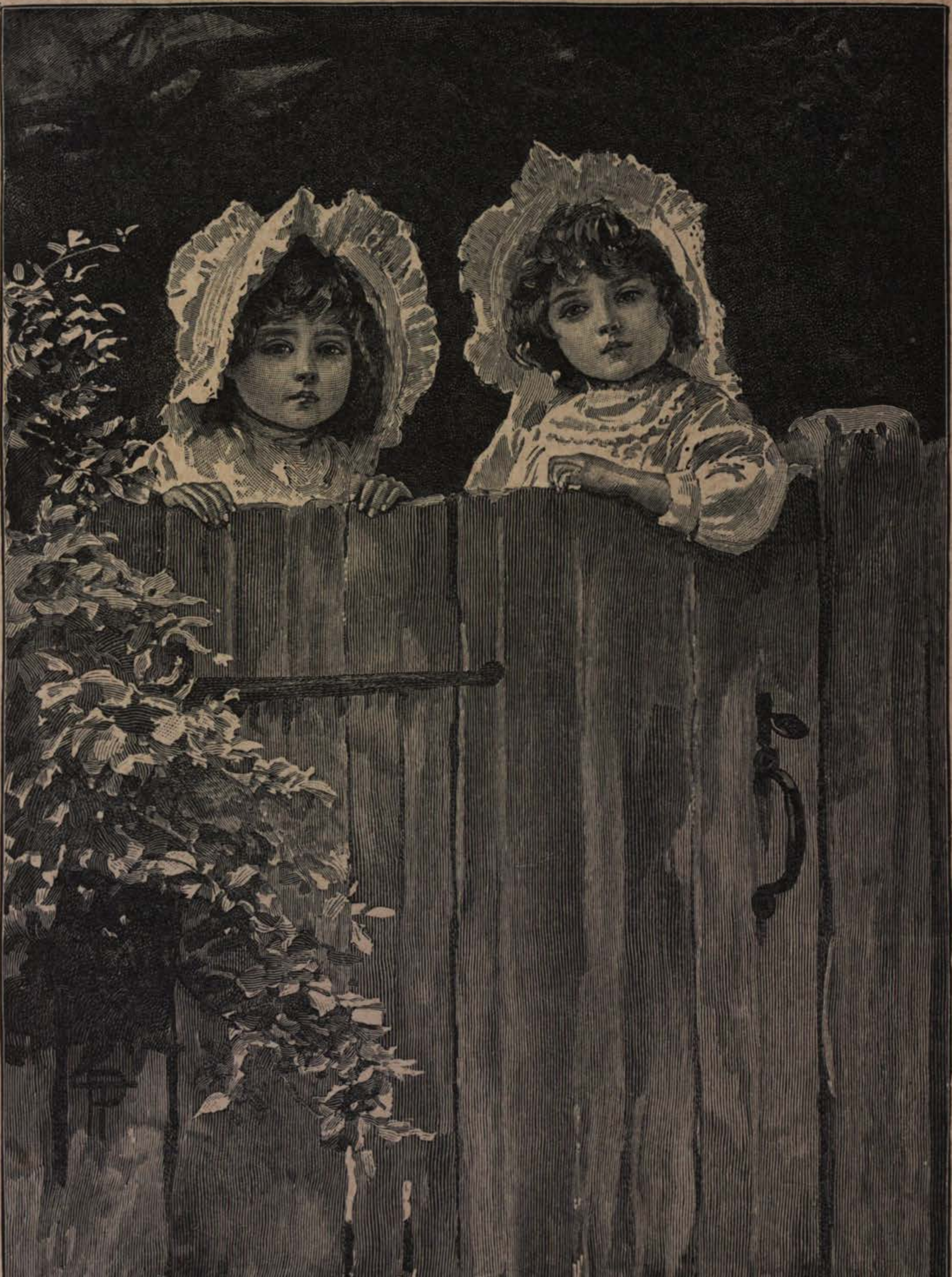
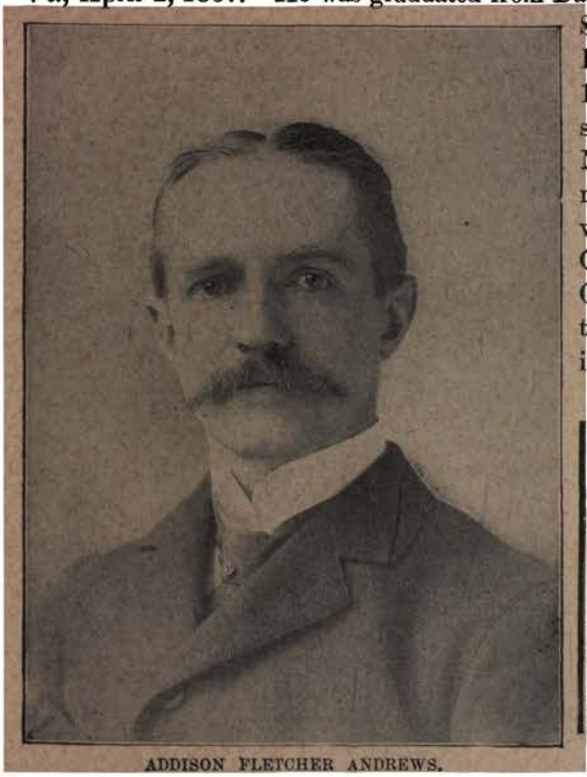

gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver
words I'd speak, To save them from de - spair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the
spite or scorn, Or ha - tred of their kind. I would fly, I would fly on the
loud and strong, The Gos - pel's joy - ful sounds. I would fly, I would fly on the
land and sea, Wher - ev - er a hu - man heart might be, Tell-ing a tale, or
crowd - ed town, And drop like the hap - py sun - light down, In - to the hearts of
thun - der crash, And in - to their blind - ed bo - soms flash, Then with their e - vil
wings of day, Pro - claiming peace on my world wide way, Bid-ding the sad - den'd
sing - ing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong. I would fly,............
suf - fer - ing men, And teach them to look up a - gain. I would fly,............
thoughts sub - dued, I'd teach them Chris - tian broth - er - hood. I would fly,............
earth re - joice, If I were a voice, an im - mor - tal voice, I would fly,............
I would fly, I would fly,............ I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea.
I would fly, I would fly,............ I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.
I would fly, I would fly,............ I would fly, I would fly on the thun-der crash.
I would fly, I would fly,............ I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day.



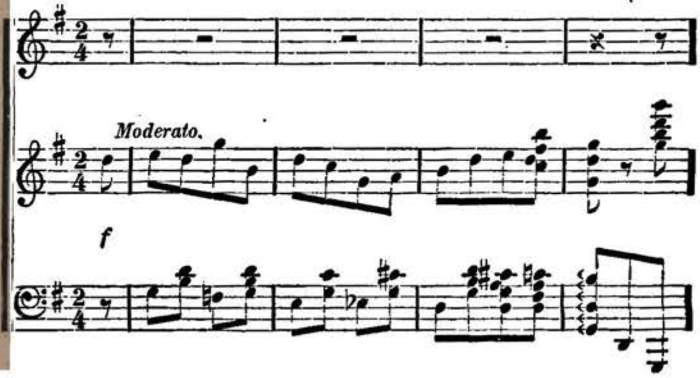
TWO 'ITTLE DIRLY DIRLS.

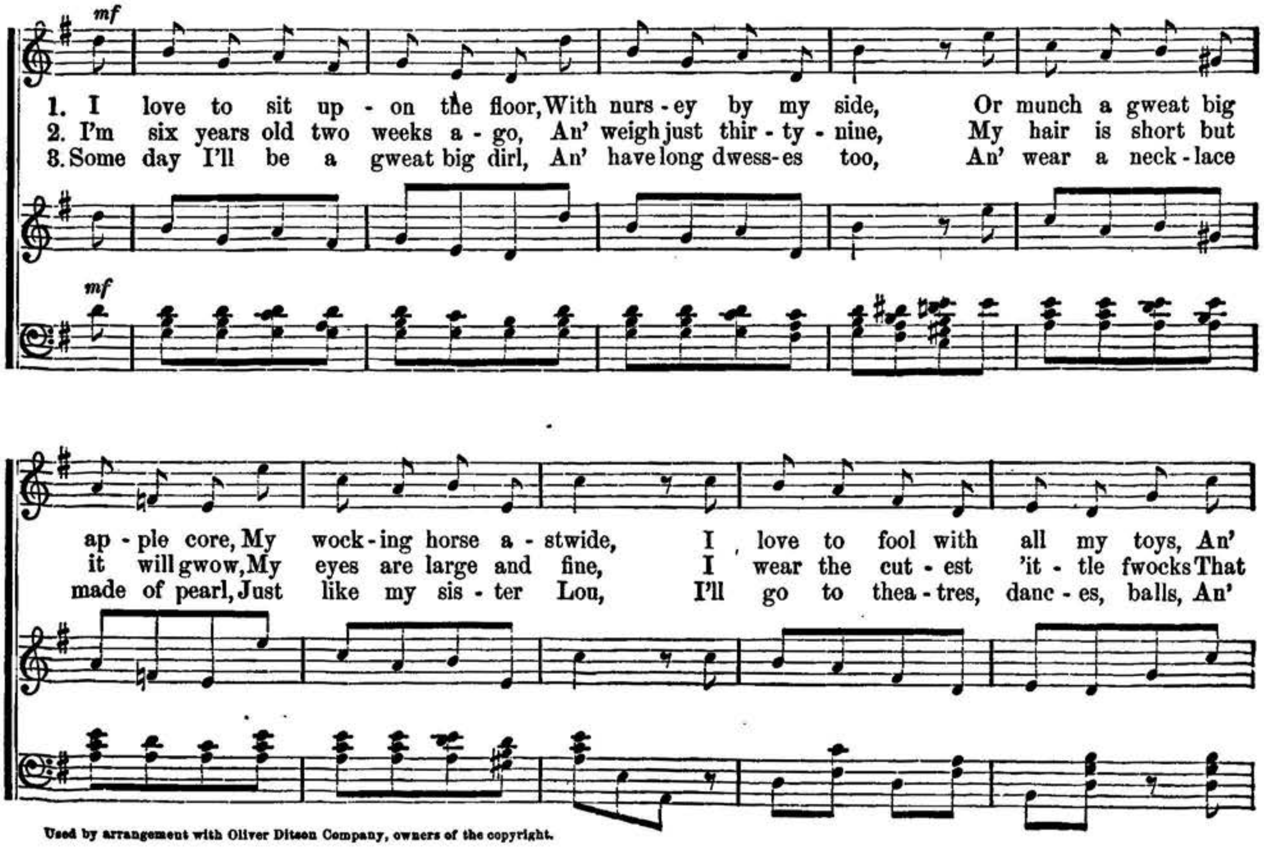
ONLY A 'ITTLE DIRLY DIRL.

Addison Fletcher Andrews, the author and composer of this beautiful song, was born at Cavendish, Vt., April 2, 1857. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1878, and taught in Columbia Grammar School, New York. He read law in Columbia Law School. He went on the city staff of the New York *Tribune* in March, 1880, and has been identified with journalism ever since. He sang tenor in various churches since 1876, and founded the Manuscript Society in August, 1889. He has written a number of popular songs, church anthems and glees. He was assistant manager of Carnegie Hall and of the Symphony Orchestra of New York, 1891–2. He contributed to Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, and is the author of over one hundred poems which have appeared in print.



ADDISON FLETCHER ANDREWS.




mf
1. I love to sit up - on the floor, With nurs - ey by my side, Or munch a gweat big
2. I'm six years old two weeks a - go, An' weigh just thir - ty - nine, My hair is short but
3. Some day I'll be a gweat big dirl, An' have long dwess - es too, An' wear a neck - lace
mf
ap - ple core, My wock - ing horse a - stwide, I love to fool with all my toys, An'
it will gwow, My eyes are large and fine, I wear the cut - est 'it - tle fwocks That
made of pearl, Just like my sis - ter Lou, I'll go to thea - tres, danc - es, balls, An'

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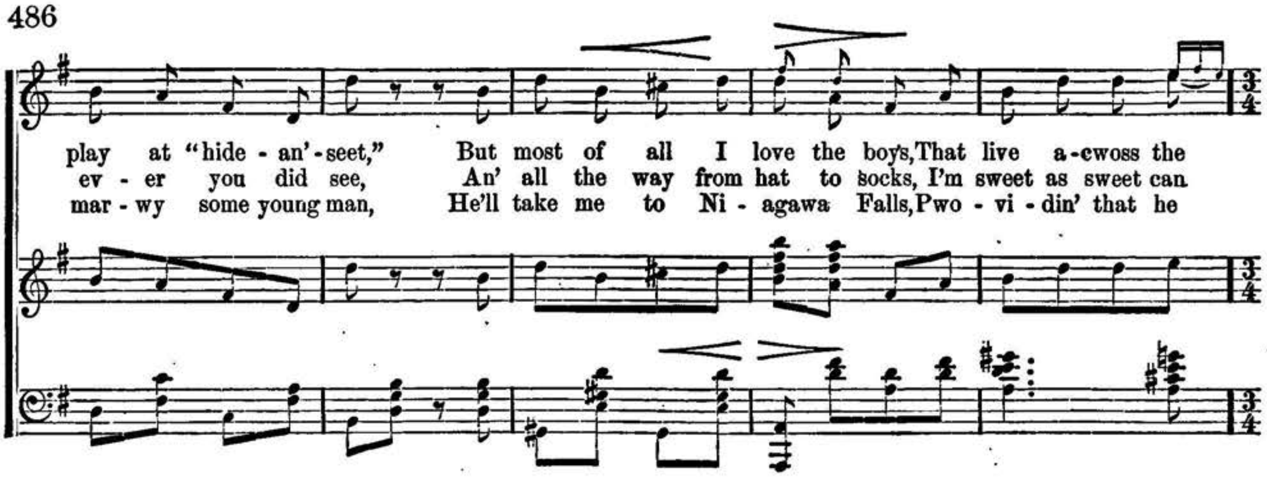
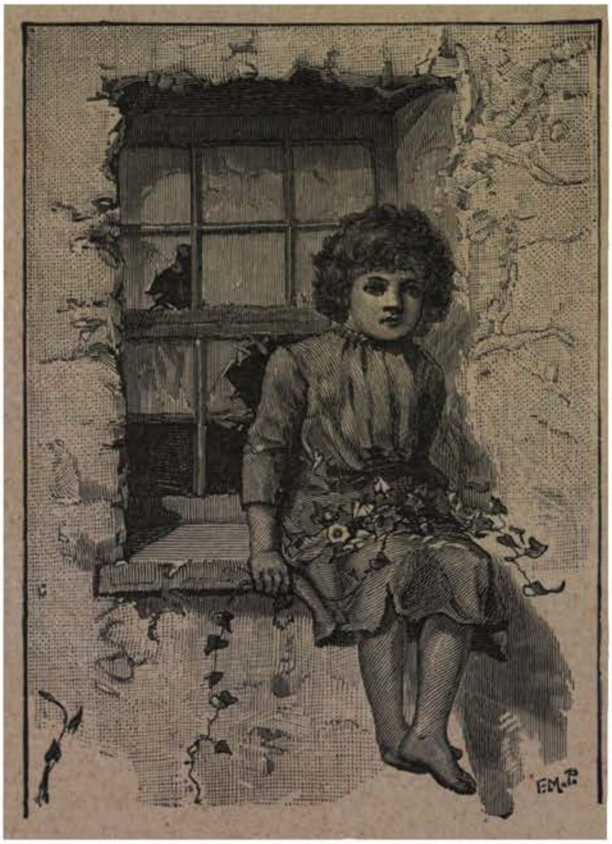
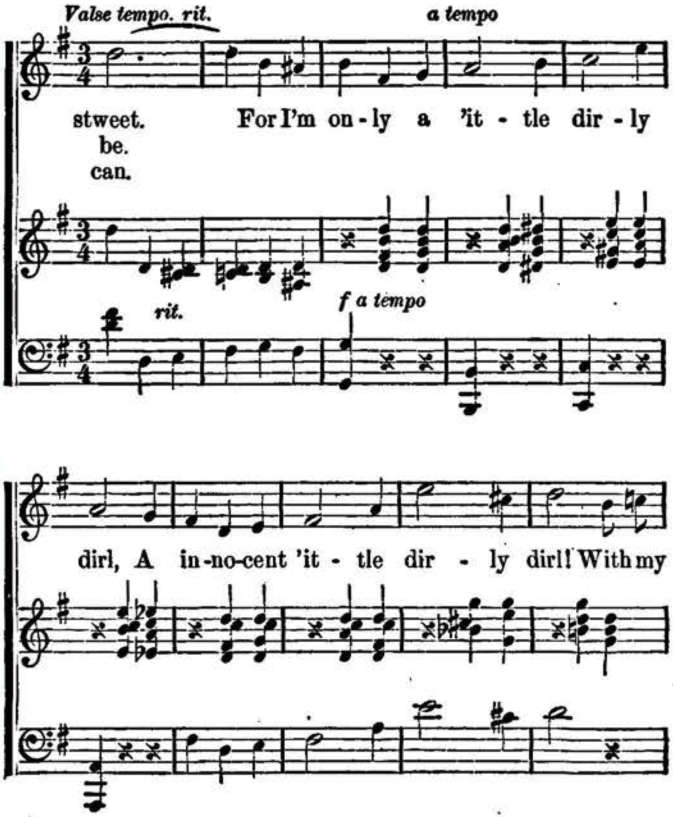
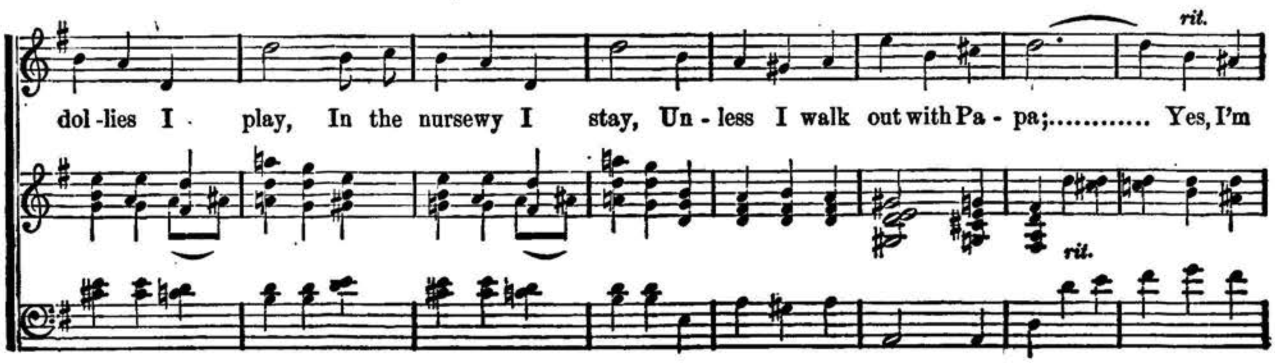
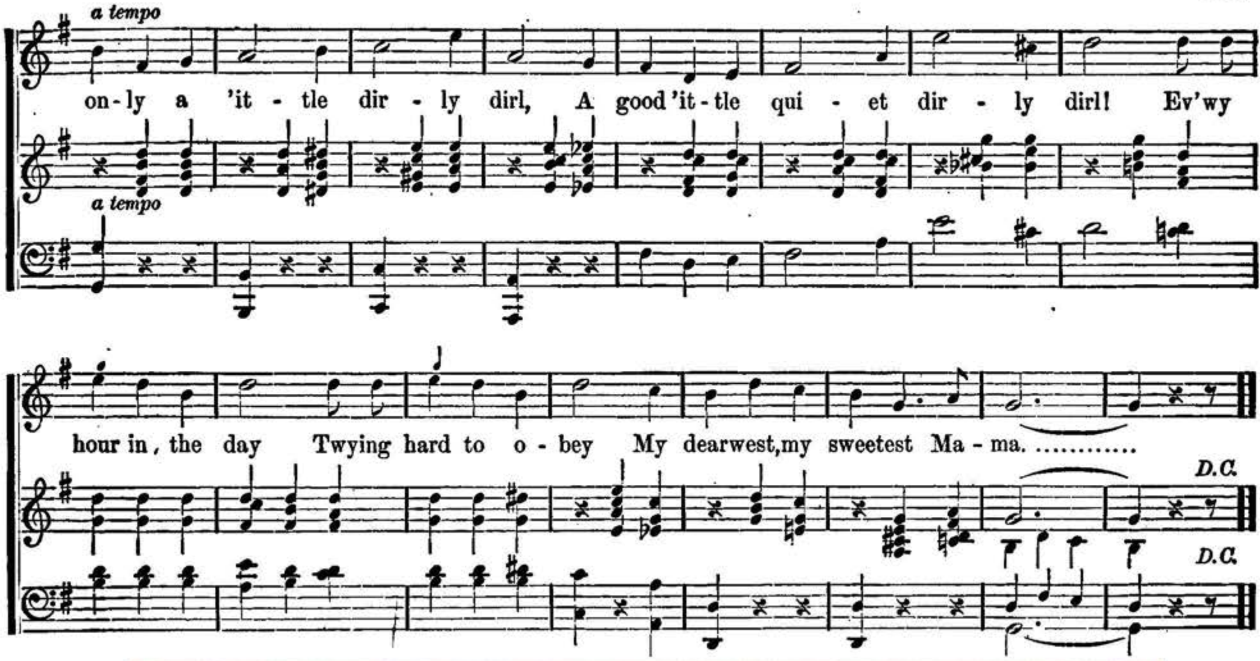
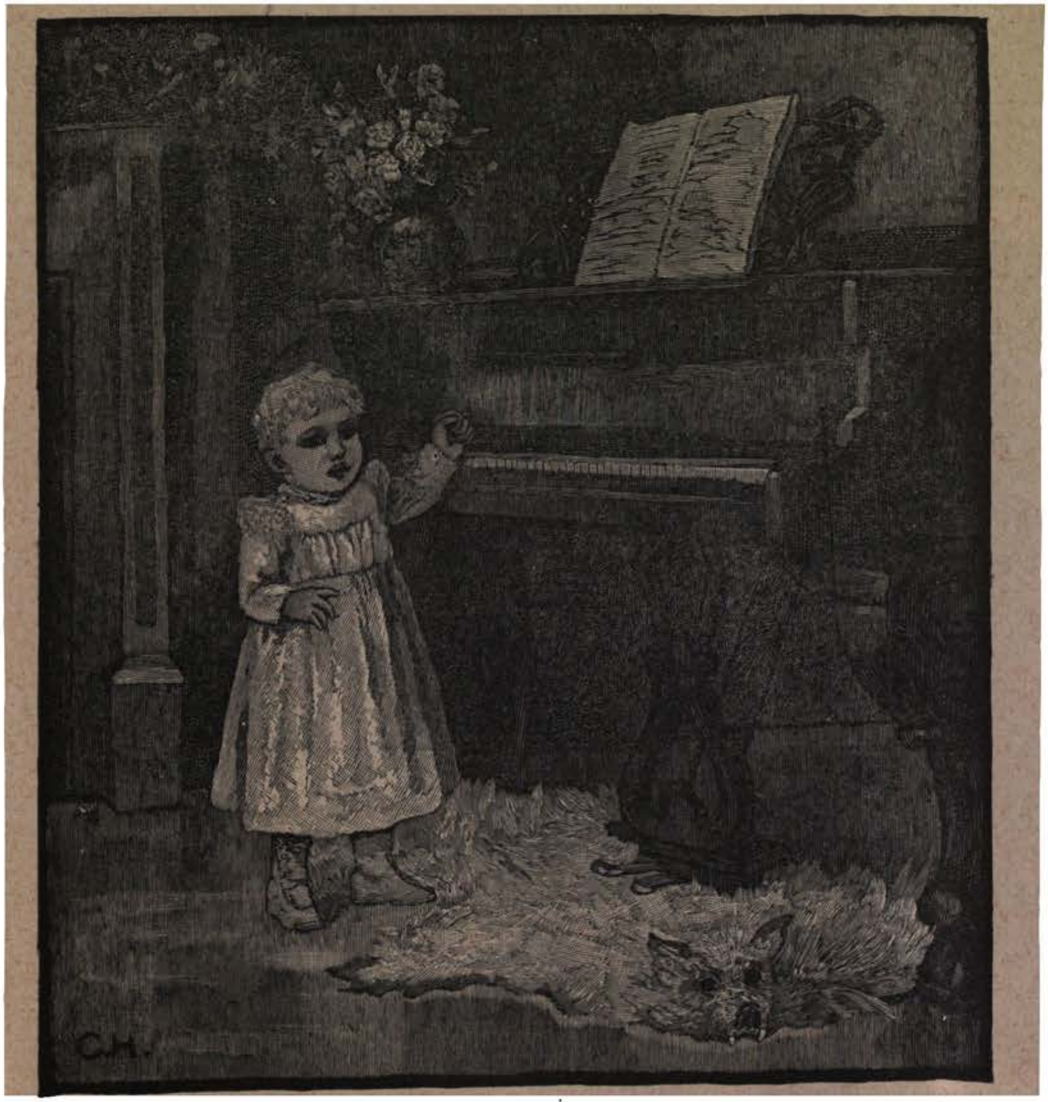

play at "hide - an'-seet," But most of all I love the boys, That live a-cwoss the
ev - er you did see, An' all the way from hat to socks, I'm sweet as sweet can
mar - wy some young man, He'll take me to Ni - agawa Falls, Pwo - vi - din' that he
3/4


EM.P.


Valse tempo. rit.
a tempo
stweet. For I'm on - ly a 'it - tle dir - ly
be.
can.
rit.
f a tempo
dirl, A in-no-cent 'it - tle dir - ly dirl! With my

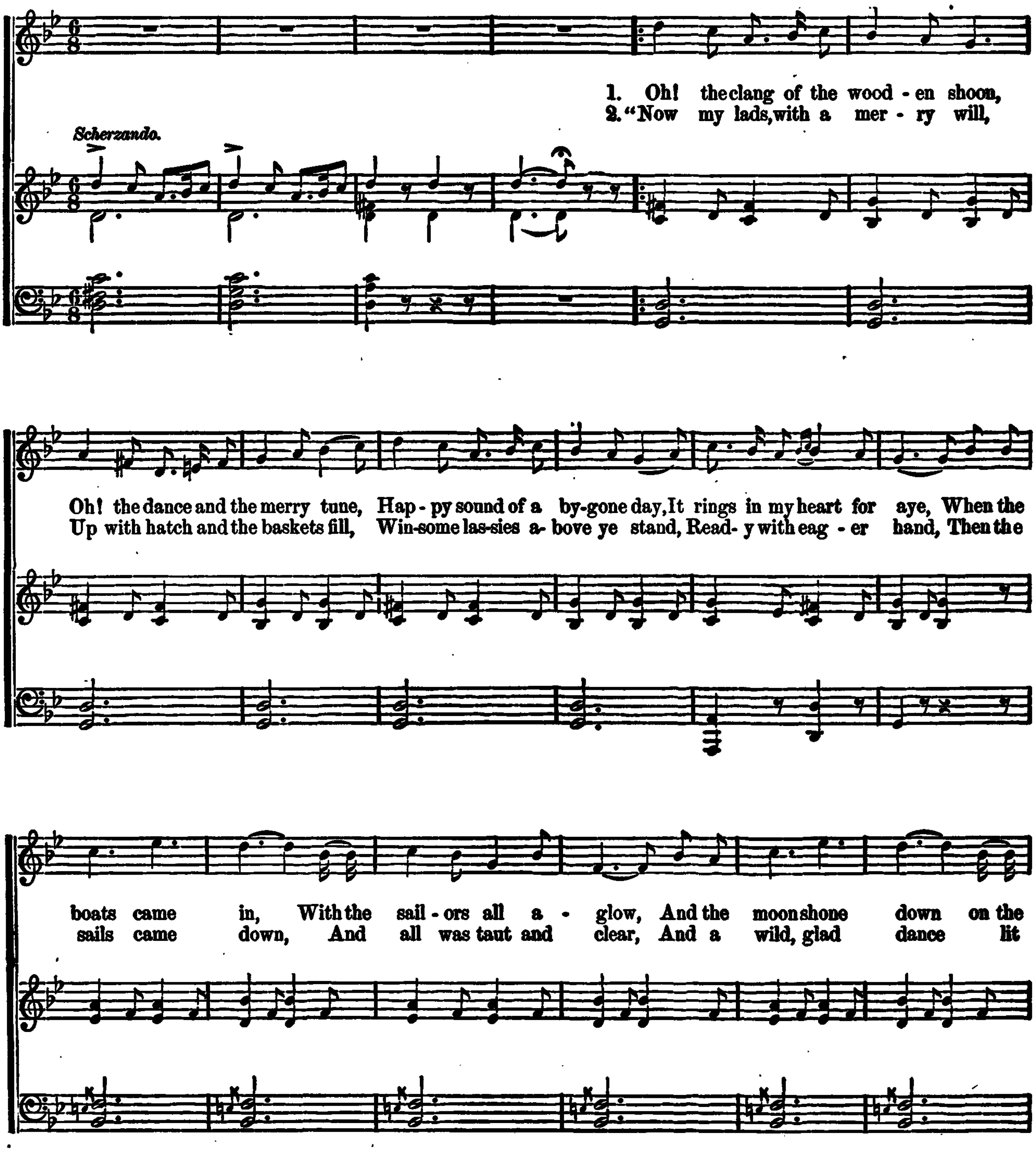

rit.
dol - lies I play, In the nursewy I stay, Un - less I walk out with Pa - pa;........... Yes, I'm
rit.

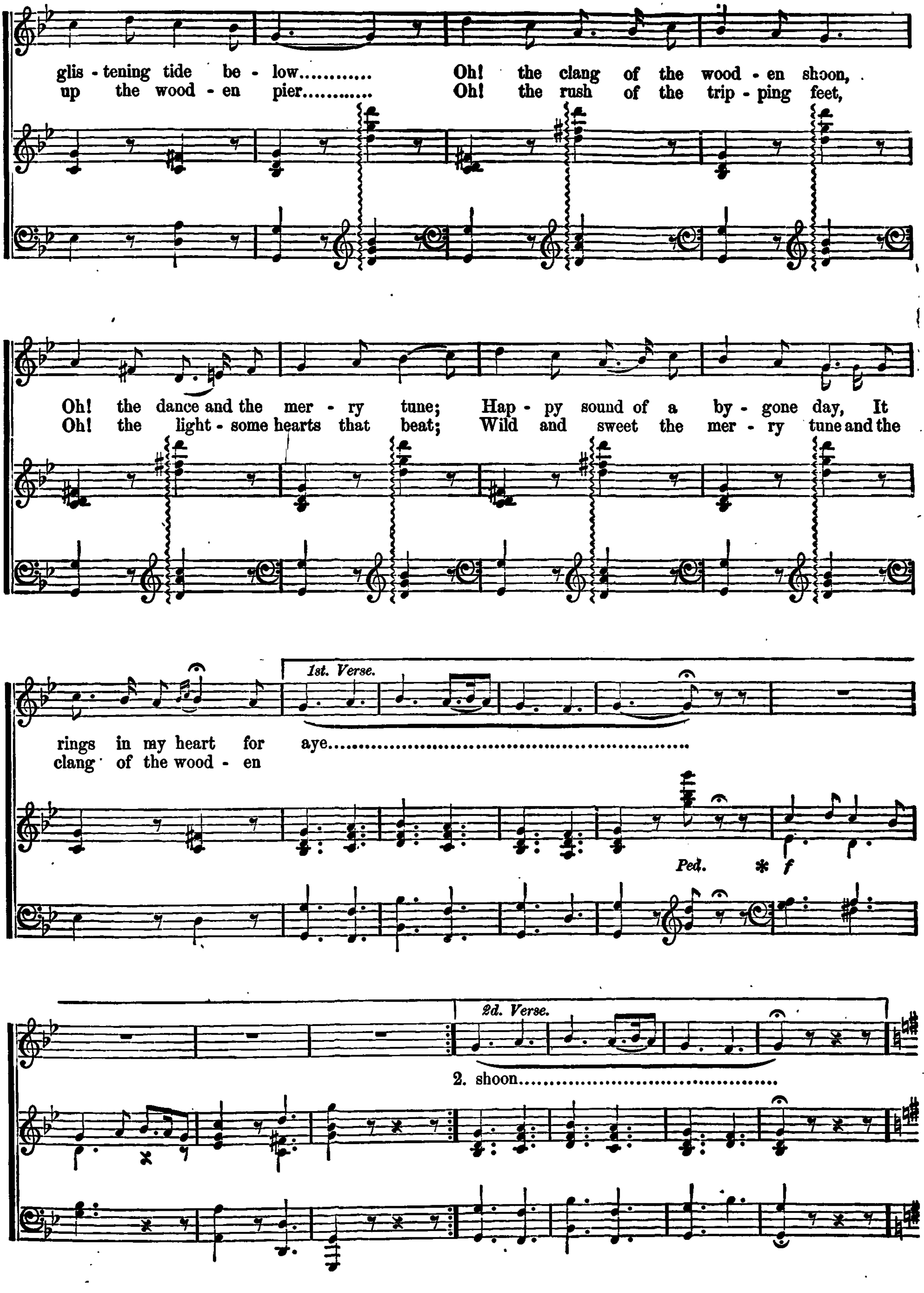

a tempo
on-ly a 'it-tle dir-ly dirl, A good 'it-tle qui-et dir-ly dirl! Ev'wy
a tempo
hour in, the day Twying hard to o-bey My dearwest, my sweetest Ma-ma. ....
D.C.
D.C.

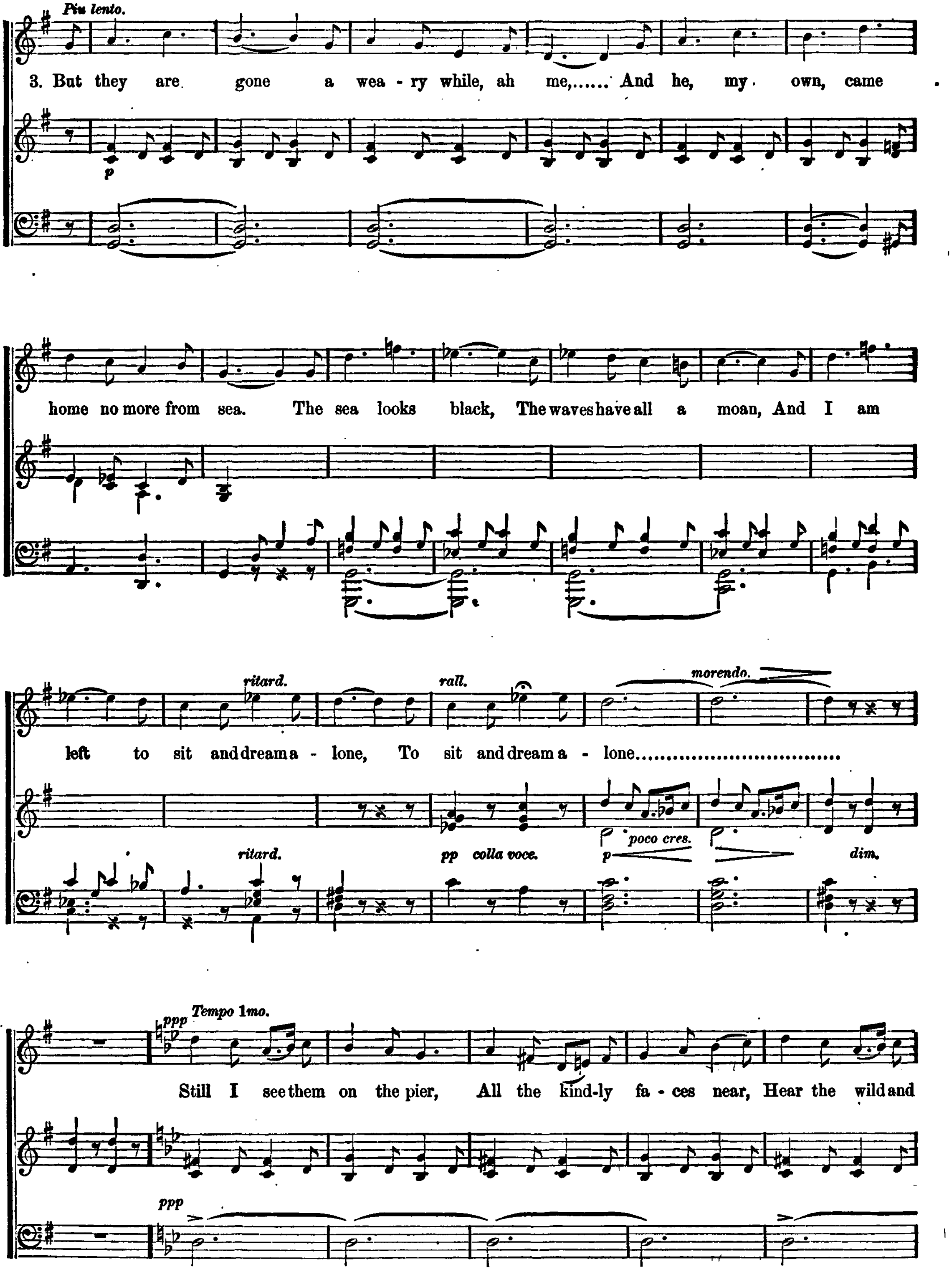

C.H.

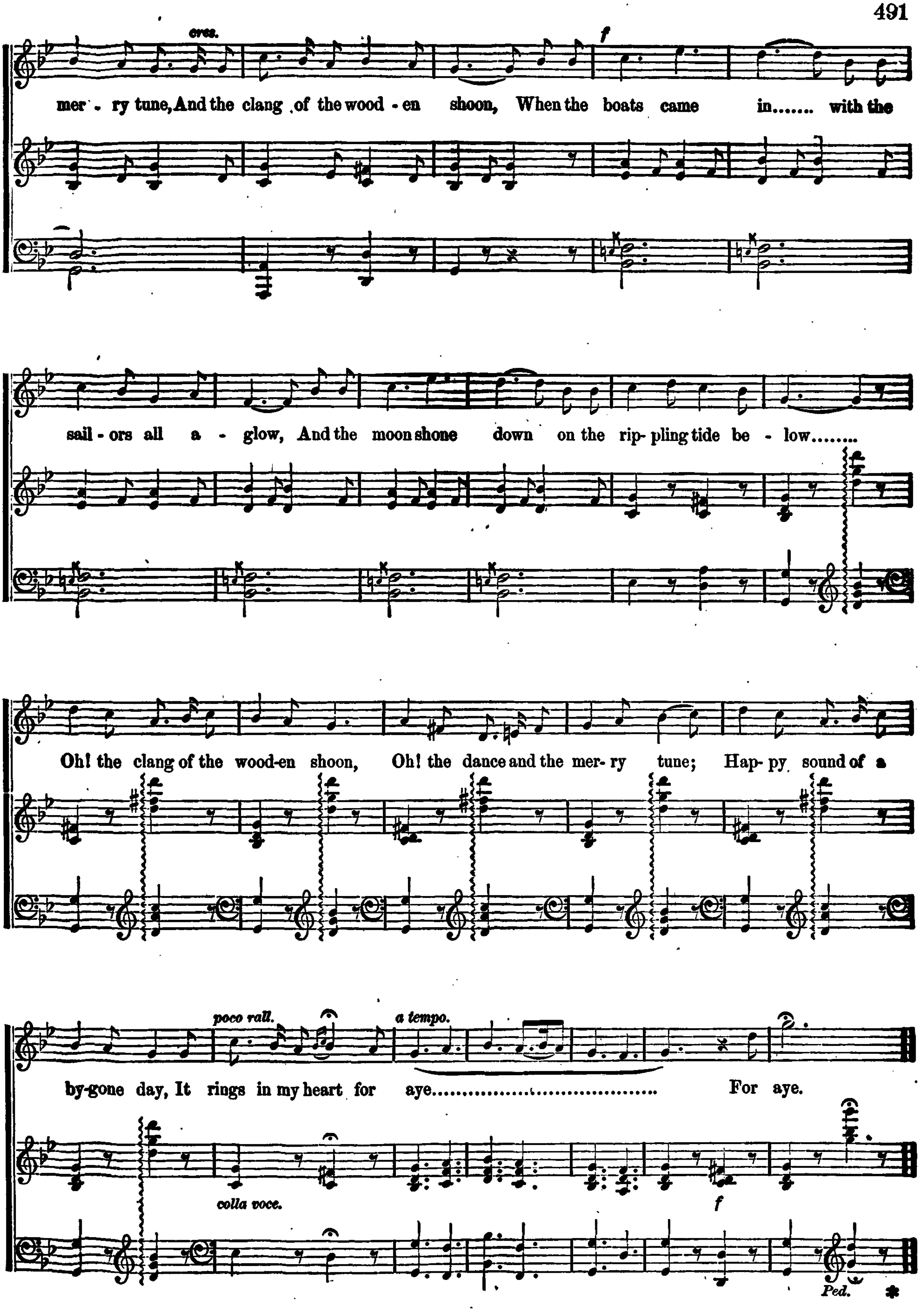
THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

THE versatility of JAMES L. MOLLOY, whose songs are so widely popular, is such that while many of his compositions are settings for the words of others, he frequently writes words to his own music. One of the most felicitous examples of this is "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," in which the spirit of the words and that of the music are singularly in harmony. The free abandon to an unrestrained impulse is a characteristic feature of not only this song, but also other compositions by Molloy, notably "The Kerry Dance."


1. Oh! the clang of the wood - en shoon,
2. "Now my lads, with a mer - ry will,
Scherzando.
Oh! the dance and the merry tune, Hap - py sound of a by-gone day, It rings in my heart for aye, When the
Up with hatch and the baskets fill, Win-some las-sies a- bove ye stand, Read- y with eag - er hand, Then the
boats came in, With the sail - ors all a - glow, And the moon shone down on the
sails came down, And all was taut and clear, And a wild, glad dance lit

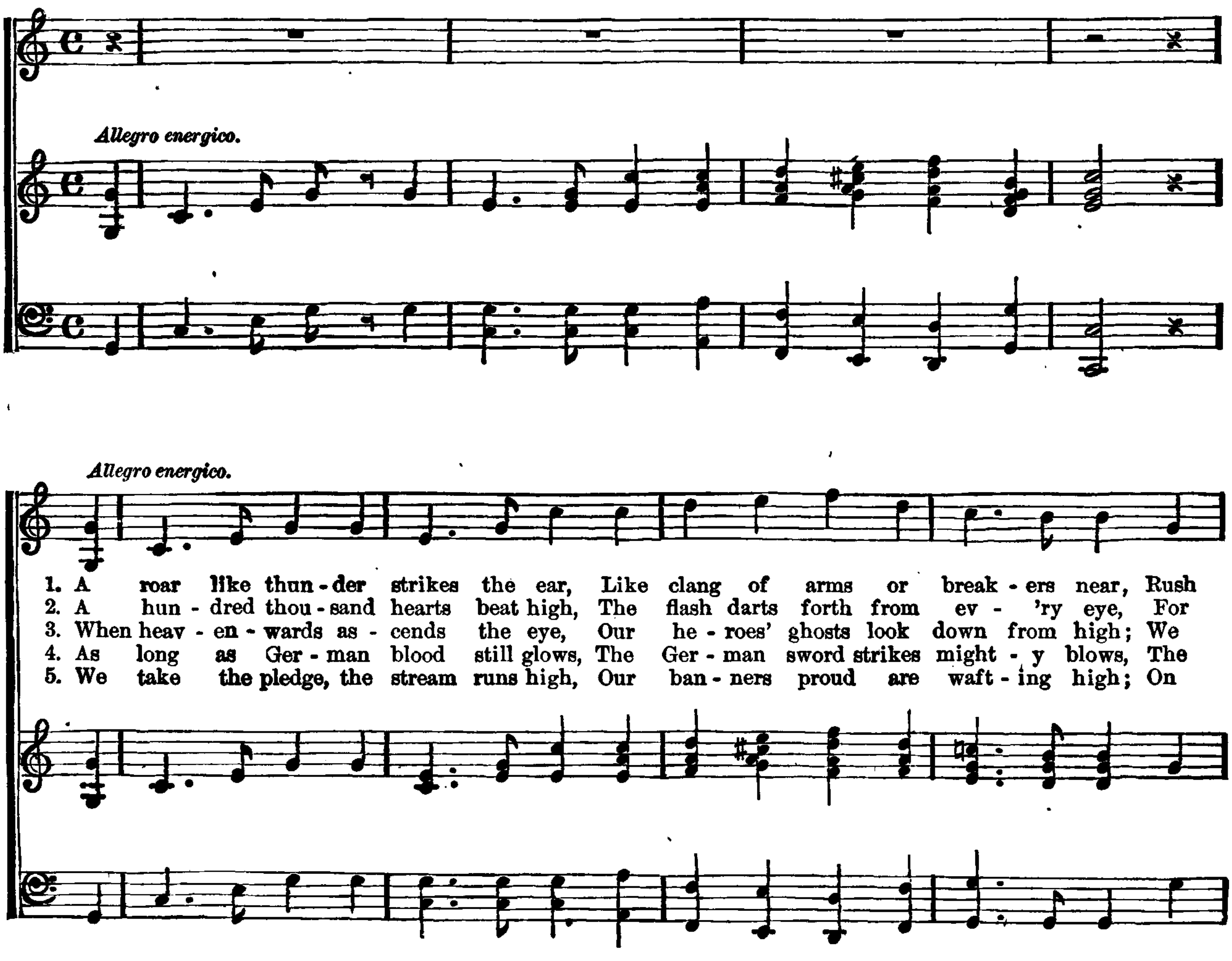

glis - tening tide be - low............ Oh! the clang of the wood - en shoon,
up the wood - en pier............ Oh! the rush of the trip - ping feet,
Oh! the dance and the mer - ry tune; Hap - py sound of a by - gone day, It
Oh! the light - some hearts that beat; Wild and sweet the mer - ry tune and the
rings in my heart for aye..
clang of the wood - en
1st. Verse.
Ped.
*
f
2d. Verse.
2. shoon...

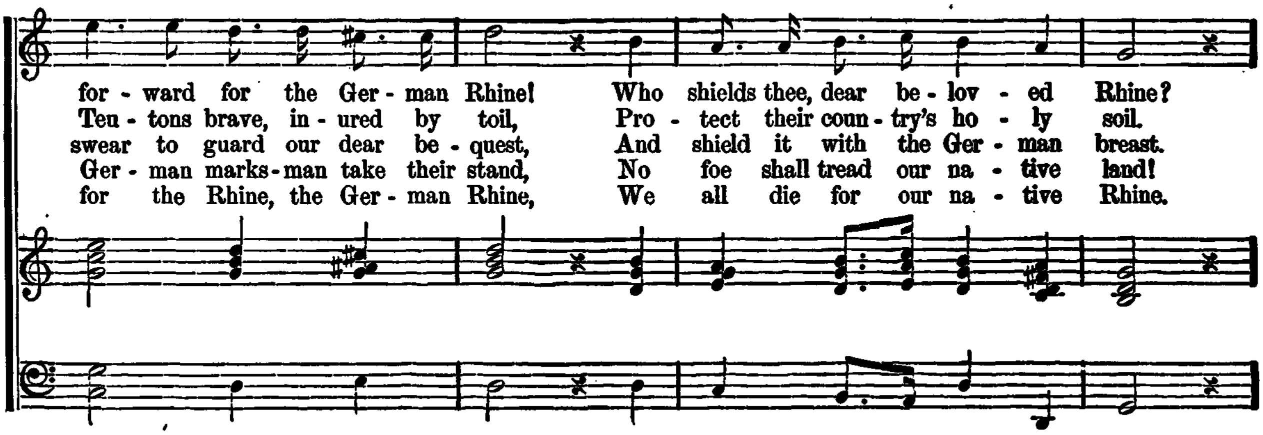

Piu lento.
3. But they are gone a wea - ry while, ah me,...... And he, my own, came
p
home no more from sea. The sea looks black, The waves have all a moan, And I am
ritard.
rall.
morendo.
left to sit and dream a - lone, To sit and dream a - lone..............................
ritard.
pp colla voce.
p
poco cres.
dim.
Tempo 1mo.
ppp
Still I see them on the pier, All the kind-ly fa - ces near, Hear the wild and
ppp


cres.
f
mer - ry tune, And the clang of the wood - en shoon, When the boats came in....... with the
sail - ors all a - glow, And the moon shone down on the rip- pling tide be - low........
Oh! the clang of the wood-en shoon, Oh! the dance and the mer- ry tune; Hap- py sound of a
poco rall.
a tempo.
by-gone day, It rings in my heart for aye...................................... For aye.
colla voce.
f
Ped.
*

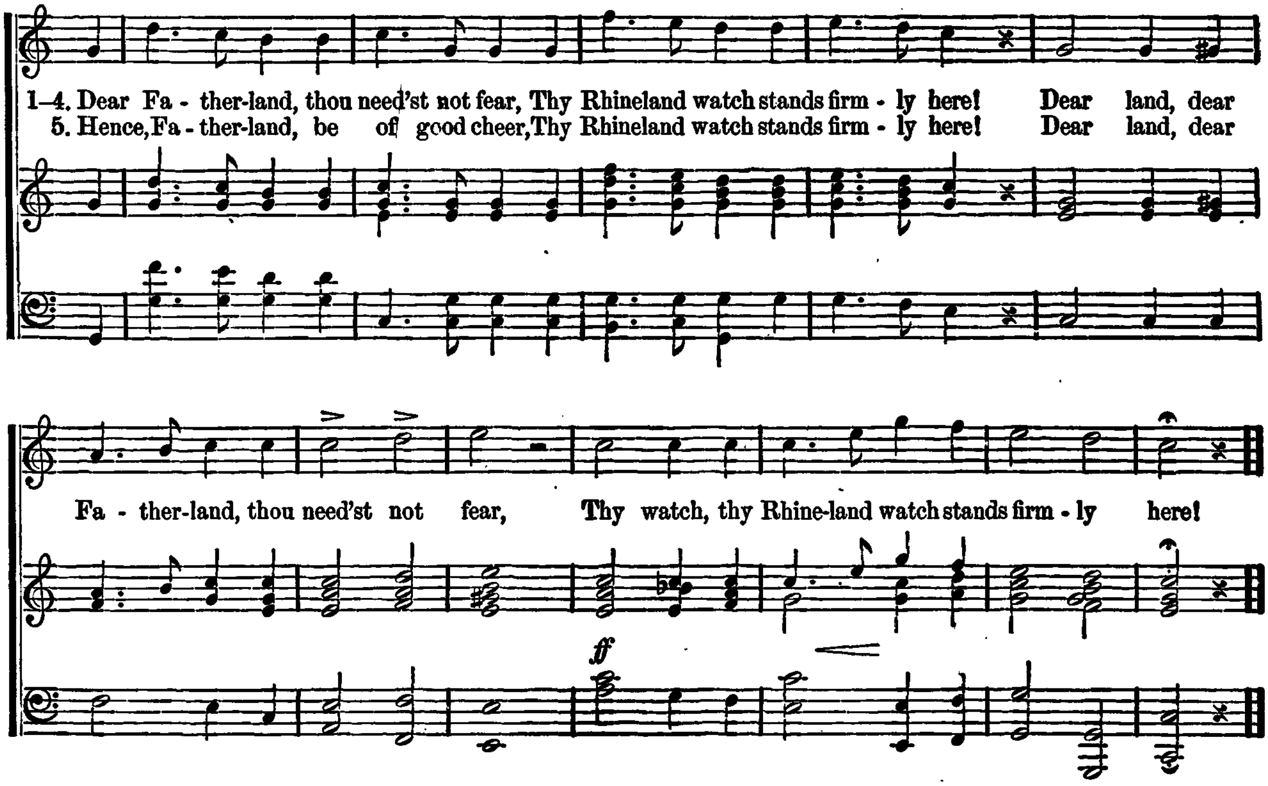
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

The words of this famous National Hymn of Germany were written over half a century ago. Patriotic Germany always is, and when in 1840 France was threatening the left bank of the Rhine, an excellent opportunity was given for the expression of love for the Fatherland. Among the numerous poems written by the verse-makers of the day was this one by Max Schneckenburger, a manufacturer, living in Wurtemburg. His poem was at once seized upon by the composers as eminently suited to a true martial air, and a friendly rivalry soon sprang up among them as to who should be the one whose music would be sung to the now famous poem. Carl Wilhelm, a pupil of the famous violinist Louis Spohr, and conductor for twenty-five years of a celebrated band of singers in his native town, wrote a part-song for his chorus and set it to these words. Its success was instantaneous, and it was soon known and sung throughout Germany. At the time of the Franco-German war a national hymn was needed, and what more appropriate than the words and music here wedded! The popular folk-song became the rallying cry of the Prussian Army. The battle was fought, and won, with the strains of the "Watch on the Rhine" ringing in the ears of the combatants. In 1871 the Emperor presented Wilhelm with a pension for life, which the poor fellow did not live long to enjoy, for two years after the Emperor's gift he laid down his pen forever. The "Watch on the Rhine" was made the subject of a famous National Statue erected near Bingen on the Rhine, and unveiled by the Emperor in 1883.


Allegro energico.
Allegro energico.
1. A roar like thun - der strikes the ear, Like clang of arms or break - ers near, Rush
2. A hun - dred thou - sand hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from ev - 'ry eye, For
3. When heav - en - wards as - cends the eye, Our he - roes' ghosts look down from high; We
4. As long as Ger - man blood still glows, The Ger - man sword strikes might - y blows, The
5. We take the pledge, the stream runs high, Our ban - ners proud are waft - ing high; On


for - ward for the Ger - man Rhine! Who shields thee, dear be - lov - ed Rhine?
Teu - tons brave, in - ured by toil, Pro - tect their coun - try's ho - ly soil.
swear to guard our dear be - quest, And shield it with the Ger - man breast.
Ger - man marks - man take their stand, No foe shall tread our na - tive land!
for the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine, We all die for our na - tive Rhine.

CHORUS.


1–4. Dear Fa - ther-land, thou need'st not fear, Thy Rhineland watch stands firm - ly here! Dear land, dear
5. Hence, Fa - ther-land, be of good cheer, Thy Rhineland watch stands firm - ly here! Dear land, dear
Fa - ther-land, thou need'st not fear, Thy watch, thy Rhine-land watch stands firm - ly here!
ff

A roar like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?

Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.
Dear Fatherland, *etc.*

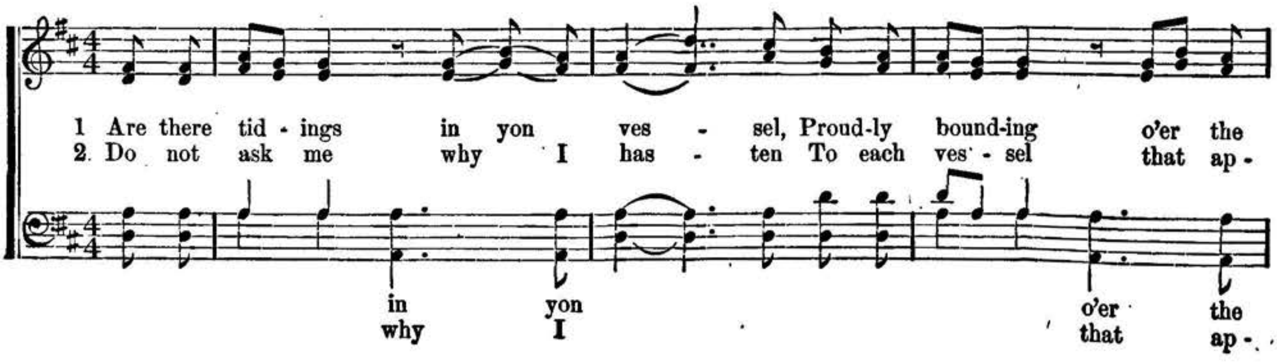
When heavenwards ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, *etc.*

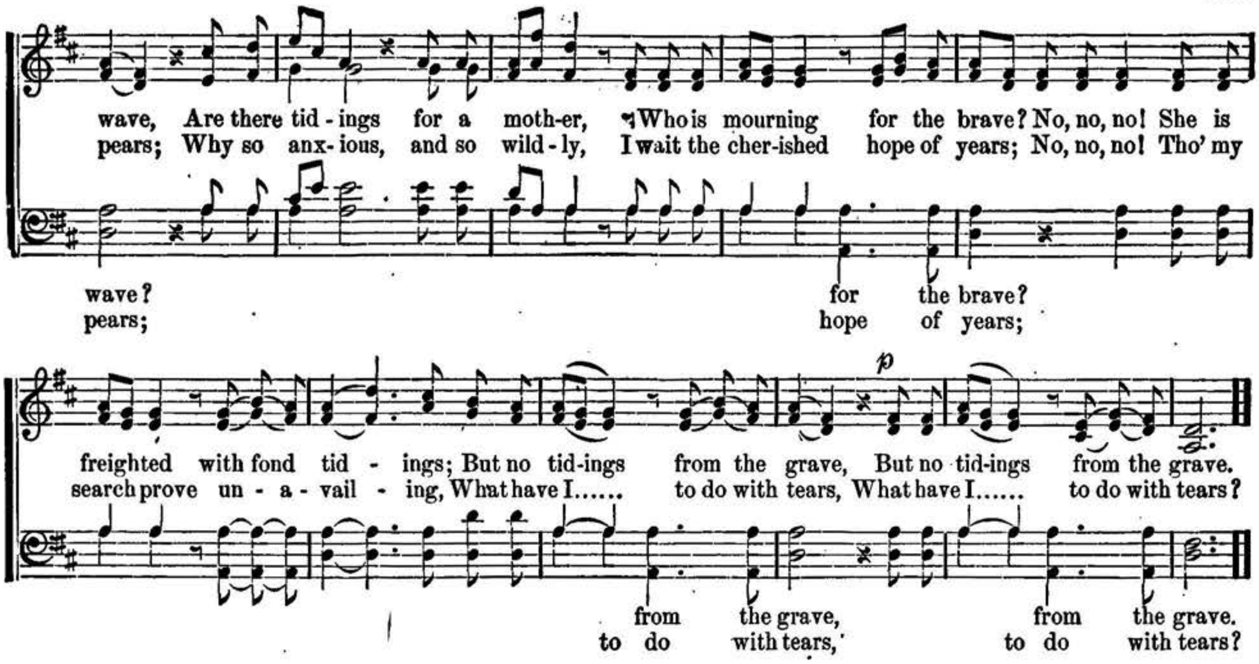
As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows.
The German marksman take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land!
Dear Fatherland, *etc.*

We take the pledge, the stream runs high,
Our banners proud are wafting high;
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer, *etc.*

ARE THERE TIDINGS?

THE words of this favorite of former years are no doubt of English origin; but I have no clue to their authorship. The air is by the well-known musician, SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP, who was born in London, in 1786, and was carefully educated there under Italian music-masters. His first noticeable composition was "The Circassian Bride," which was destroyed in the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre, the day after a most successful production upon its stage. Bishop was for fourteen years director of music at Covent Garden Theatre, and for thirty years thereafter he was a leader in London musical matters. Besides, to use his own words, "operas, burlettas, melodramas, incidental music to Shakespeare's plays, patchings and adaptations of foreign operas, glees, ballads, canzonets, and cantatas," he wrote more than fifty operas, including "Guy Mannering," and others that still hold their place; was for years director of the famous "Ancient Concerts," was first director of the Philharmonic concerts, and composed for the sacred musical festivals. He succeeded Sir John Stevenson in arranging Moore's "Irish melodies," and edited several musical publications, including "Melodies of Various Nations," and the closing volumes of Thomson's "Scottish Songs," and also set many old English airs to words by Charles Mackay. In 1842 he was knighted. At the time of his death, he held the professorship of music at Oxford. In 1831, he married Anna Riviere, who became the well-known vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop. In spite of the apparently great success of his career, his closing days were clouded not only by bodily and mental disorder, but by pecuniary troubles. He died, April 30, 1855.


1 Are there tid - ings in yon ves - sel, Proud-ly bound-ing o'er the
2. Do not ask me why I has - ten To each ves - sel that ap -
in yon o'er the
why I that ap -

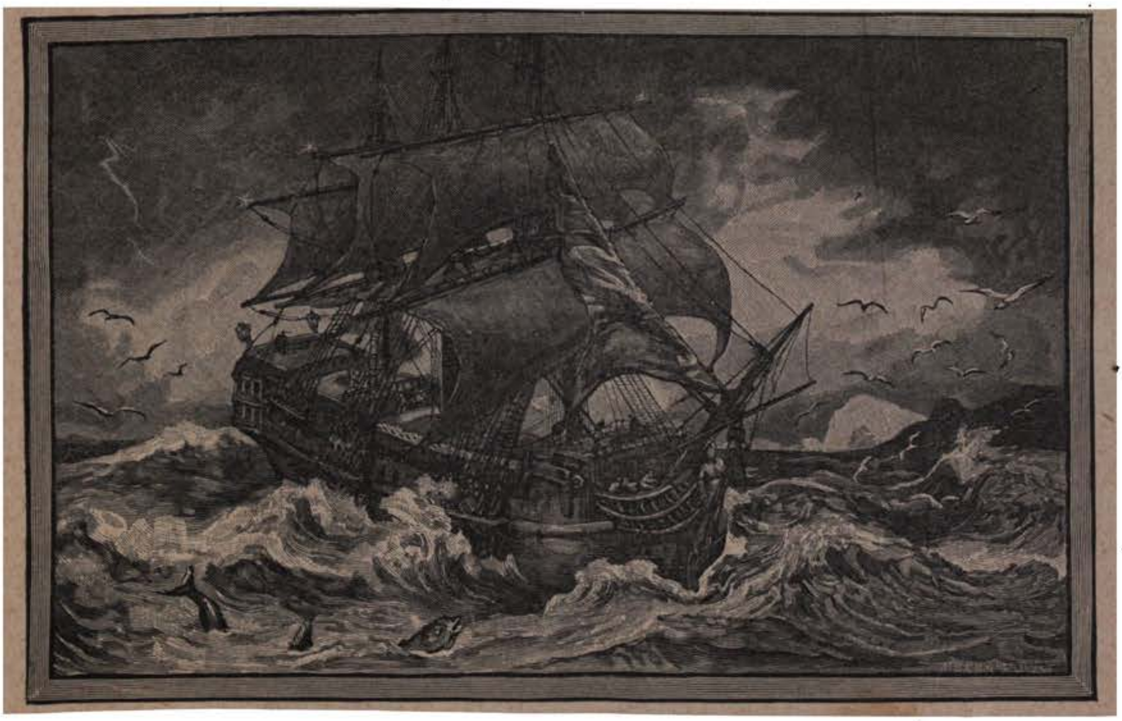

wave, Are there tid - ings for a moth-er, Who is mourning for the brave? No, no, no! She is
pears; Why so anx- ious, and so wild - ly, I wait the cher-ished hope of years; No, no, no! Tho' my
wave? for the brave?
pears; hope of years;
p
freighted with fond tid - ings; But no tid-ings from the grave, But no tid-ings from the grave.
search prove un - a - vail - ing, What have I...... to do with tears, What have I...... to do with tears?
from the grave, from the grave.
to do with tears, to do with tears?

Are there tidings in yon vessel,
  Proudly bounding o'er the wave?
Are there tidings for a mother,
  Who is mourning for the brave?
No, no, no! She is freighted with fond tidings;
  But no tidings from the grave.

Do not ask me why I hasten
  To each vessel that appears;
Why so anxious, and so wildly,
  I wait the cherished hope of years;
No, no, no! Though my search prove unavailing,
  What have I to do with tears?

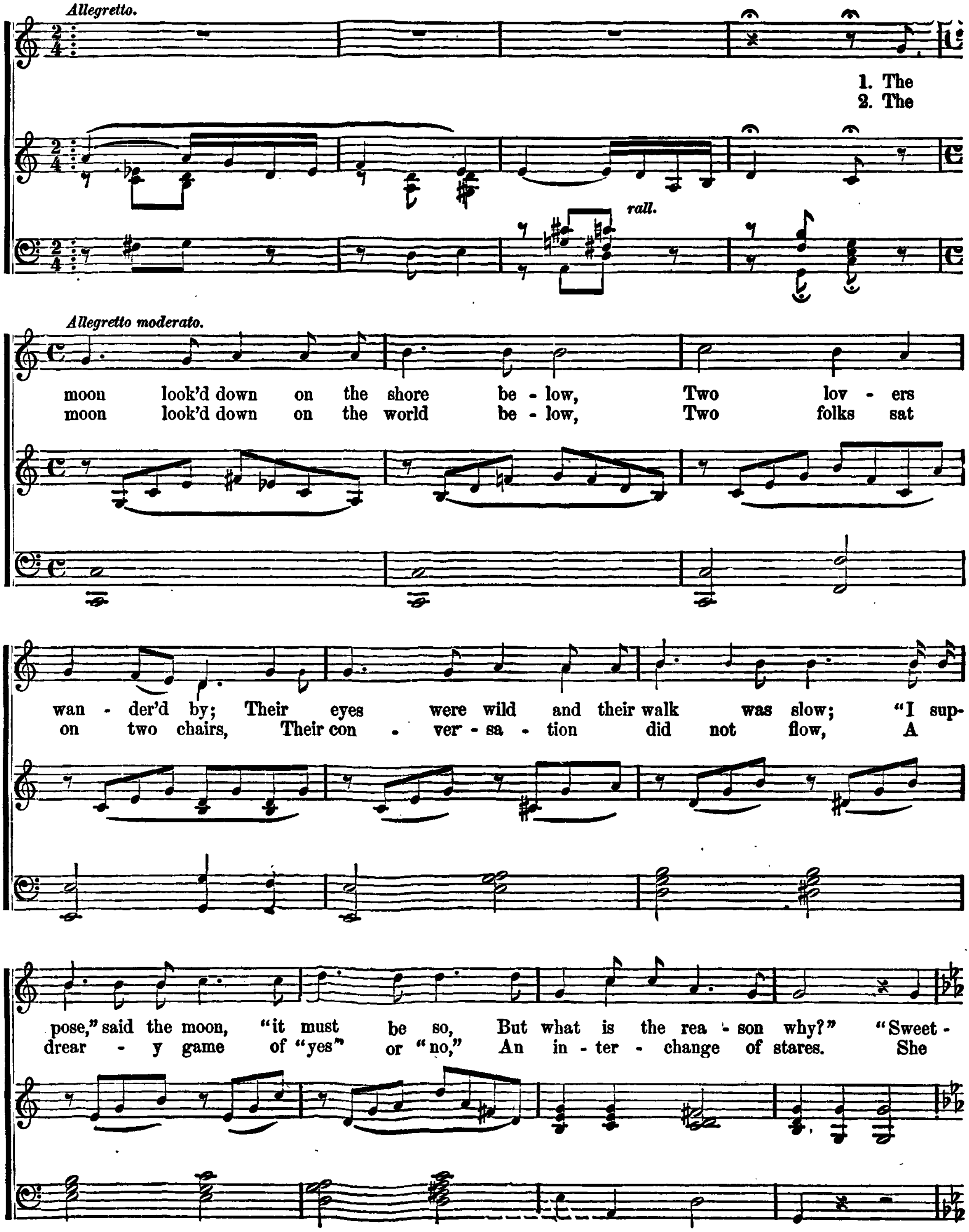
Do not blame me when I seek him,
  With these worn and weary eyes;
Can you tell me where he perished?
  Can you show me where he lies?
No, no, no! Yet there surely is some record,
  When a youthful sailor dies.

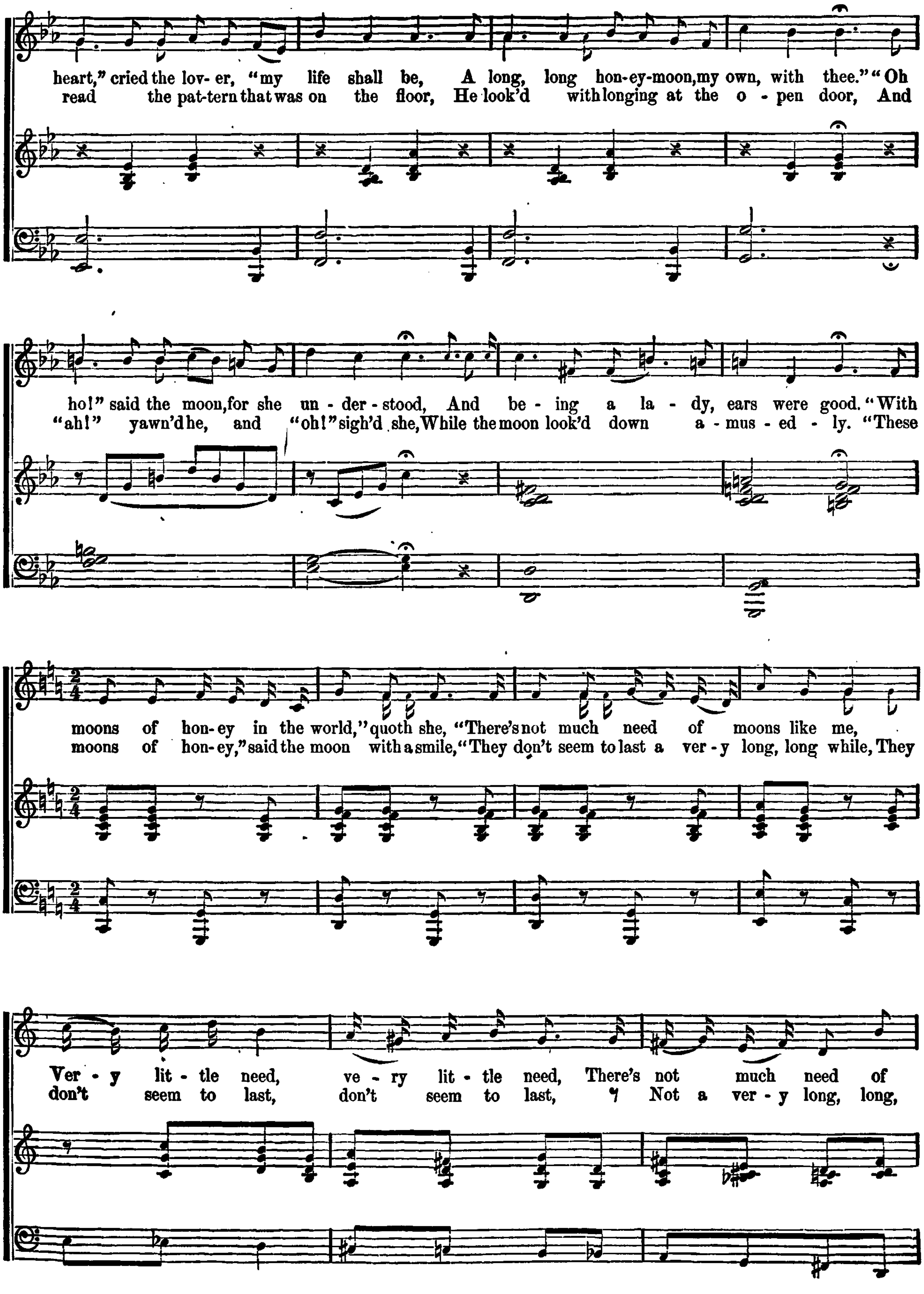
Had I watched him by his pillow,
  Had I seen him on his bier,
Had my grief been drowned in weeping;—
  But I cannot shed a tear.
No, no, no! Let me still think I shall see him,
  Let me still think he is near.

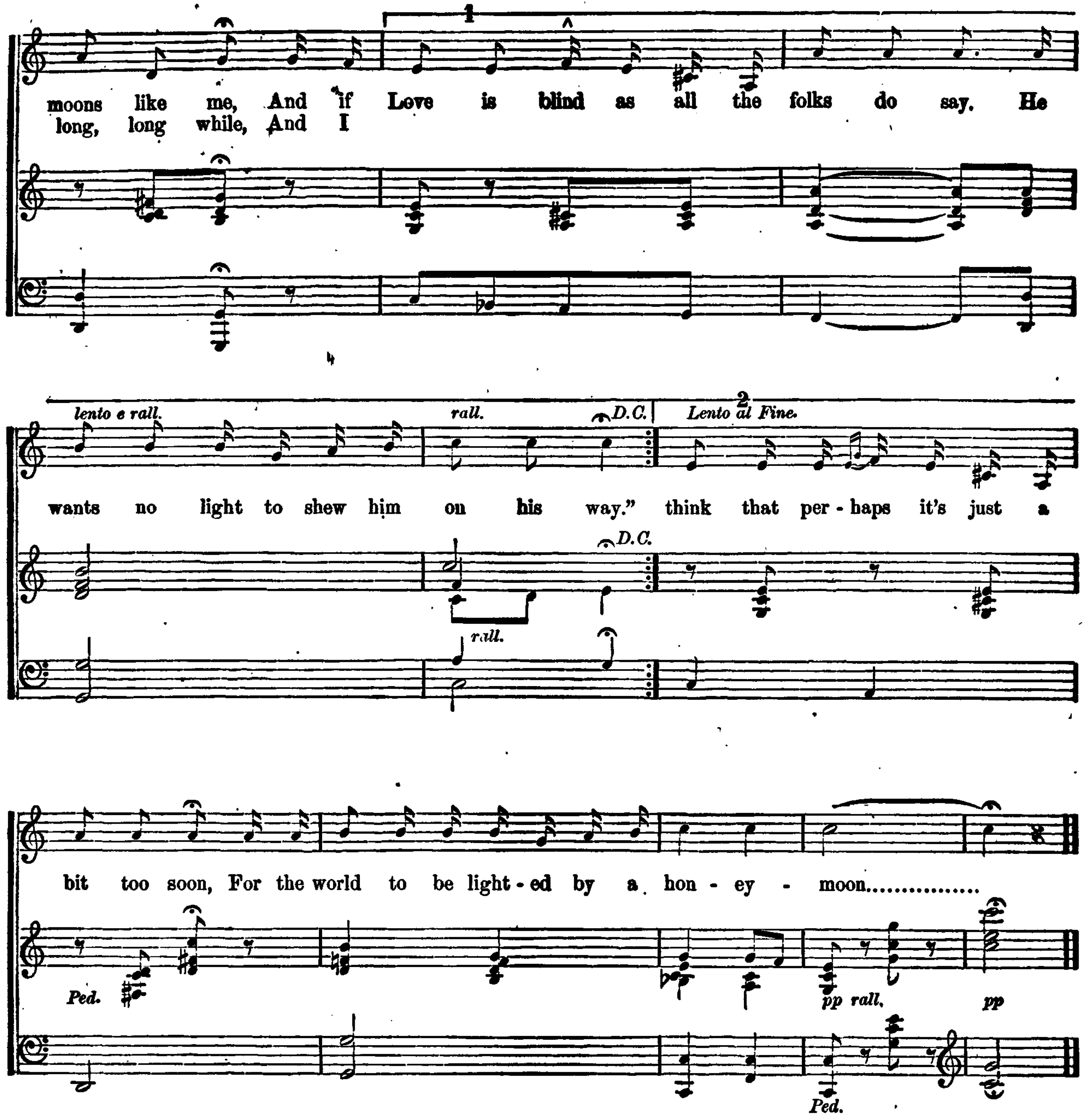


THE HONEYMOON.

This quaint song is one of the happy joint productions of **Frederick E. Weatherly** and **James L. Molloy**.


Allegretto.
1. The
2. The
rall.
Allegretto moderato.
moon look'd down on the shore be - low, Two lov - ers
moon look'd down on the world be - low, Two folks sat
wan - der'd by; Their eyes were wild and their walk was slow; "I sup-
on two chairs, Their con - ver - sa - tion did not flow, A
pose," said the moon, "it must be so, But what is the rea - son why?" "Sweet -
drear - y game of "yes" or "no," An in - ter - change of stares. She


heart," cried the lov- er, "my life shall be, A long, long hon-ey-moon, my own, with thee." "Oh
read the pat-tern that was on the floor, He look'd with longing at the o - pen door, And
ho!" said the moon, for she un - der - stood, And be - ing a la - dy, ears were good. "With
"ah!" yawn'd he, and "oh!" sigh'd she, While the moon look'd down a - mus - ed - ly. "These
moons of hon-ey in the world," quoth she, "There's not much need of moons like me,
moons of hon-ey," said the moon with a smile, "They don't seem to last a ver - y long, long while, They
Ver - y lit - tle need, ve - ry lit - tle need, There's not much need of
don't seem to last, don't seem to last, Not a ver - y long, long,

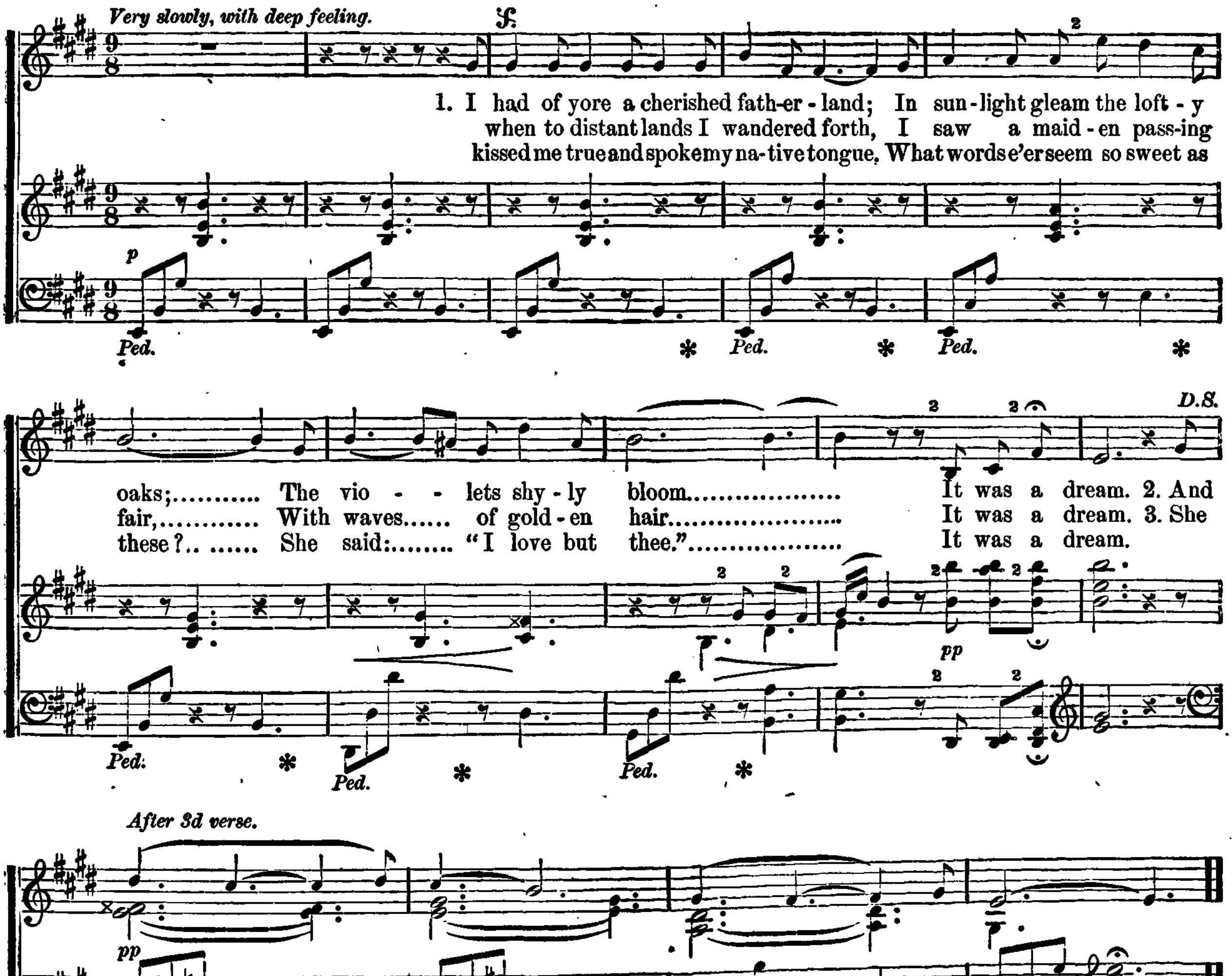

1
moons like me, And if Love is blind as all the folks do say. He
long, long while, And I
lento e rall.
rall.
D.C.
2
Lento al Fine.
wants no light to shew him on his way." think that per - haps it's just a
rall.
bit too soon, For the world to be light - ed by a hon - ey - moon................
Ped.
pp rall.
pp
Ped.

The moon looked down on the shore below,
  Two lovers wandered by;
Their eyes were wild and their walk was slow;
"I suppose," said the moon, "it must be so,
  But what is the reason why?"
"Sweetheart," cried the lover, "my life shall be,
A long, long honeymoon, my own, with thee."
  "Oh ho!" said the moon, for she understood,
  And being a lady, ears were good.
"With moons of honey in the world," quoth she,
"There's not much need of moons like me.
Very little need, very little need,
There's not much need of moons like me,
  And if Love is blind as all the folks do say,
  He wants no light to shew him on his way."

The moon looked down on the world below,
  Two folks sat on two chairs,
Their conversation did not flow,
A dreary game of "yes" or "no,"
  An interchange of stares.
She read the pattern that was on the floor,
He looked with longing at the open door,
  And "ah!" yawn'd he, and "oh!" sigh'd she,
  While the moon looked down amusedly.
"These moons of honey," said the moon with a smile,
They don't seem to last a very long, long while,
They don't seem to last, don't seem to last,
Not a very long, long, long, long while,
  And I think that perhaps it's just a bit too soon,
  For the world to be lighted by a honeymoon.

IT WAS A DREAM.

Eduard Lassen, to whom we owe the music of this exquisite song, was one of the leading composers of his time, and while a number of his operas, symphonies and other choral and orchestral works have met with substantial success, his permanent fame will rest on his delightful settings of lyrical poems. He was Danish by nationality, born at Copenhagen, April 13, 1830, but German by education and association as well as in his musical style. He was taken in his infancy to Brussels, when his musical training began. At the age of fourteen he took the first of a series of prizes which marked his exceptional proficiency, culminating in his securing the Belgian government prize in 1857. For many years preceding his death, which occurred in 1895, he held the honorable and responsible position of Kapellmeister at Weimar, where he was in close touch with the progressive spirit of modern Geman music. The lyric poems of **Heinrich Heine**, the great German poet, have had an irresistable attraction for translators and musical composers. Of them all, (with the possible exception of "Du bist wie eine Blume"—Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower") none has been so often rendered into English and set to music as "It Was a Dream," and of all the musical settings that by Lassen has been the favorite. The English version here given, which is peculiarly felicitous both in its fidelity to the original and in grace of rhythm and diction, was made expressly for this work by **Charles Harvey Genung**, an accomplished litterateur of New York, who was born in Brooklyn in 1861, was graduated at Columbia College, and spent some years in study at the University of Berlin and in close intercourse with German literary men. He is a member of the Goethe Society. He has made a special study of German lyric, and has produced English versions of many of the poems of Heine. "It was a Dream" was left by Heine as a fragment, the first and third verses only being his work. The second verse, which is necessary to the continuity of the thought, was supplied by other hands.


Very slowly, with deep feeling.
1. I had of yore a cherished fath-er-land; In sun-light gleam the loft-y oaks;........... The vio - - lets shy-ly bloom................... It was a dream. 2. And
when to distant lands I wandered forth, I saw a maid-en pass-ing fair,............ With waves...... of gold-en hair...................... It was a dream. 3. She
kissed me true and spoke my na-tive tongue, What words e'er seem so sweet as these?.. ...... She said:........ "I love but thee."................ It was a dream.
D.S.
After 3d verse.
p
pp
Ped.
*

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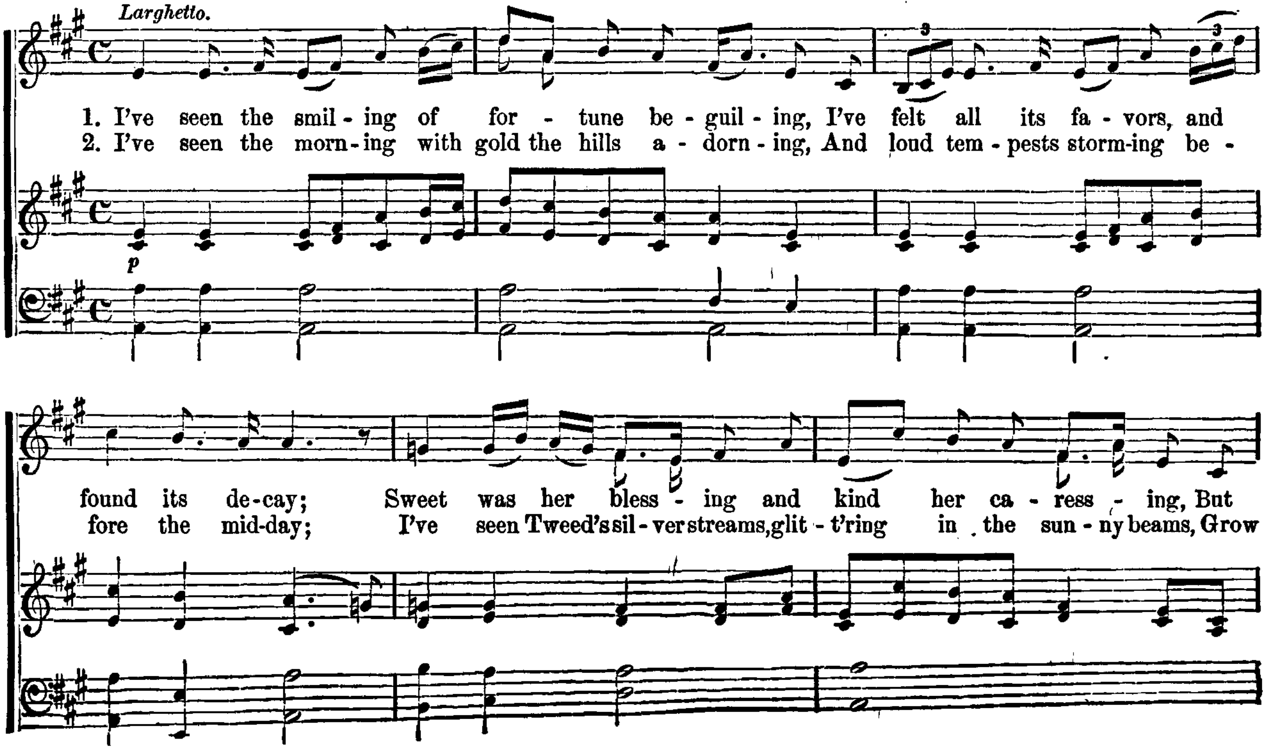
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

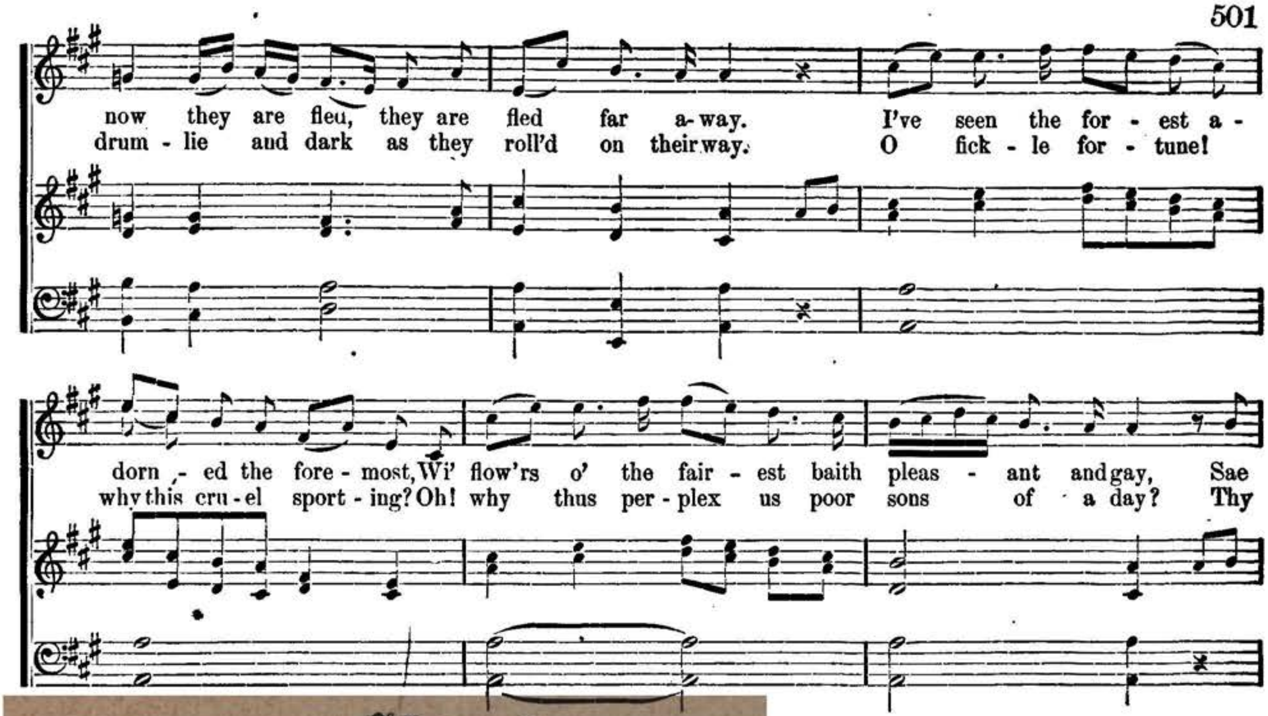
THE author of the words of the following song, ALISON RUTHERFURD, was born at Fairnalee, Selkirkshire, Scotland, 1712. In writing to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, she says: "I can this minute figure myself running as fast as a greyhound, in a hot summer day, to have the pleasure of plunging into the Tweed to cool me. I see myself wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of the hill at Fairnalee, letting myself roll down to the bottom, with infinite delight. As for the chase of the silver spoon at the end of the rainbow, nothing could exceed my ardor, except my faith which created it. I can see myself the first favorite at Lamothe's dancing, and remember turning pale and red with the ambition of applause. I am not sure if ever I was so vain of any lover or admirer as I was of the heavenly affection of your predecessor, whom, by his own assignation, I rode over from Fairnalee at six in the morning to meet * * * He embraced me with fervor, and said I would not repent losing some hours sleep to see for the last time an old man, who was going home. He naturally fell into a description of his malady, checked himself, and said it was a shame to complain of a bad road to a happy home; 'and there' said he, is 'my passport,' pointing to the Bible; 'let me beg, my young friend, you will study it: you are not yet a christian, but you have an inquiring mind, and cannot fail to become one.'"

Miss Rutherfurd was one of the beauties of the circle that counted among its members Lady Anne Lindsay and Jane Elliot, of Minto. Her correspondence shows her to have been a brilliant and noble woman. In 1731 she married Patrick Cockburn, of Ormiston. Of this event she afterward wrote: "I was married, properly speaking, to a man of seventy-five—my father-in-law" (step-father;) and at another time she says: "I was twenty years united to a lover and a friend." Mrs. Cockburn was forty-one years old when her husband died, and her house in Edinburgh was the gathering-place for some of the finest literary minds of the day. She died in that house, November 22, 1794.

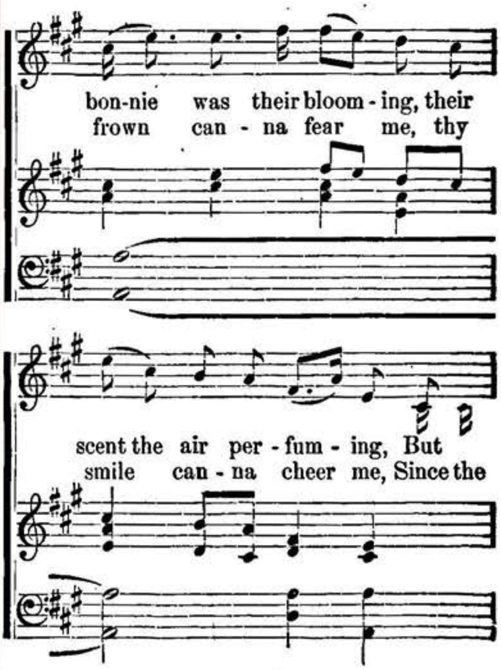
There was a tradition in the family that Mrs. Cockburn's song, "The Flowers of the Forest," was in some way connected with the name or fate of a young lover who died about the time she was married. The song was supposed to refer to the noblemen who fell at Flodden, and with them many of the most gallant archers of "The Forest," the home of Mrs. Cockburn, in Selkirkshire. Mr. Chambers, an intimate friend of Mrs. Cockburn, in an account of her says the song was occasioned by a commercial disaster, by which seven noblemen of the Forest were rendered insolvent in one year; but Mrs. Cockburn's correspondence seems to indicate that the verses she wrote for the occasion were different, and that this song was written long before the financial calamity, and did refer to the eventual battle of Flodden. Mrs. Cockburn's song has been spoken of in some collections, as an imitation of Jane Elliot's "Flowers of the Forest." The fact is, Mrs. Cockburn's song was written many years earlier than that of Miss Elliot, who was fifteen years her junior.

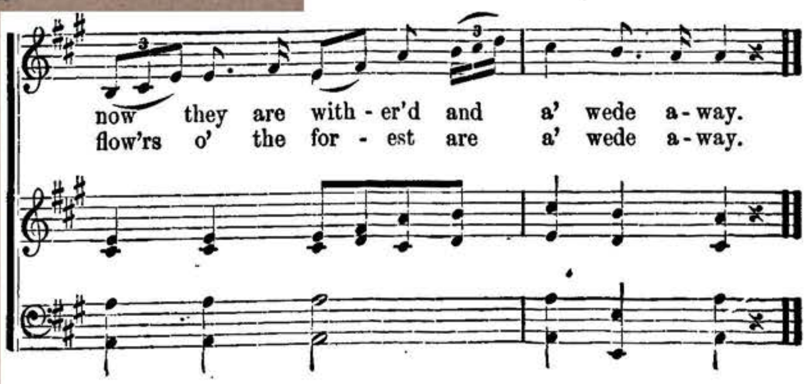
The air to which the words were first set was three centuries old, but it has been superseded by a more modern one.


Larghetto.
1. I've seen the smil - ing of for - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt all its fa - vors, and found its de-cay; Sweet was her bless - ing and kind her ca - ress - ing, But
2. I've seen the morn - ing with gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And loud tem - pests storm-ing be - fore the mid-day; I've seen Tweed's sil - ver streams, glit - t'ring in the sun - ny beams, Grow
p


now they are fled, they are fled far a-way. I've seen the for - est a -
drum - lie and dark as they roll'd on their way. O fick - le for - tune!
dorn - ed the fore - most, Wi' flow'rs o' the fair - est baith pleas - ant and gay, Sae
why this cru - el sport - ing? Oh! why thus per - plex us poor sons of a day? Thy

Fairfax Muckley


bon-nie was their bloom - ing, their
frown can - na fear me, thy
scent the air per - fum - ing, But
smile can - na cheer me, Since the


now they are with - er'd and a' wede a - way.
flow'rs o' the for - est are a' wede a - way.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

The words of this song are by Annie (Barry) Crawford, an English actress, who was born in Bath in 1731, and died in 1801. The air is by F. W. Nicholls Crouch, born in England, about 1800. In 1817, he was violincellist in King's Theatre, London. Afterward he taught music at Plymouth, where he composed this song, for the copyright of which he received £5. He came to the United States with an Italian opera troupe in 1848, and settled in Portland, Maine. There he made many friends, and became the the instructor of some of the best singers. He was something of a naturalist, and ornamented his rooms with cages of live snakes. He was a sportsman also, and his game dinners and his wife's matinées were equally celebrated. He brought out Locke's music to "Macbeth," and gave concerts with Arthurson, Frazier, and others. There is an answer to "Kathleen Mavourneen," entitled "Dermot Asthore"—the music by Crouch, and the words by his friend, Desmond Ryan.

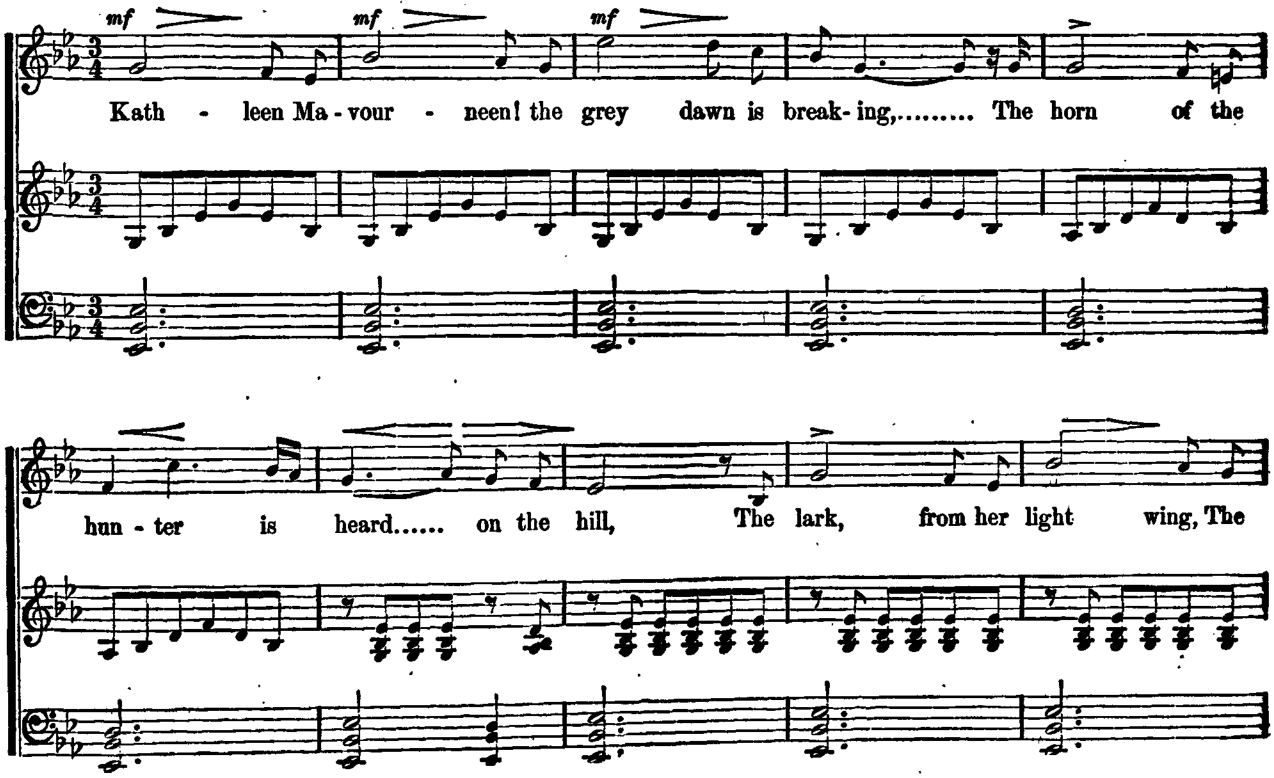
Crouch set to music a song written by Augustine J. H. Duganne, entitled "Her I Love," and was foolish enough to claim the authorship of the words also. He called it "a madrigal, after the style of the sixteenth century," and affected the ancient spelling. The first stanza ran as follows:

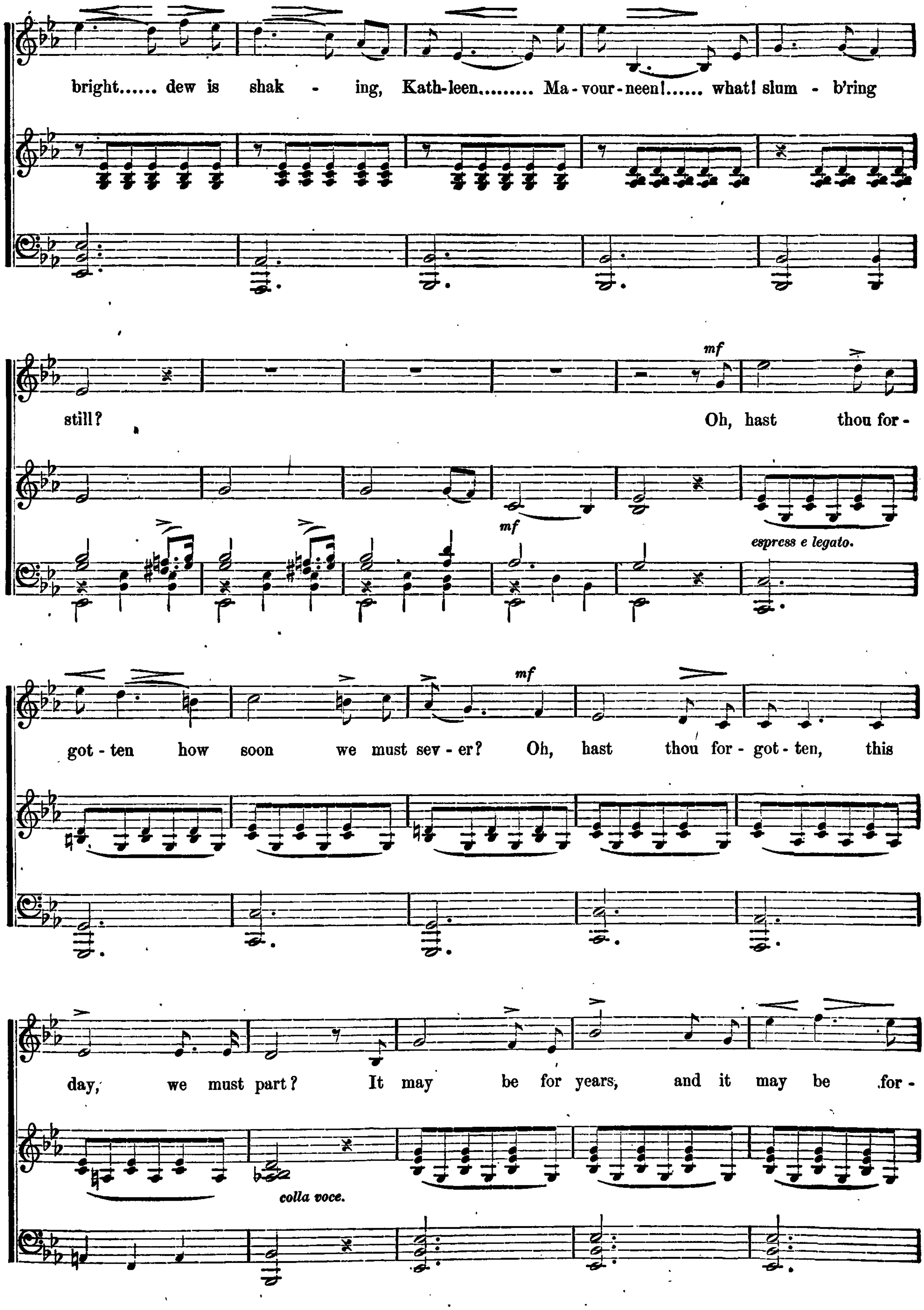
I knowe a lyttle hande;
'Tys ye softest yn ye lande,
And I feel yts pressure blande,
  Whyle I synge;
Lylie whyte and restynge nowe
Lyke a rose-leafe on my browe,
As a dove myght fanne my browe
  Wythe yts wynge.
Welle I prize all handes above,
Thys eare hadnde of herre I love.

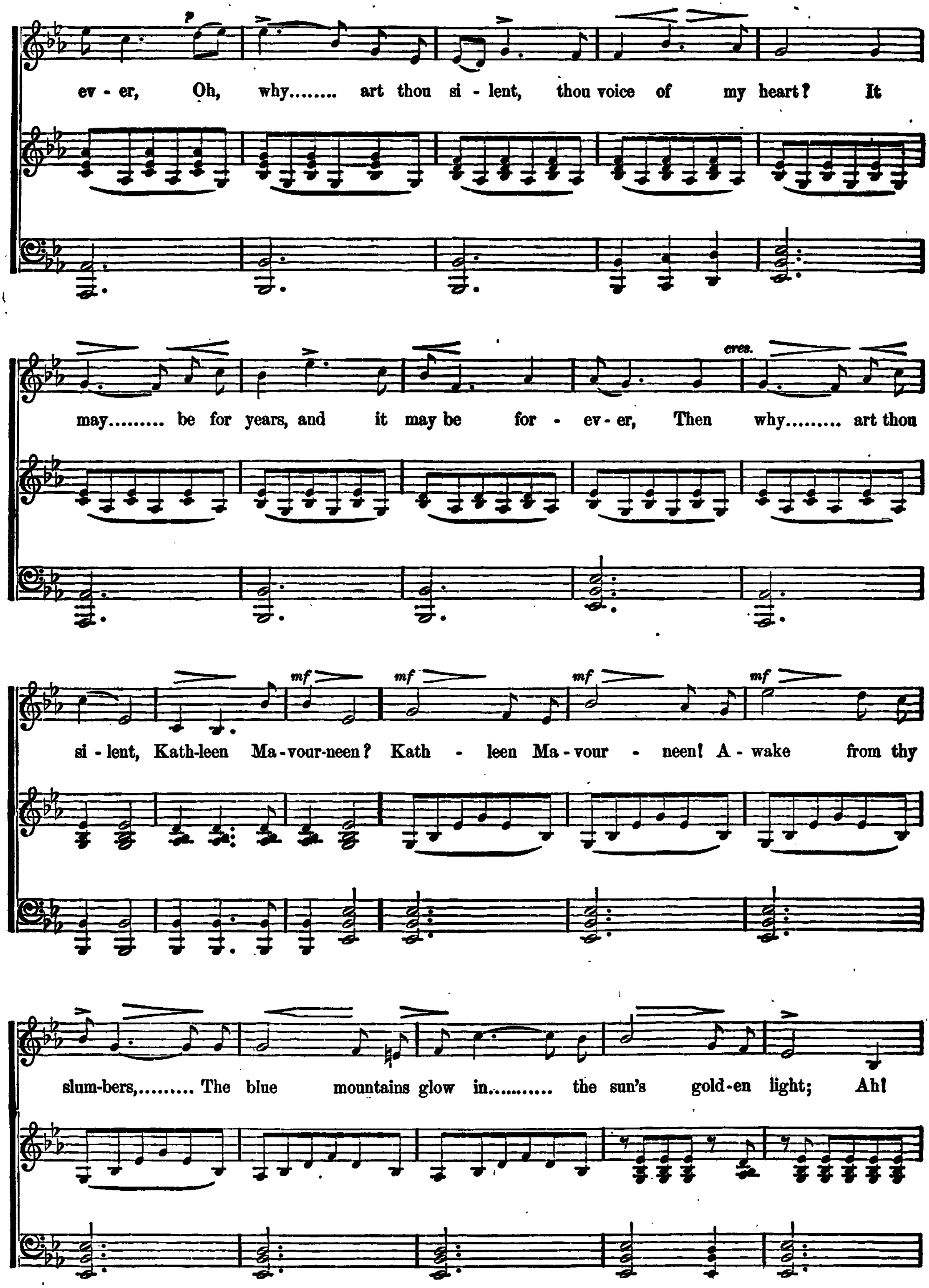
The song was brought out by Arthurson, and became somewhat famous.

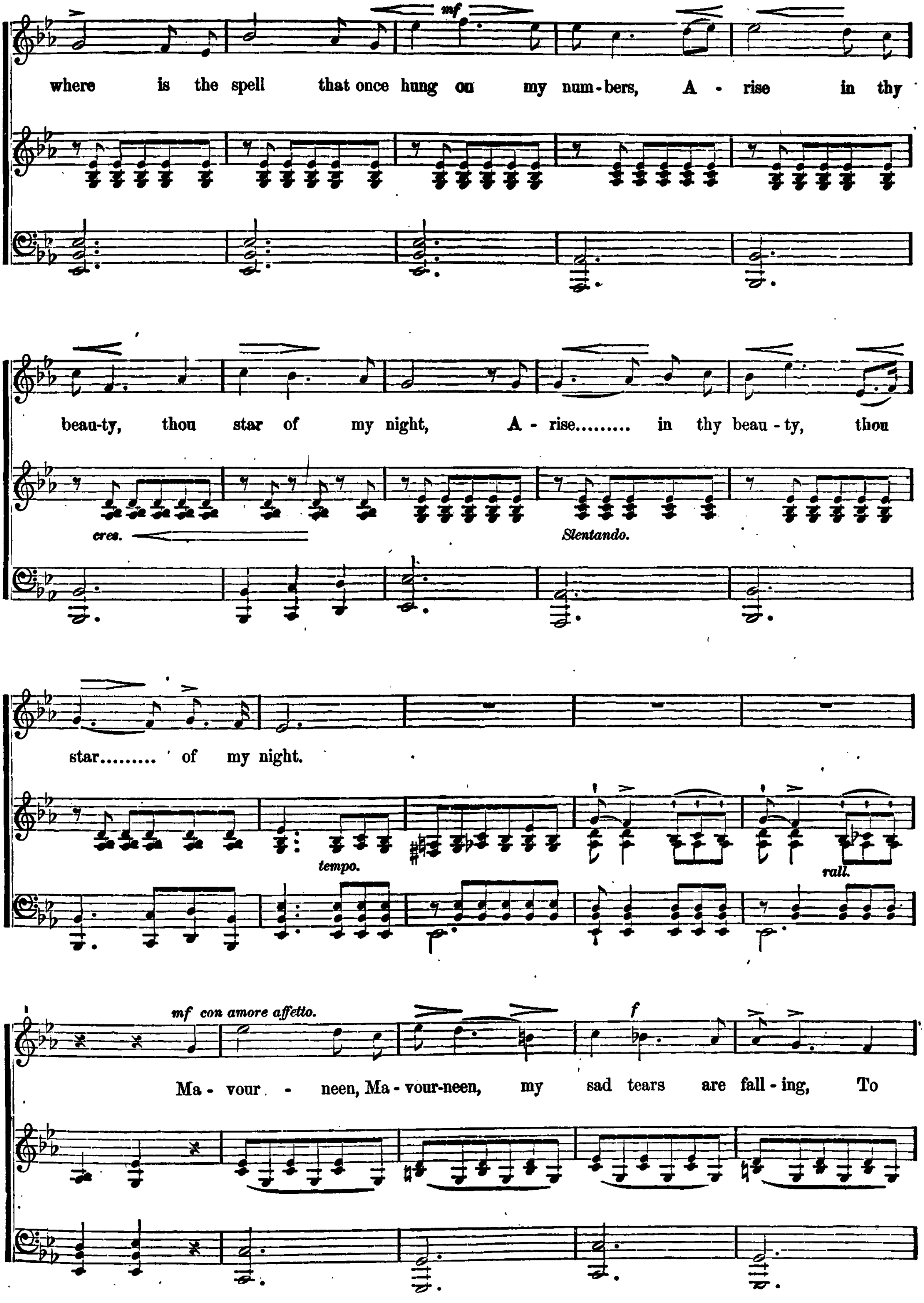
Crouch was utterly improvident. He was very free with his money whenever he had it, and consequently seldom had any. It is said that he once assisted a needy Italian in giving a concert, and finding that the receipts were rather meagre, amended the deficiency somewhat by casting in his last ten dollar bill. From Portland he went to Philadelphia, where he established a sort of a musical association. Just before the war he was teaching music in Washington, and he is said to have died in Baltimore during the war,—but as to this, there seems to be some doubt.

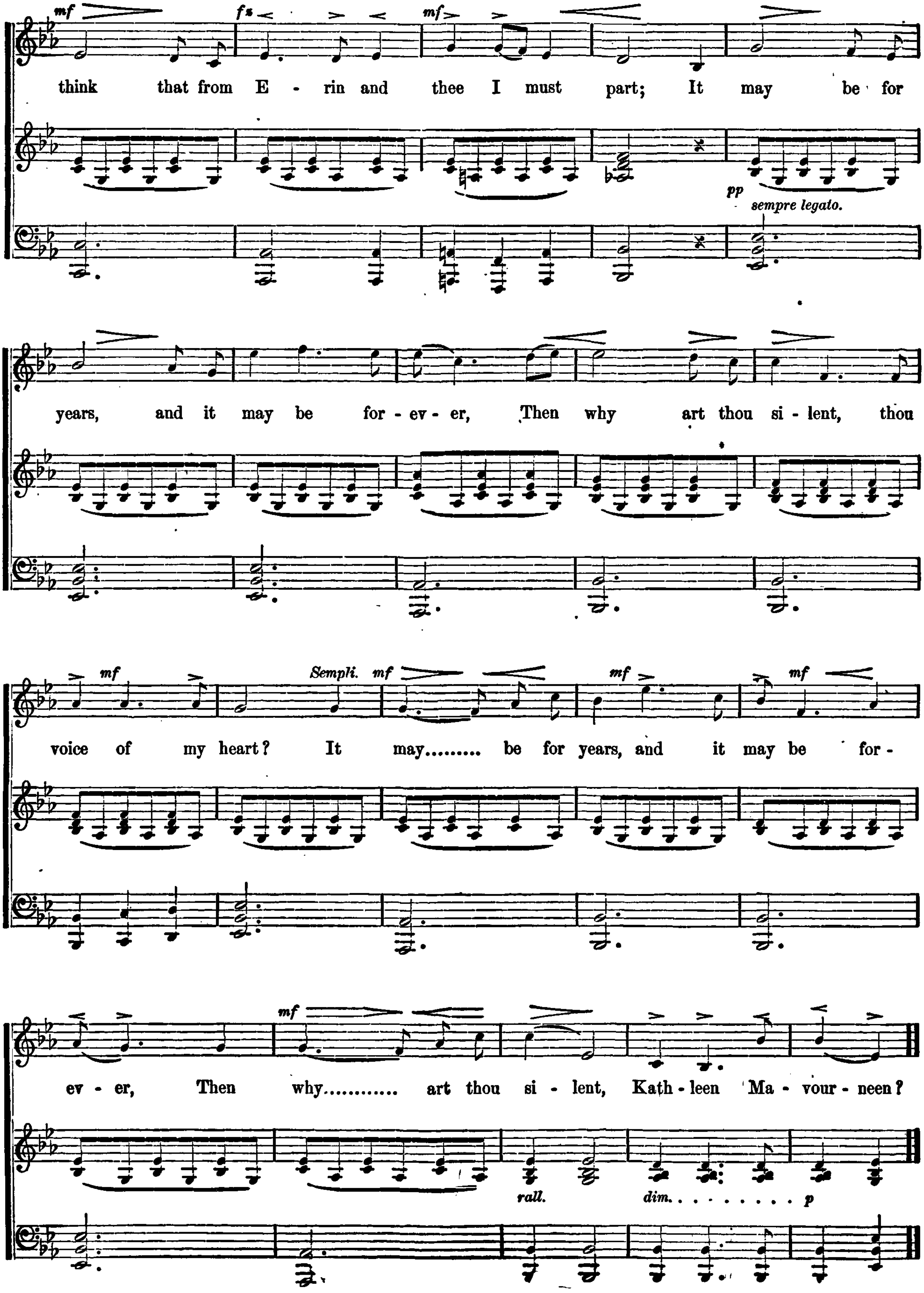
When Mlle. Titiens sang in New York, she gave "Kathleen Mavourneen," in response to an encore. Thereupon, a fellow, who in all probability was an impostor, made his way to the stage, introduced himself as Crouch the composer, and with plentiful tears gave her his thanks for rendering the song so finely.


mf
mf
mf
Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break- ing,......... The horn of the
hun - ter is heard...... on the hill, The lark, from her light wing, The

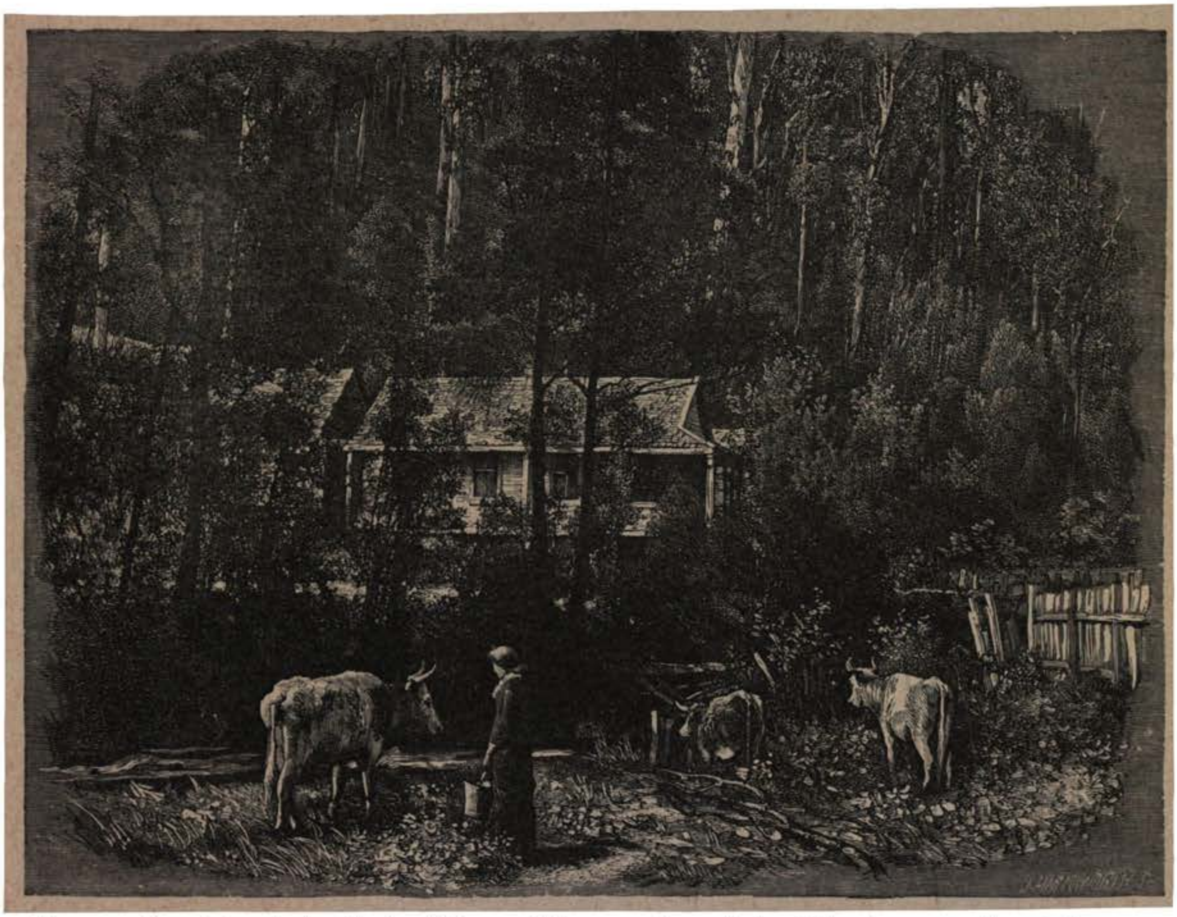

bright...... dew is shak - ing, Kath-leen......... Ma-vour-neen!...... what! slum - b'ring
still?
mf
Oh, hast thou for -
mf
espress e legato.
got - ten how soon we must sev - er?
mf
Oh, hast thou for - got - ten, this
day, we must part? It may be for years, and it may be for -
colla voce.


ev - er, Oh, why........ art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It
cres.
may......... be for years, and it may be for - ev - er, Then why......... art thou
mf
mf
mf
mf
si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen? Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! A - wake from thy
slum-bers,......... The blue mountains glow in.......... the sun's gold-en light; Ah!


mf
where is the spell that once hung on my num-bers, A - rise in thy
beau-ty, thou star of my night, A - rise......... in thy beau - ty, thou
cres.
Slentando.
star......... of my night.
tempo.
rall.
mf con amore affetto.
f
Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour-neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To


think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for
pp sempre legato.
years, and it may be for - ev - er, Then why art thou si - lent, thou
voice of my heart? It may......... be for years, and it may be for -
Sempli.
ev - er, Then why............ art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?
rall.
dim. . . . . p

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

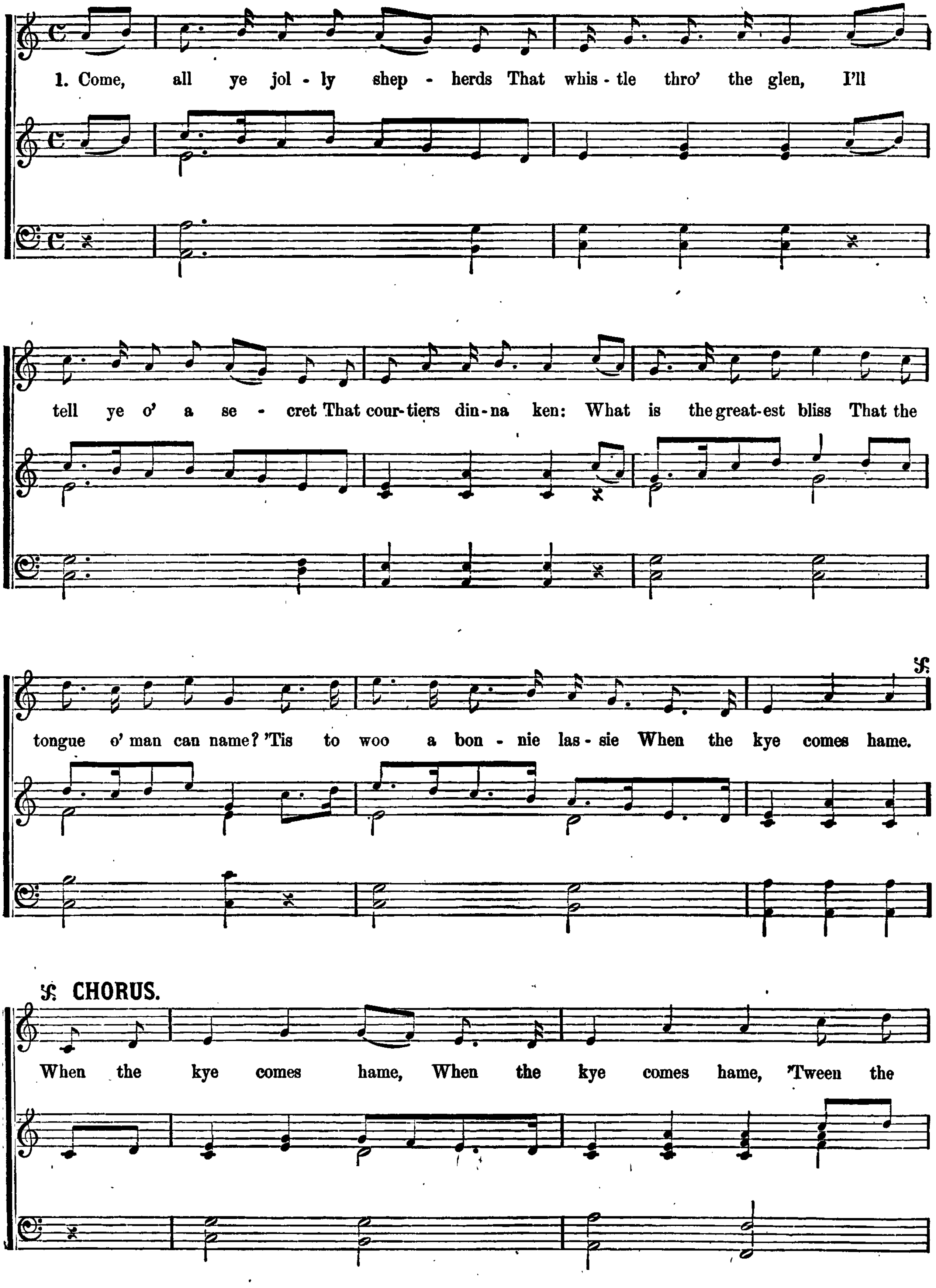


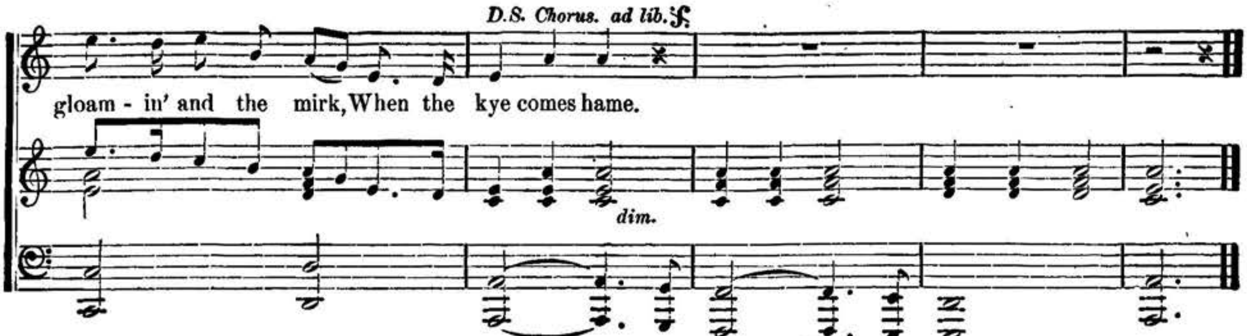
THE precise date of the birth of JAMES HOGG, author of the following song, is not known. He believed that he was born January 25, 1772, but the baptismal register of Ettrick, his native parish, records his baptism as occuring December 9, 1770. At six years old, he was bound out as cow-boy, and was paid for his first year's service in "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes." He had but six months' schooling, and when eighteen years old, taught himself to read. For practice in writing, he copied the Italian alphabet upon a paper spread on his knees, his ink-bottle being hung at his button-hole; for he was on the hill-side watching his sheep. When at last he ventured to write out the verses that had formed themselves in his mind, he flung off his coat and vest for the effort, and could put down but few lines at a sitting. He died November 21, 1835. In 1860, a monument was raised to his memory, on the margin of St. Mary's Lake, in Ettrick Forest, where his early days were passed. It consists of a statue that represents the poet sitting on a gnarled oak root, in deep contemplation. The figure is on a lofty pedestal, which bears appropriate inscriptions,—among them, this from one of his own poems:

Flow, my Ettrick! it was thee
  Into life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
  Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Passing swains will say, and weep,
  "Here our Shepherd lies asleep."

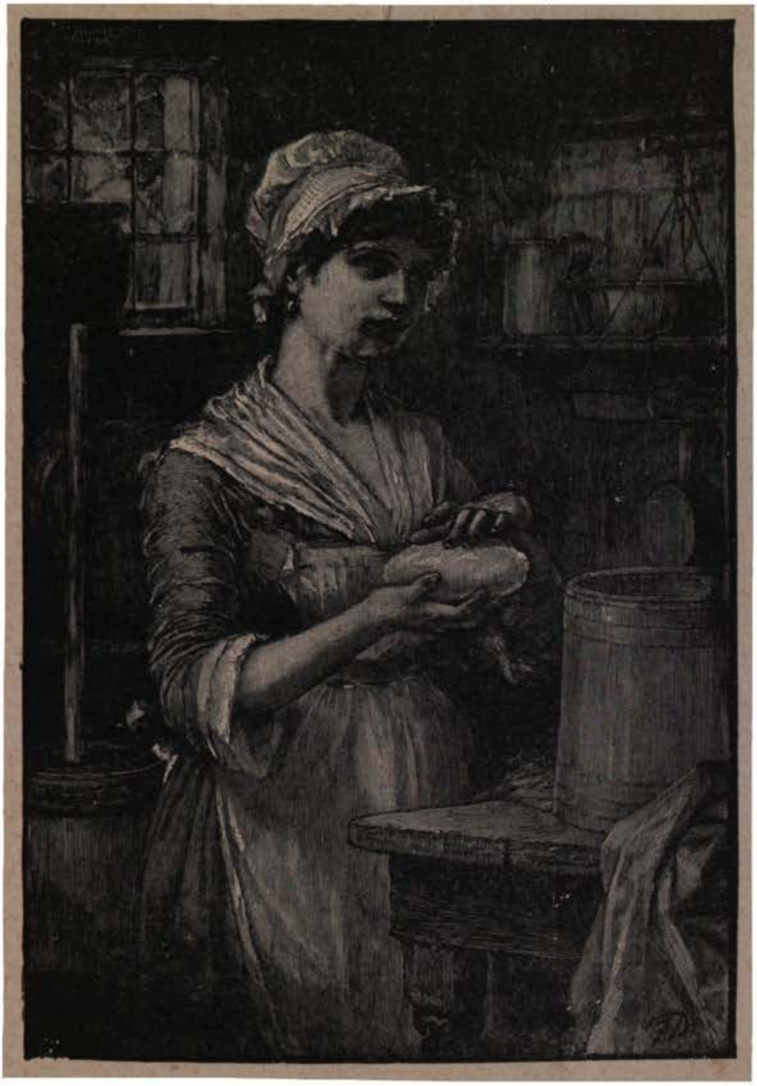
To his pastoral song, which was first published in his novel entitled "The Three Perils of Man," Hogg gave the name "When the kye *comes* hame," and he says: "I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, in the title and chorus, than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing at a wedding in great glee, 'When the kye come hame,' when a tailor, scratching his head, said it was a 'terrible affectit way that.' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again."

The air is an old one, with a very Scotchy-sounding name of "Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't."


1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds That whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll
tell ye o' a se - cret That cour- tiers din - na ken: What is the great - est bliss That the
tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon - nie las - sie When the kye comes hame.
CHORUS.
When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame, 'Tween the



Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
  That whistle through the glen!
I'll tell ye o' a secret
  That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
  That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
  When the kye comes hame!



'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
  Nor yet beneath the crown;
'Tis not on couch o' velvet,
  Nor yet in bed o' down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
  In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
  For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tapmost bough
  Oh, a happy bird is he!
There he pours his melting ditty,
  And love is a' the theme;
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
  And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
  Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
  Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame.

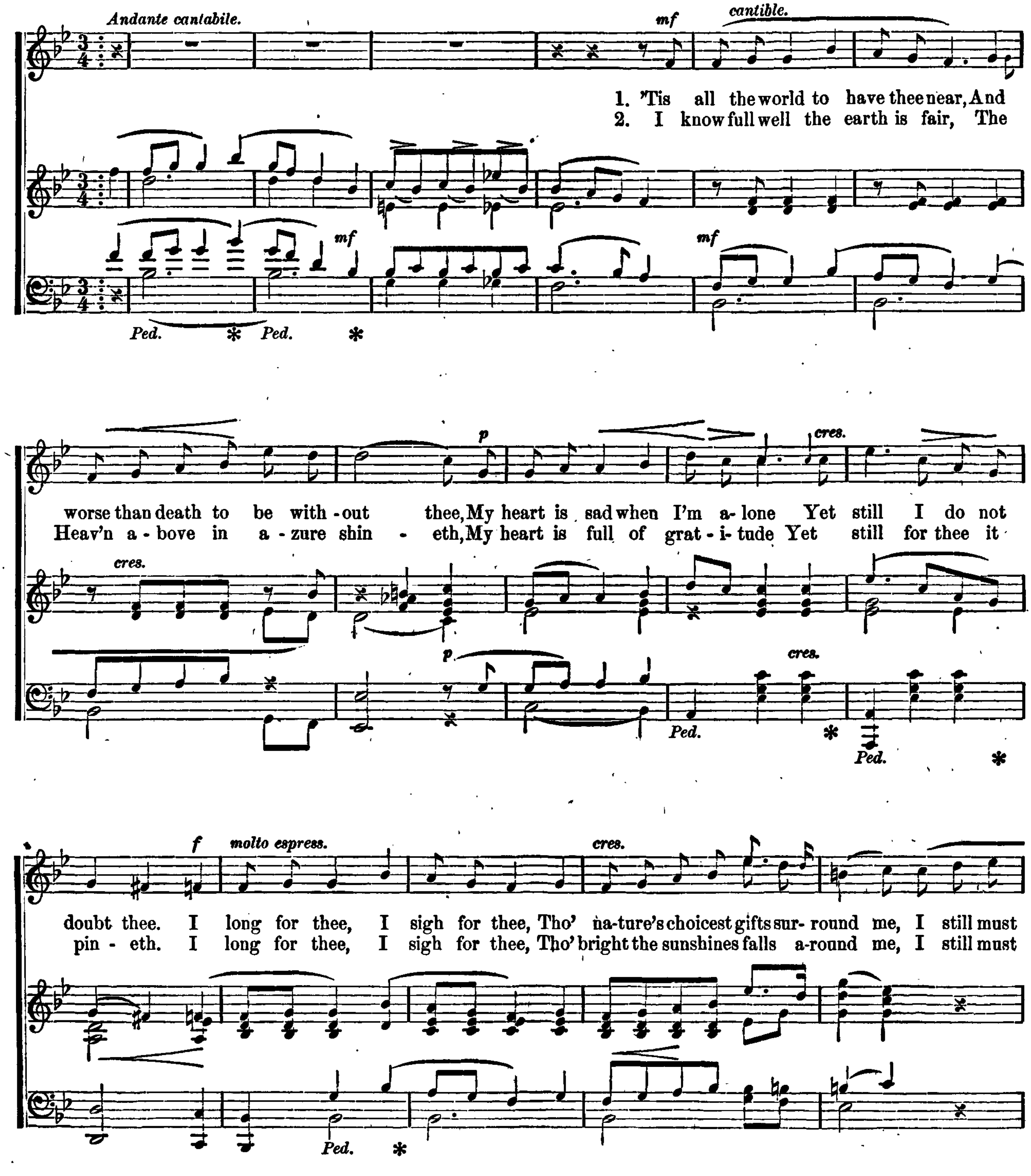
See yonder pawky shepherd,
  That lingers on the hill;
His yowes are in the fauld,
  And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
  For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame.

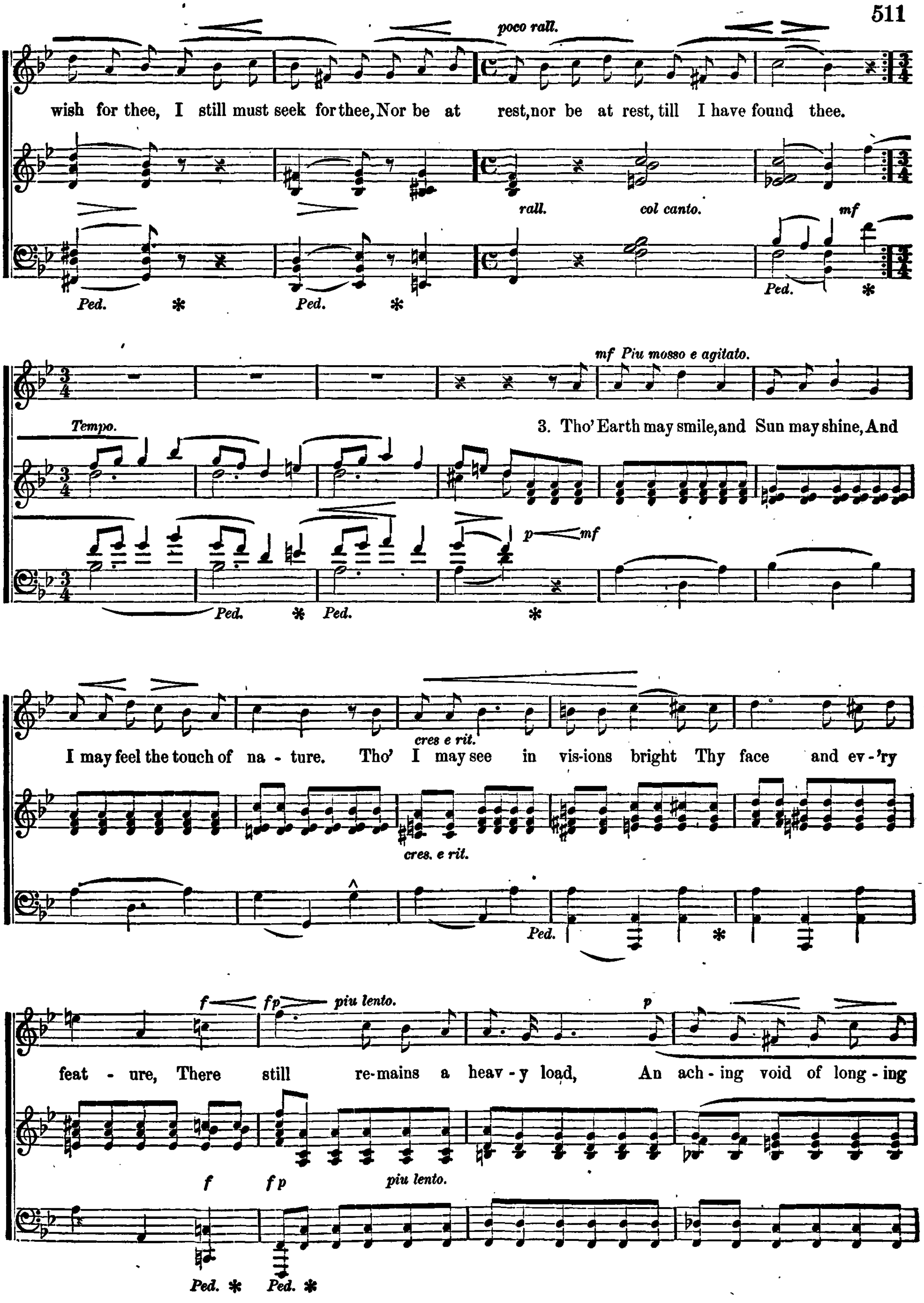
When the little wee bit heart
  Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
  Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
  That the heart can hardly frame!
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame.

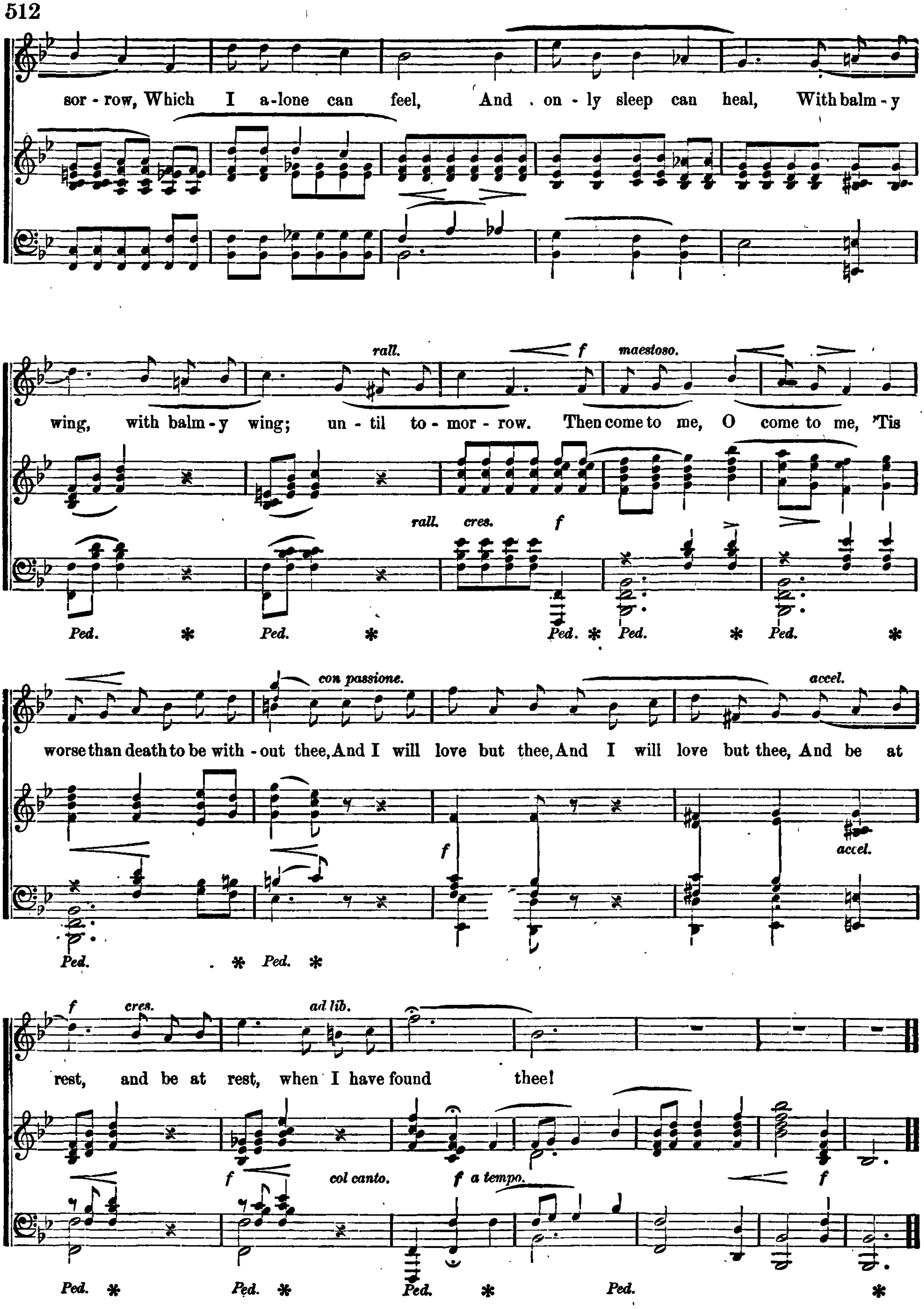
Then, since all nature joins
  In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
  To Nature's dearest joy!
Oh wha wad choose a crown,
  Wi' its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye comes hame?

BEST OF ALL.

A VARIETY of musical accomplishments are possessed by FRANK MOIR, the composer of "Best of All." He is widely known in England as a baritone singer of distinction, and is a great favorite with a public that understands and appreciates concert-room work of the best quality. He is even better known to the musical public as a composer of considerable skill, and it is probable that it is as a composer that he will be especially remembered. Much of his composition is in the line of church music, but he has written a great number of songs of a high degree of merit which have had flattering success. Among these may be named "Only Once More," "Children Asleep," "Grieve Not, Dear Love," "Songs the Children Sing," "The Harbor Bay," etc.

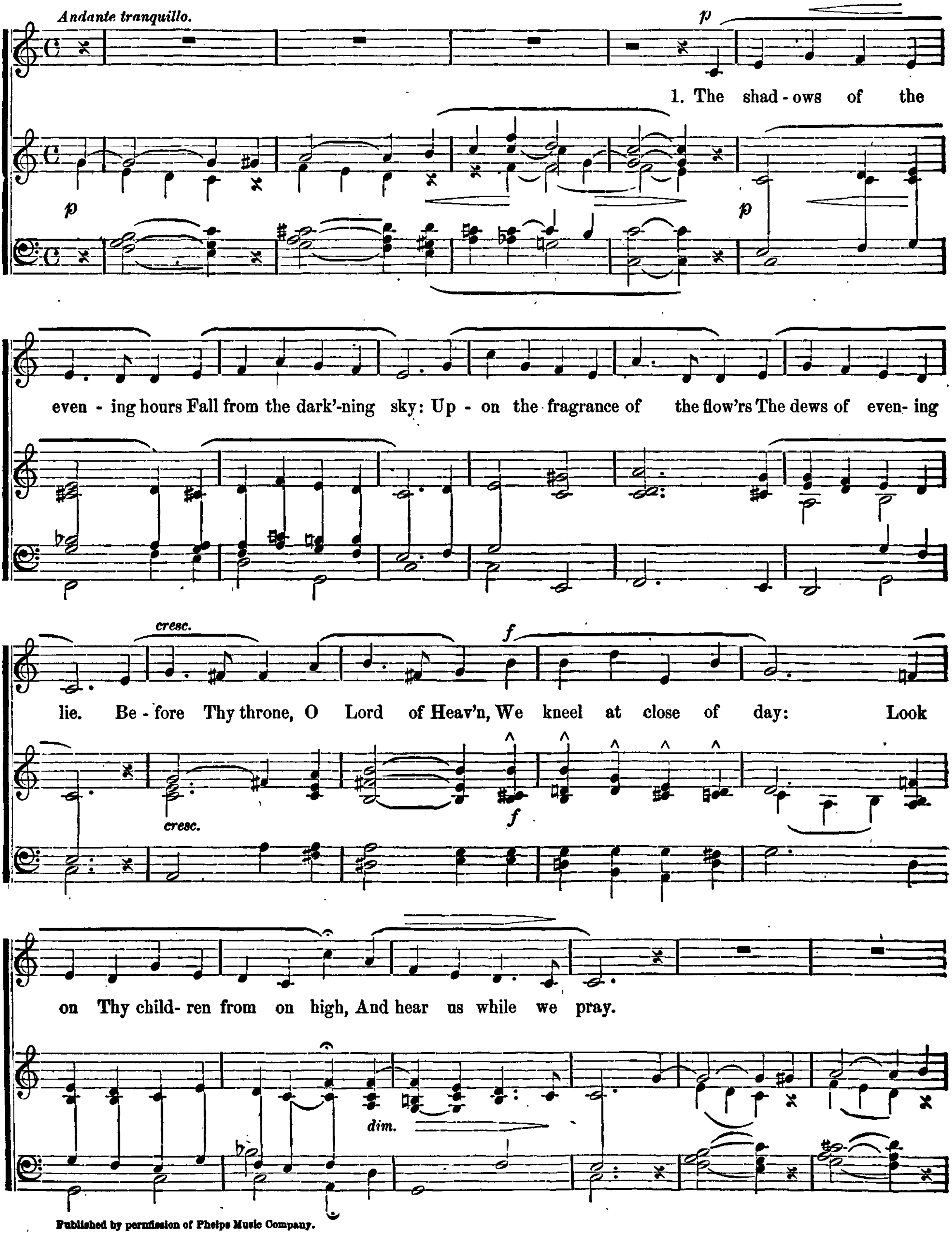

Andante cantabile.
mf
cantible.
1. 'Tis all the world to have thee near, And
2. I know full well the earth is fair, The
mf
mf
Ped. * Ped. *
p
cres.
worse than death to be with-out thee, My heart is sad when I'm a-lone Yet still I do not
Heav'n a-bove in a-zure shin - eth, My heart is full of grat-i-tude Yet still for thee it
cres.
p
cres.
Ped. * Ped. *
f molto espress.
cres.
doubt thee. I long for thee, I sigh for thee, Tho' na-ture's choicest gifts sur-round me, I still must
pin - eth. I long for thee, I sigh for thee, Tho' bright the sunshines falls a-round me, I still must
Ped. *


poco rall.
wish for thee, I still must seek for thee, Nor be at rest, nor be at rest, till I have found thee.
rall.
col canto.
mf
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻
Tempo.
mf Piu mosso e agitato.
3. Tho' Earth may smile, and Sun may shine, And
p mf
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻
I may feel the touch of na - ture. Tho' I may see in vis-ions bright Thy face and ev-'ry
cres e rit.
cres. e rit.
Ped. ✻
f fp piu lento.
feat - ure, There still re-mains a heav - y load, An ach - ing void of long - ing
p
f fp piu lento.
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻


sor - row, Which I a - lone can feel, And on - ly sleep can heal, With balm - y
rall.
f
maestoso.
wing, with balm - y wing; un - til to - mor - row. Then come to me, O come to me, 'Tis
rall. cres.
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
con passione.
accel.
worse than death to be with - out thee, And I will love but thee, And I will love but thee, And be at
f
accel.
Ped. * Ped. *
f cres.
ad lib.
rest, and be at rest, when I have found thee!
f
col canto.
f a tempo.
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS.

THIS is a sacred song for a low voice. The words are by ADELAIDE PROCTOR; the music is by SUMNER SALTER.


Andante tranquillo.
p
1. The shad - ows of the
p
p
even - ing hours Fall from the dark'-ning sky: Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of even- ing
lie. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n, We kneel at close of day: Look
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
on Thy child- ren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
dim.

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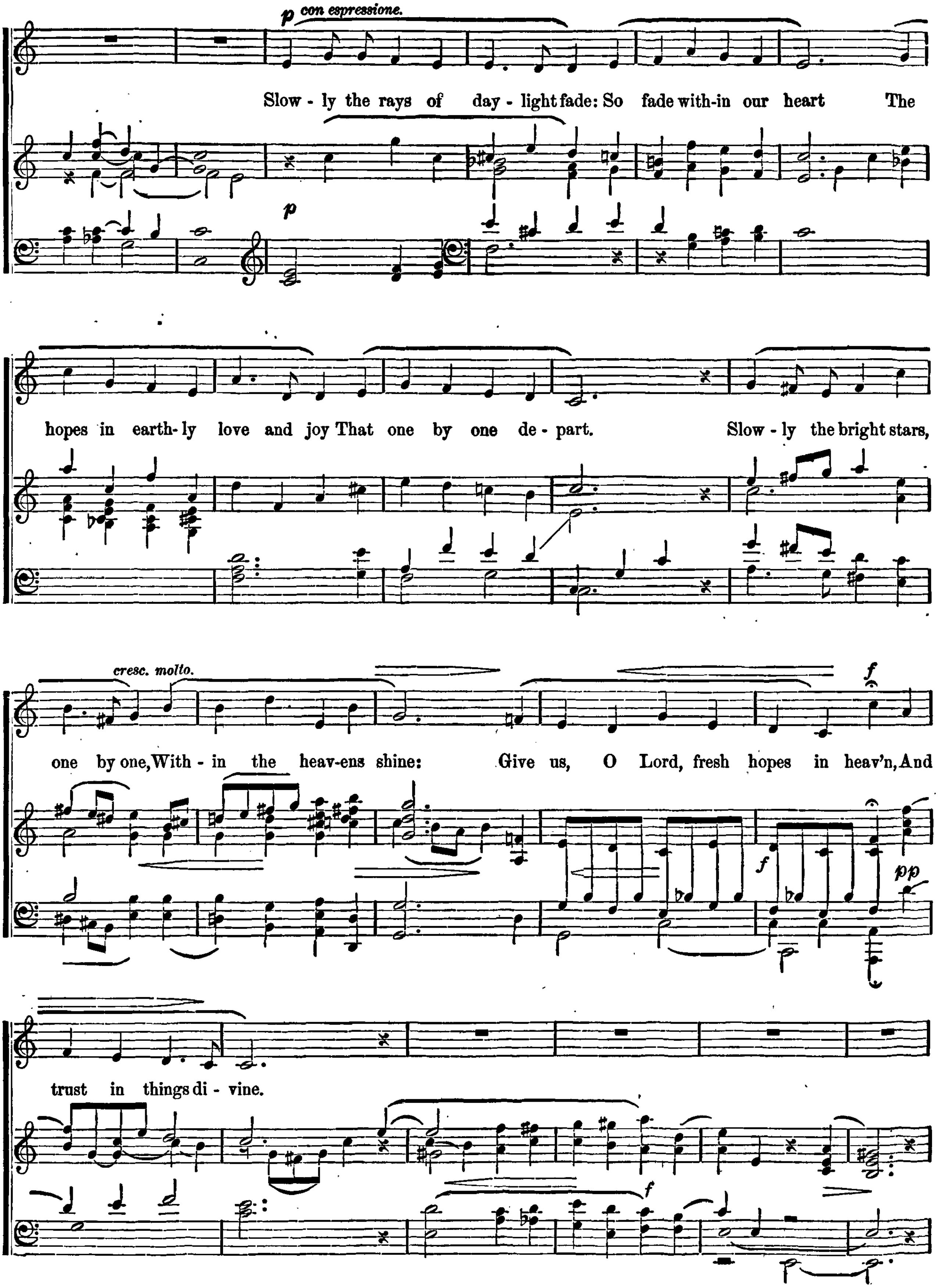
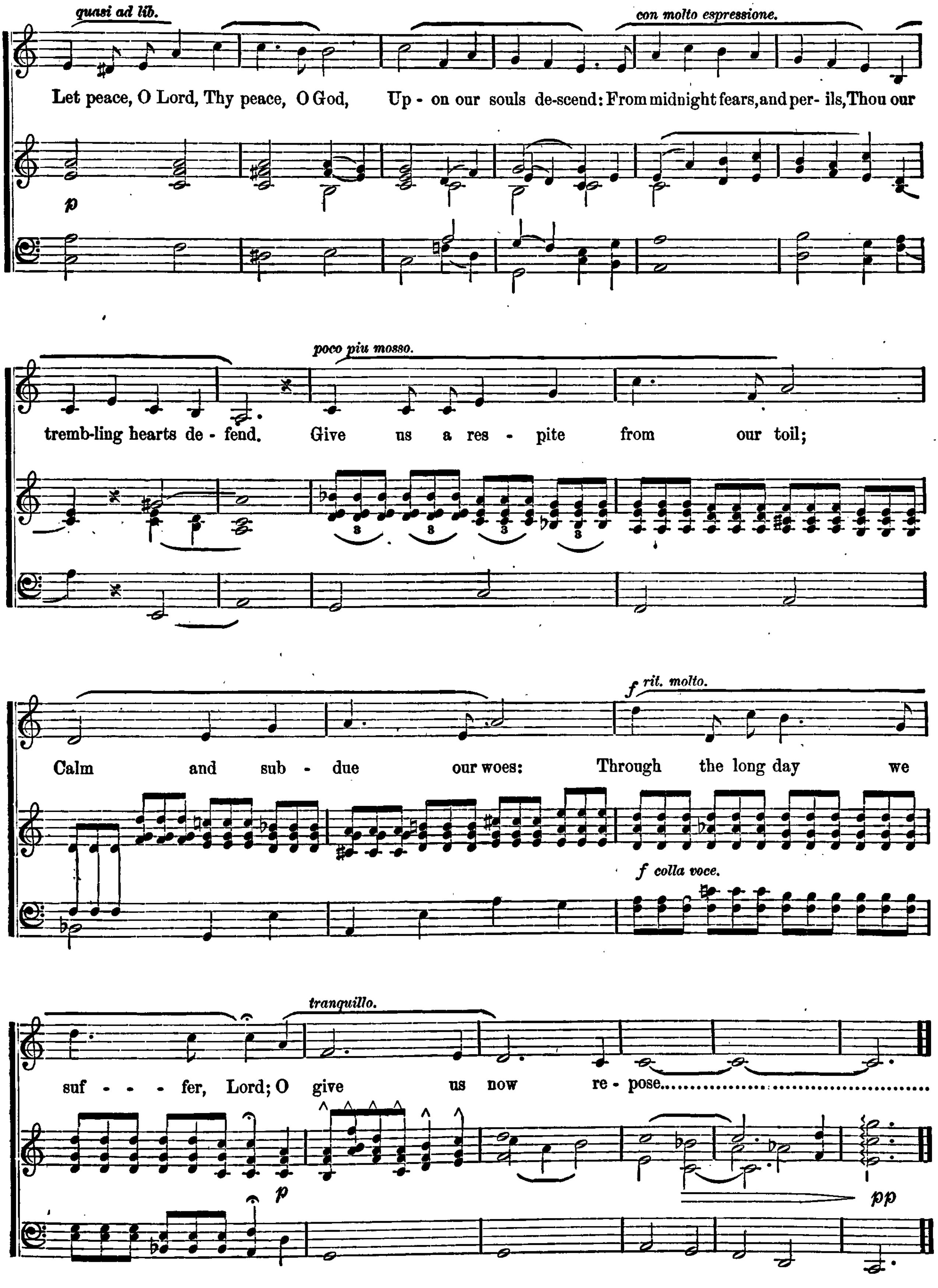
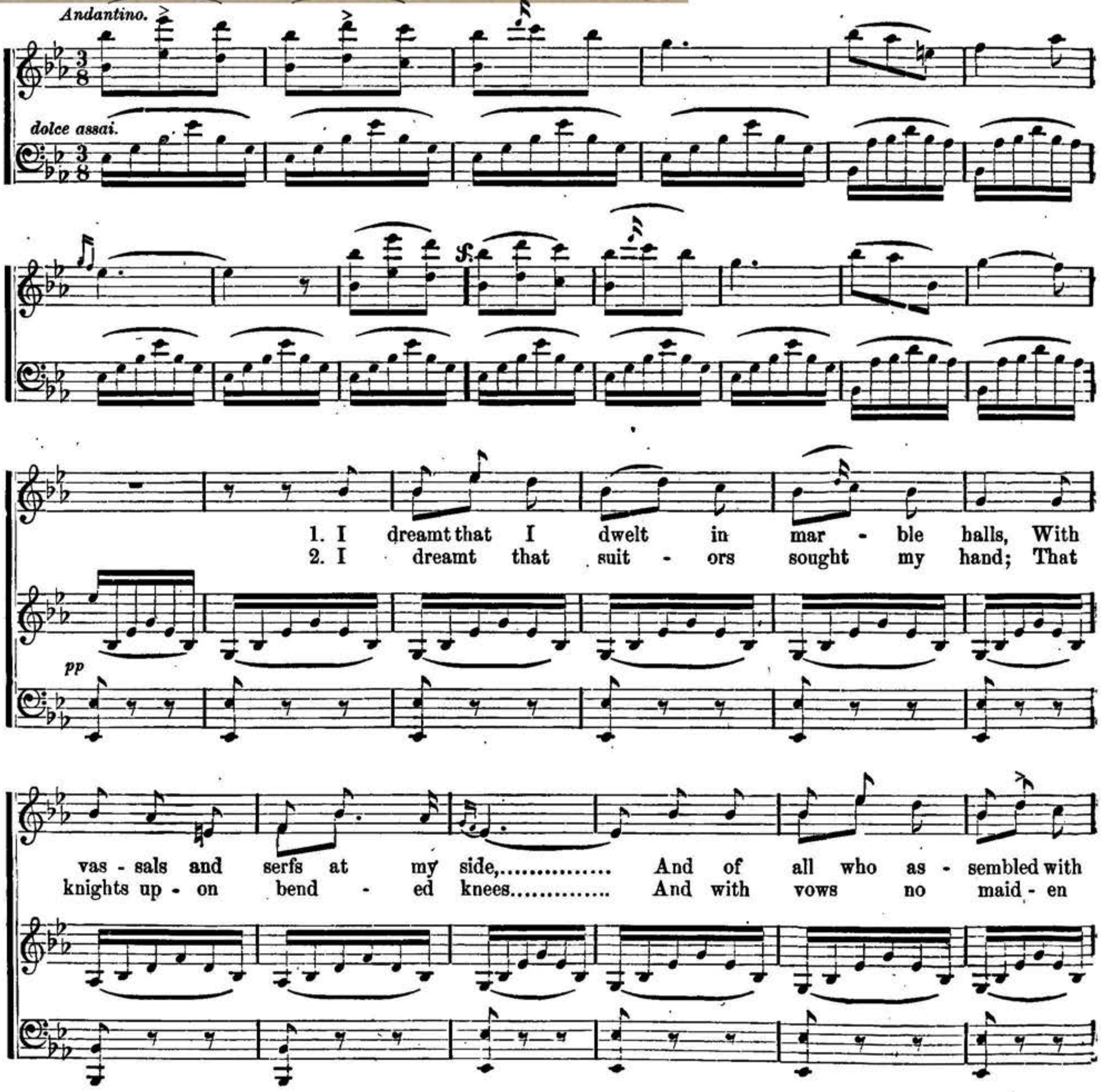
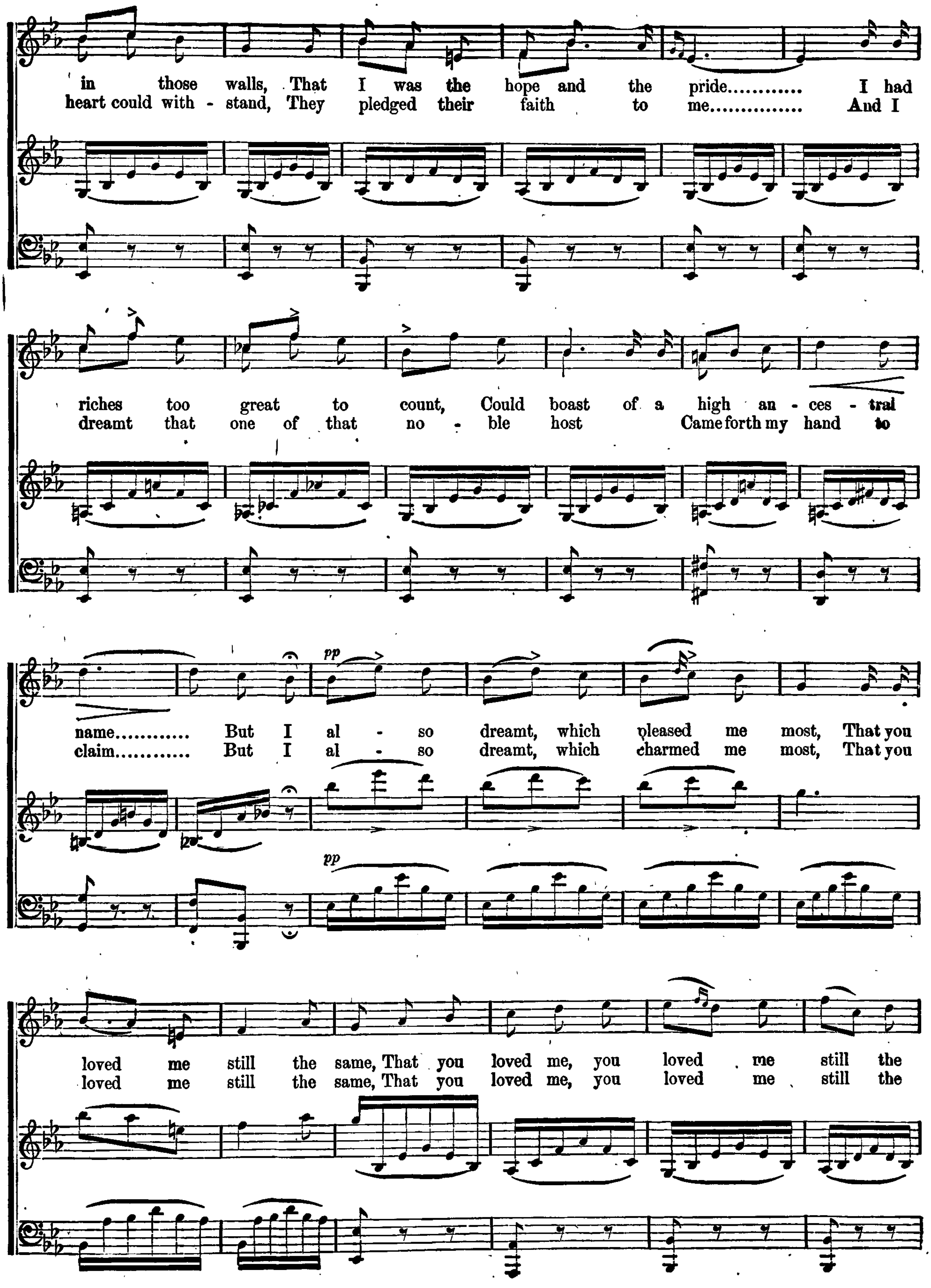

p con espressione.
Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade: So fade with-in our heart The
p
hopes in earth- ly love and joy That one by one de - part. Slow - ly the bright stars,
cresc. molto.
one by one, With - in the heav-ens shine: Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And
f
f
pp
trust in things di - vine.
f

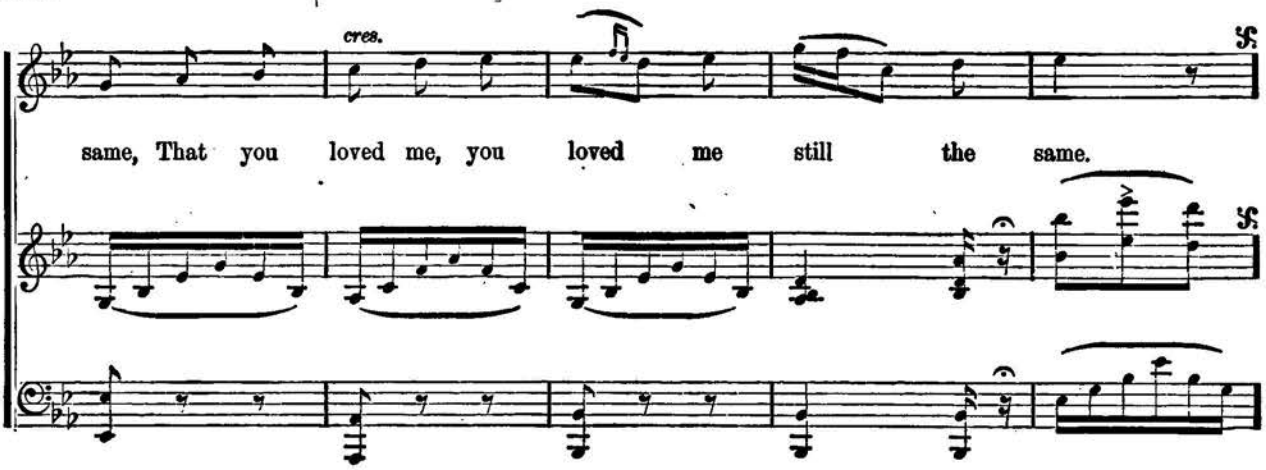

quasi ad lib.
con molto espressione.
Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de-scend: From midnight fears, and per- ils, Thou our
p
poco piu mosso.
tremb-ling hearts de - fend. Give us a res - pite from our toil;
3
3
3
3
f rit. molto.
Calm and sub - due our woes: Through the long day we
f colla voce.
tranquillo.
suf - - - fer, Lord; O give us now re - pose..
p
pp

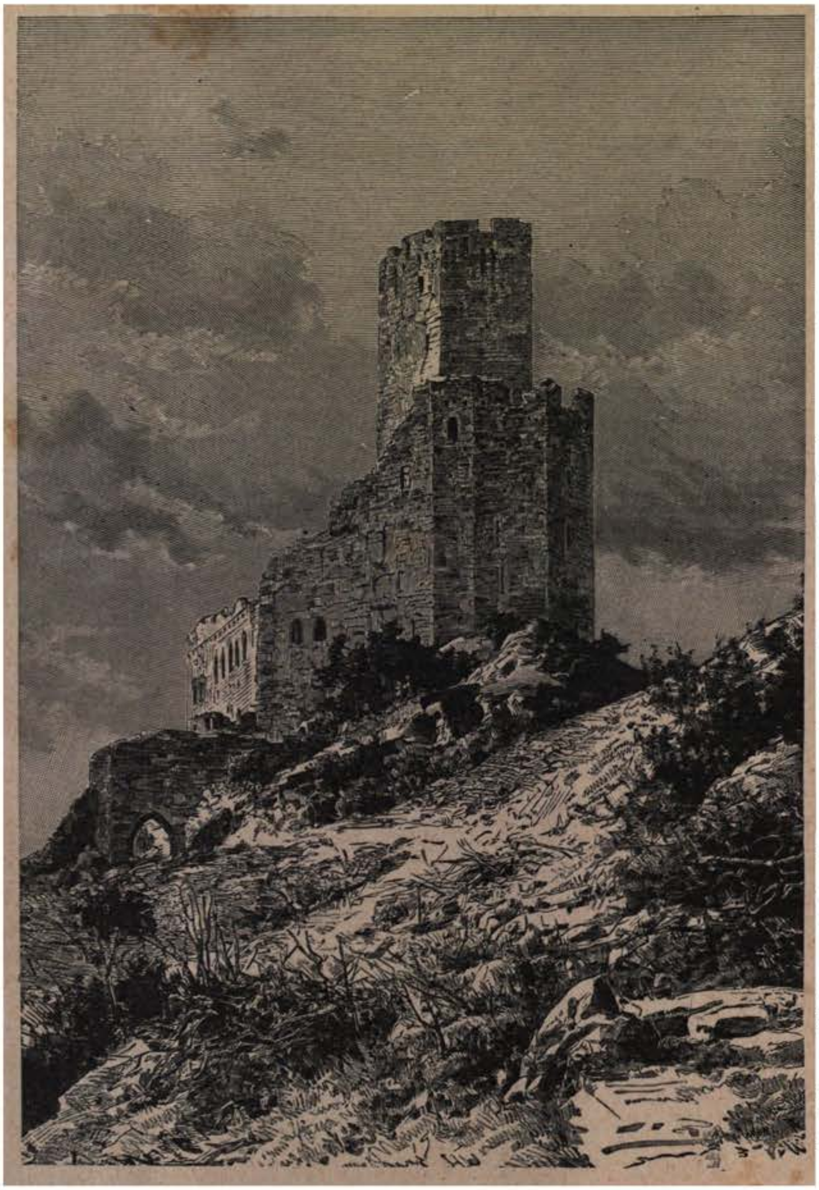
I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

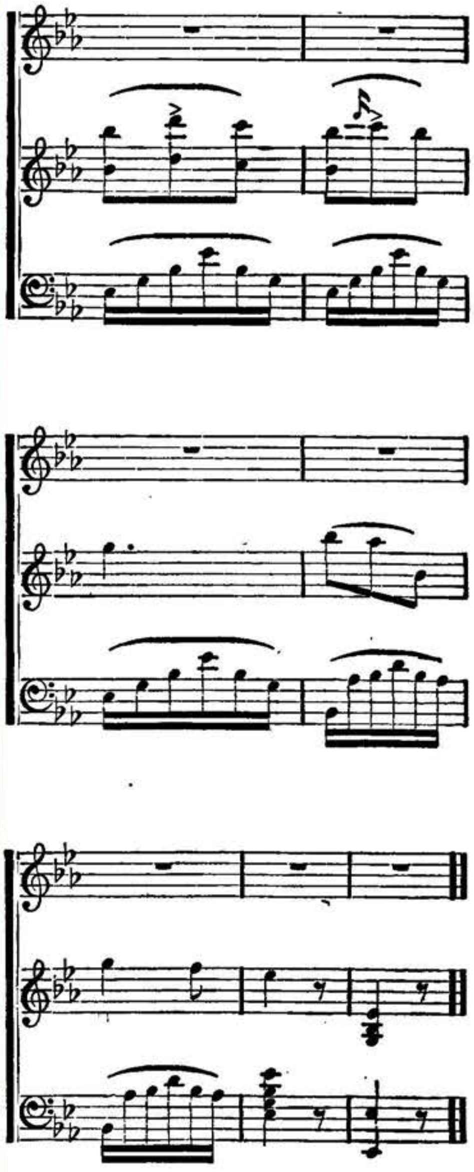
THE writer of this exceedingly beautiful song is **WILLIAM WALLACE BALFE**, who was born in Dublin, in 1808. His greatest success, "The Bohemian Girl," in which occurs "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," was produced in 1843. The Opera has been translated into almost every European language. When in 1869, it was given in Paris, Balfe was decorated with the ribbon of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of France, and was made Commander of the Order of Carlos III. by the Regent of Spain.

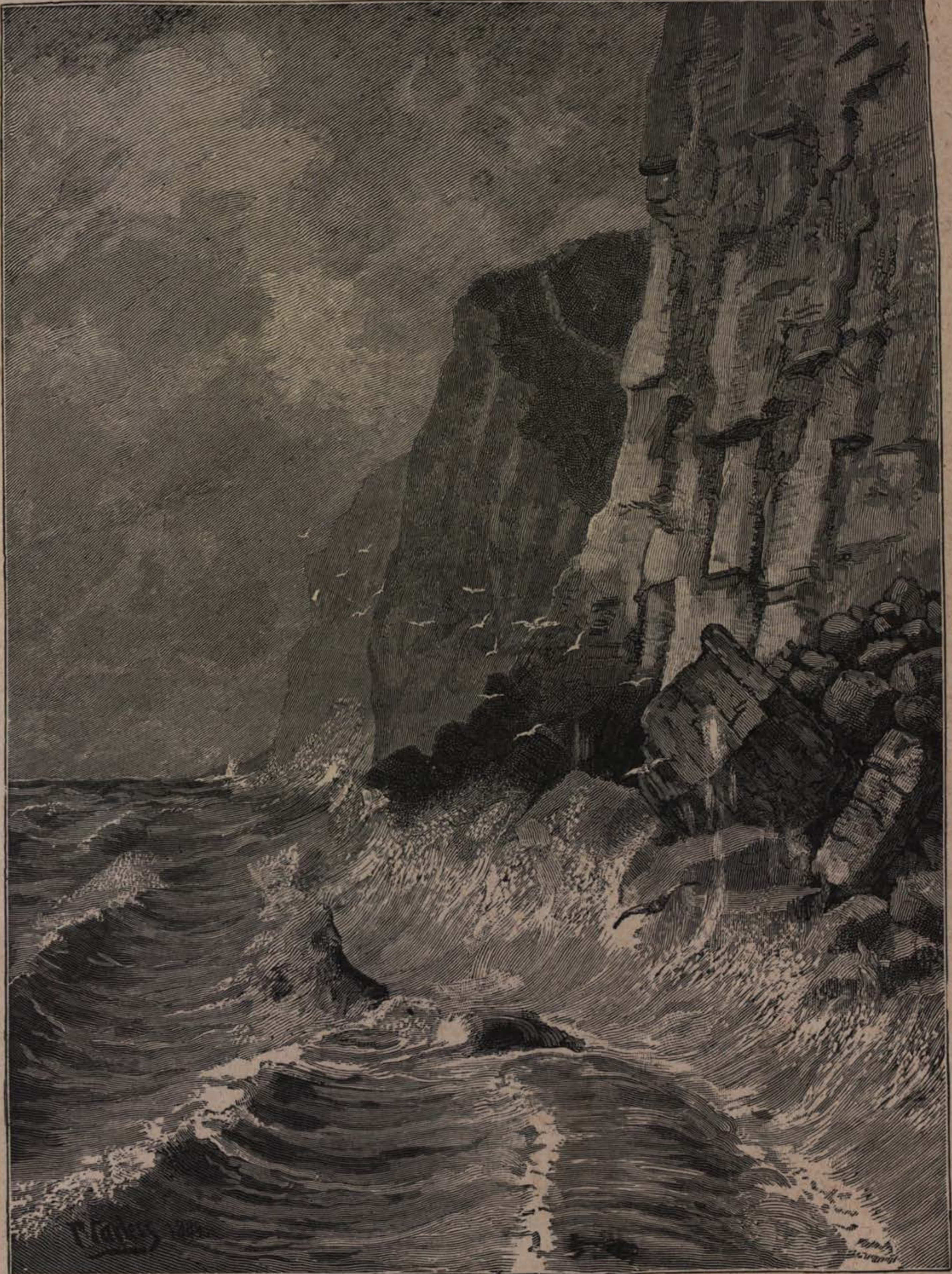

Andantino.
dolce assai.
pp
1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side,................ And of all who as - sembled with
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights up - on bend - ed knees.............. And with vows no maid - en


in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride………… I had
heart could with - stand, They pledged their faith to me…………… And I
riches too great to count, Could boast of a high an - ces - tral
dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to
name………… But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you
claim………… But I al - so dreamt, which charmed me most, That you
pp
pp
loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the
loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the


cres.
same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

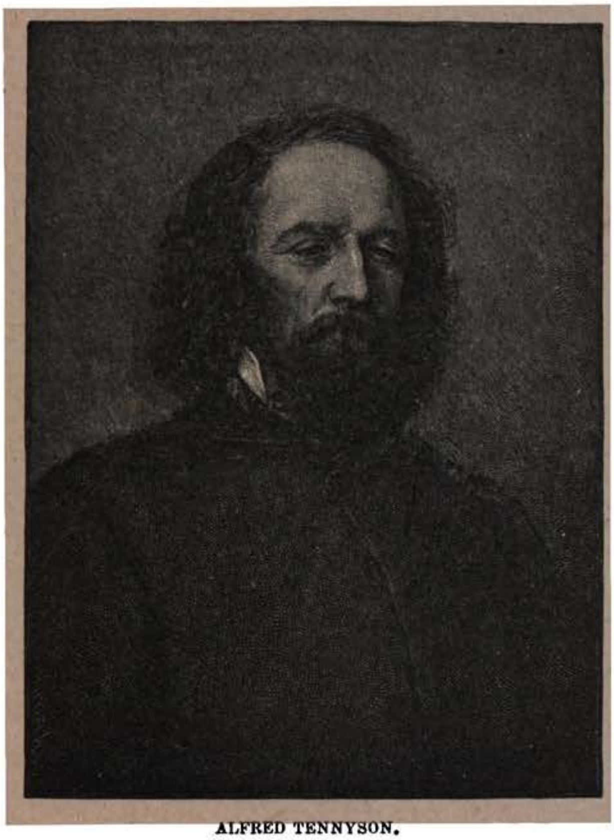






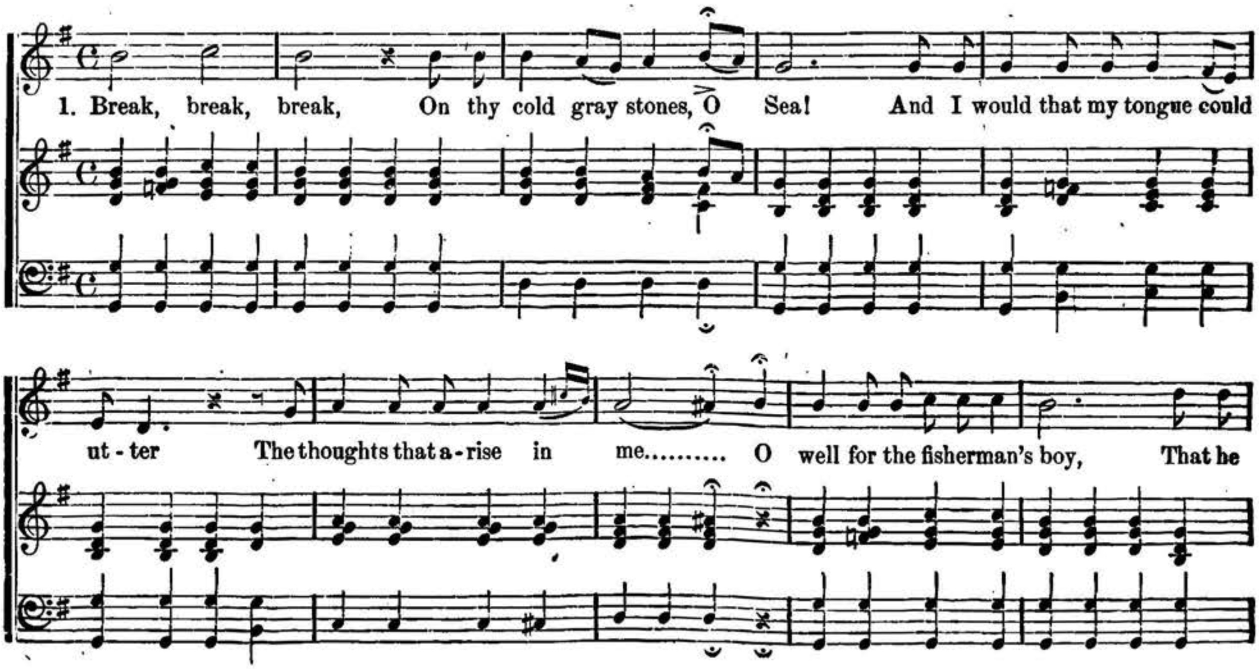
"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK,
ON THY COLD GRAY STONES, O SEA!"

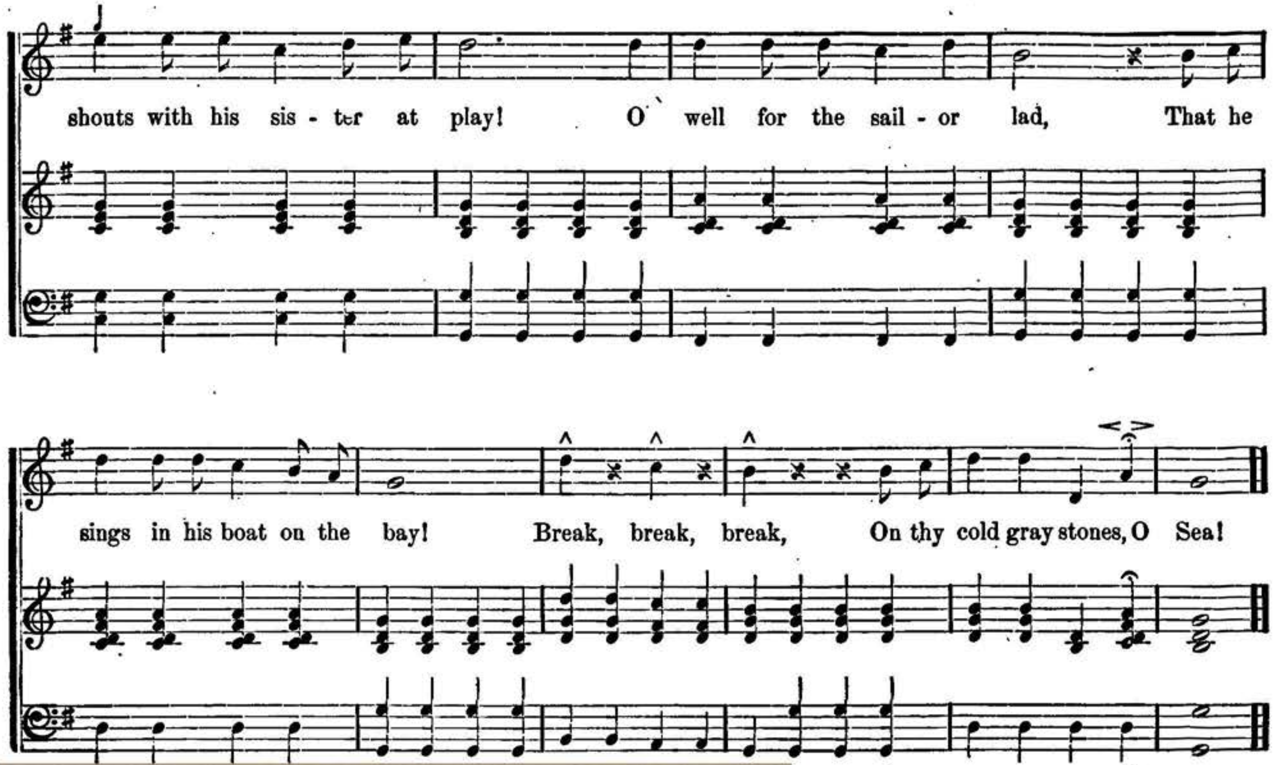
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

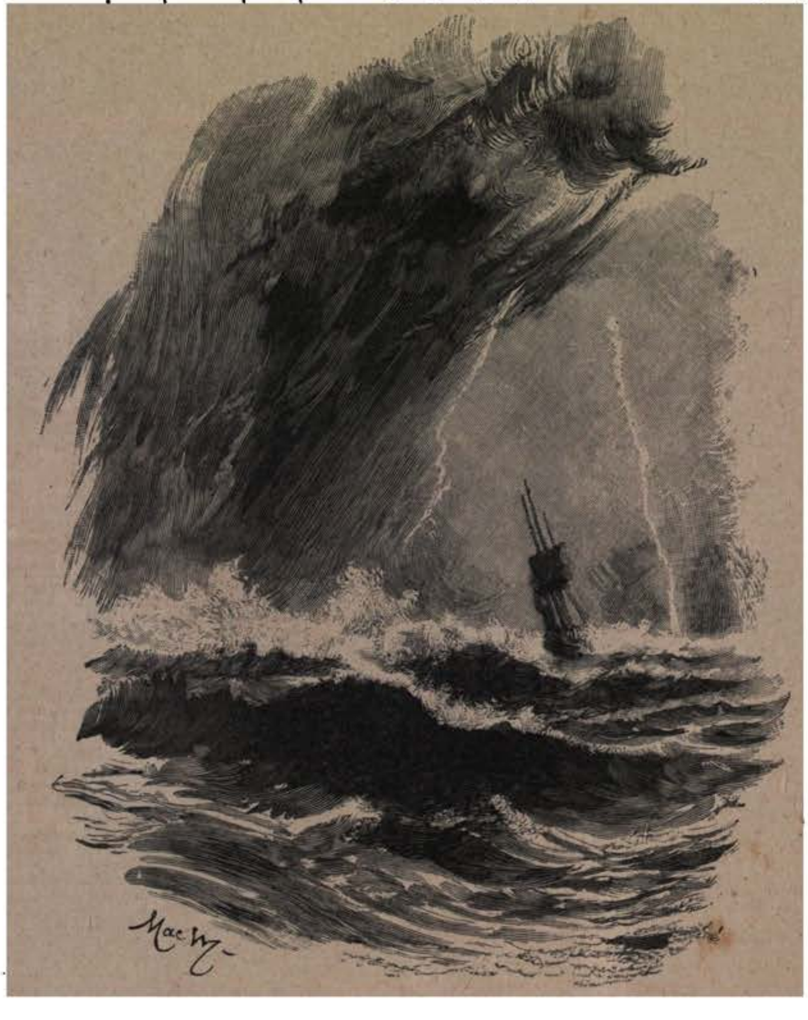


ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was less known, except in his poetry, as a man among men, than almost any of his professional brothers. How he looked and spoke, what he loved and hated, what was his creed, religious or political, were not revealed except by inference. Mr. James T. Fields' lecture on him afforded one of the few glimpses we have of the huge and rather unkempt person, gruff manners, and egotistical conversation, which make up a somewhat unattractive picture. The date of Tennyson's birth, which took place in Somerby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector, was August 6, 1809. He was the third of twelve children; and those who have heard Mr. Fields, will recall the amusing incident that reveals a family trait. A bold hunter had bearded the lion in his den, and on being shown into Tennyson's reception-room, saw a taciturn-looking gentleman sitting there, evidently at home. Approaching him, the visitor said blandly, "Have I the great pleasure of beholding Mr. Tennyson?" The tall figure drew itself up at full length, and in a gloomy voice replied, "I am not Alfred,—I am Septimus, the most morbid of them all." The perfect lyric "Break, Break, Break," was written to commemorate the same event that called forth "In Memoriam," the death of the author's early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian of the "Middle Ages." The lament was given its appropriate musical expression, in the melody composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, who set other lyrics of Tennyson's, which have become so well known, that a choice for this book was as difficult as it was necessary. "The May Queen," and "Turn, Fortune, Turn thy Wheel," will readily recur. The music was dedicated to Mrs. Browning,—not the poetess, but an old and valued friend of the composer's, who resided at Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. Dempster's character was well calculated to call forth life-long friendships. Mrs. Browning writes, "He was as amiable, kind, and warm-hearted a man as I ever knew, and his moral character was unexceptionable." Tennyson died at his home at Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892.


1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could ut - ter
The thoughts that a - rise in me.........
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he


shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he
sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

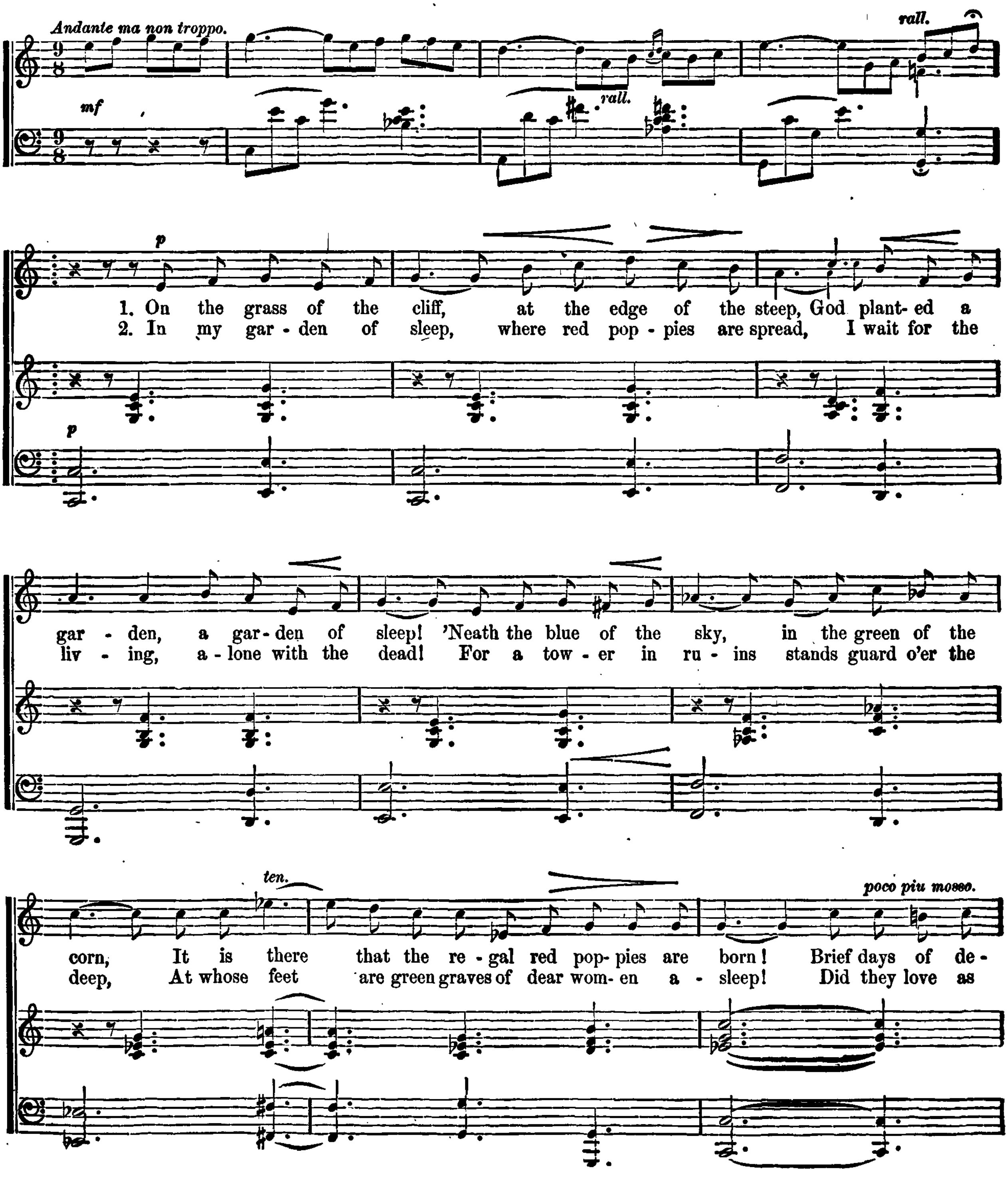


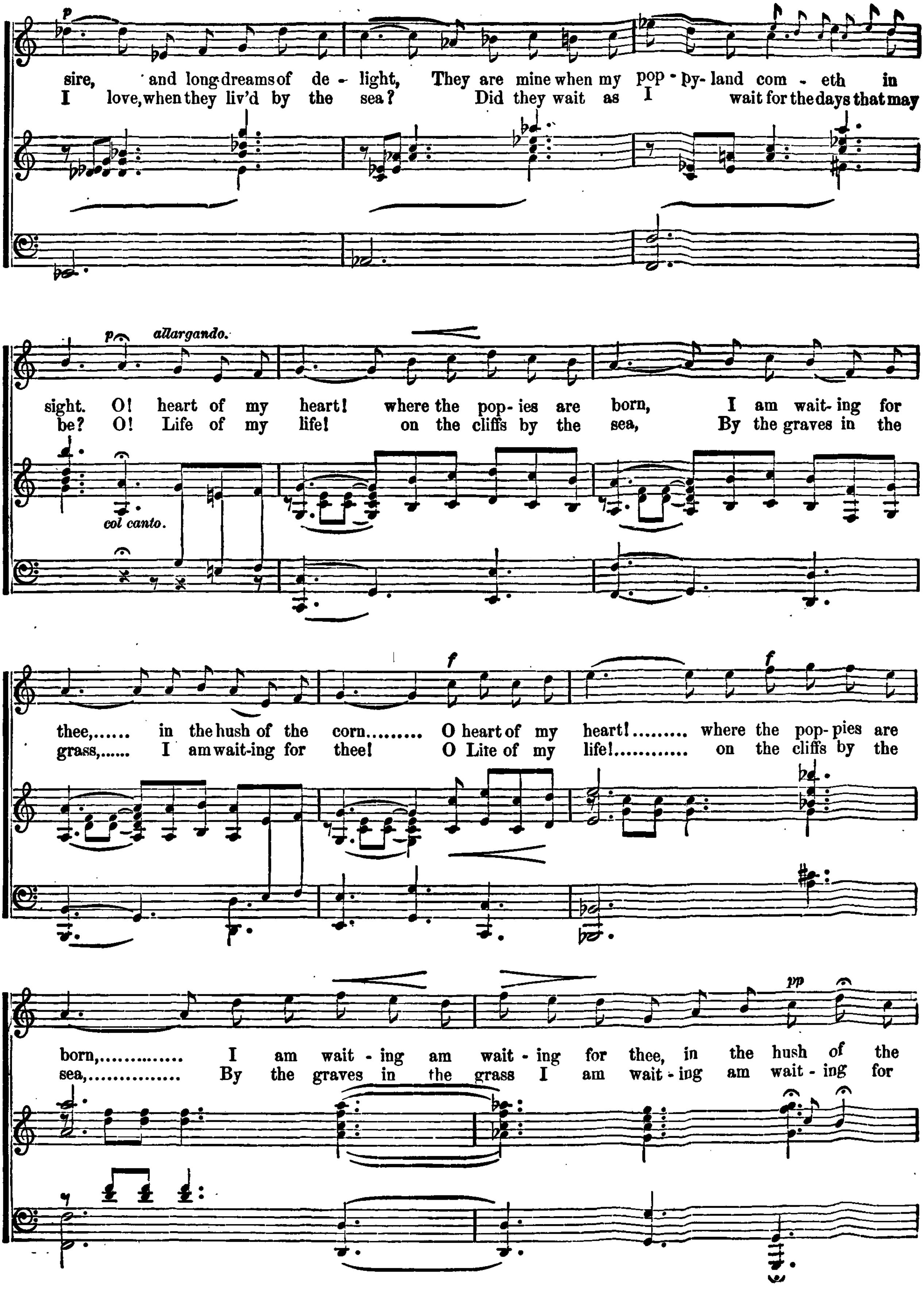
Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

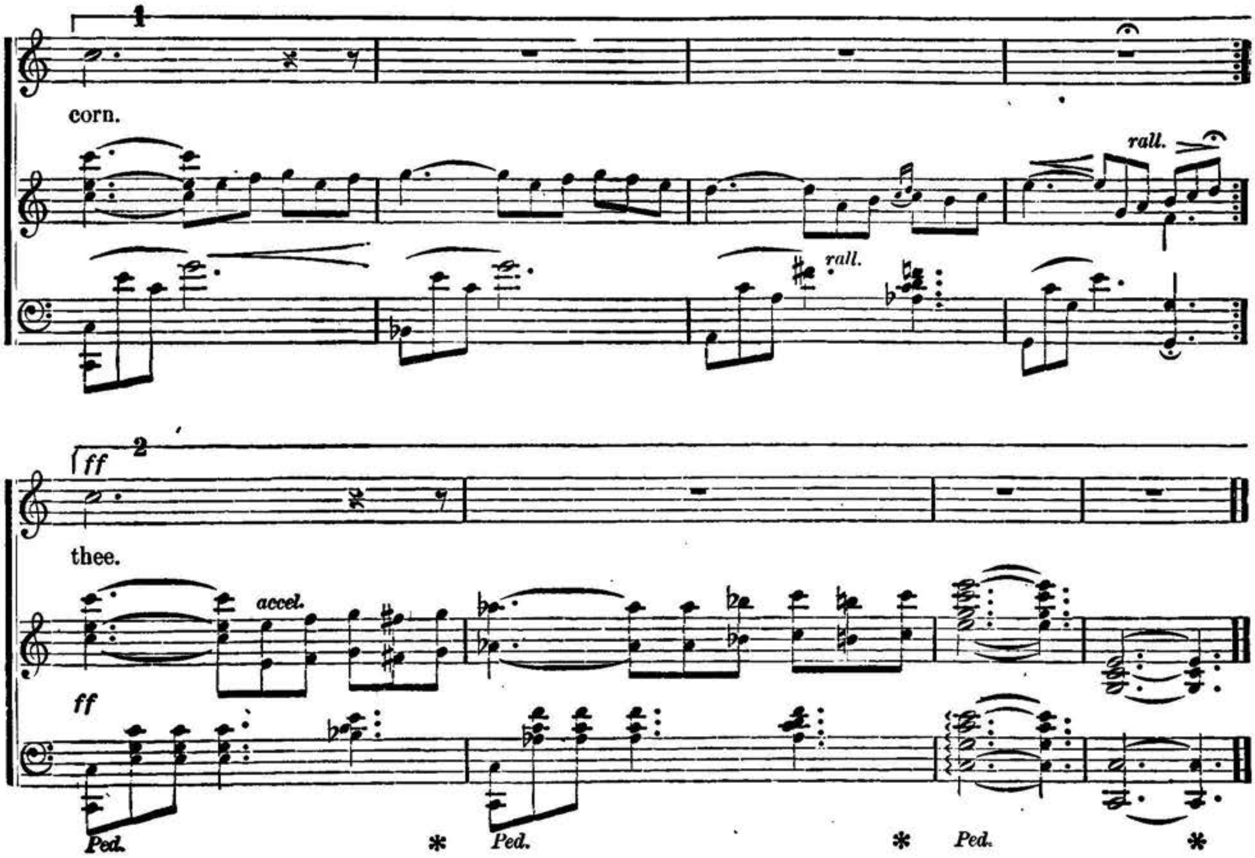
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

Isidore de Lara is the composer of the music to which are sung the lines in which the author, Clement Scott, has expressed his strange fancy in this song. **Clement William Scott** has been for many years identified with dramatic criticism, play-production, journalism and general literary work in London. Born in 1841, he became a clerk in the War Office on graduating from Marlborough College in 1860. He began writing for the papers almost immediately, and on his retirement from the civil service in 1879, he became dramatic critic on the *Daily Telegraph*, and assumed the editorship of *The Theatre.* His published works include "Drawing Room Plays" 1869; "Lays of a Londoner" 1882; "Poems for Recitation" 1883;" "Lays and Lyrics" 1888. He has adapted many plays from the French and from other sources.

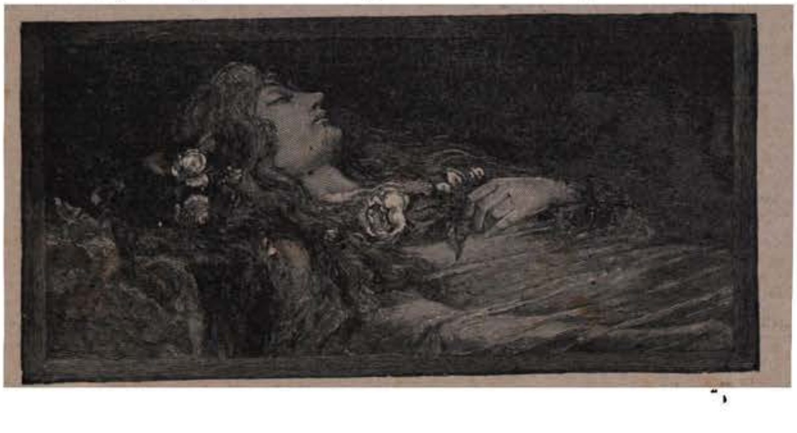

Andante ma non troppo.
mf
rall.
rall.
p
p
1. On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep, God plant- ed a
2. In my gar - den of sleep, where red pop - pies are spread, I wait for the
gar - den, a gar- den of sleep! 'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the
liv - ing, a - lone with the dead! For a tow - er in ru - ins stands guard o'er the
ten.
poco piu mosso.
corn, It is there that the re - gal red pop- pies are born! Brief days of de -
deep, At whose feet are green graves of dear wom- en a - sleep! Did they love as


p
sire, and long dreams of de - light, They are mine when my pop - py-land com - eth in
I love, when they liv'd by the sea? Did they wait as I wait for the days that may
p allargando.
sight. O! heart of my heart! where the pop- ies are born, I am wait- ing for
be? O! Life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea, By the graves in the
col canto.
f
thee,....... in the hush of the corn.......... O heart of my heart!......... where the pop- pies are
grass,...... I am wait-ing for thee! O Life of my life!............ on the cliffs by the
pp
born,.............. I am wait - ing am wait - ing for thee, in the hush of the
sea,............... By the graves in the grass I am wait - ing am wait - ing for



On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,
  God planted a garden, a garden of sleep!
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,
  It is there that the regal red poppies are born!
Brief days of desire, and long dreams of delight,
  They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in sight.
O! heart of my heart! where the poppies are born,
  I am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.

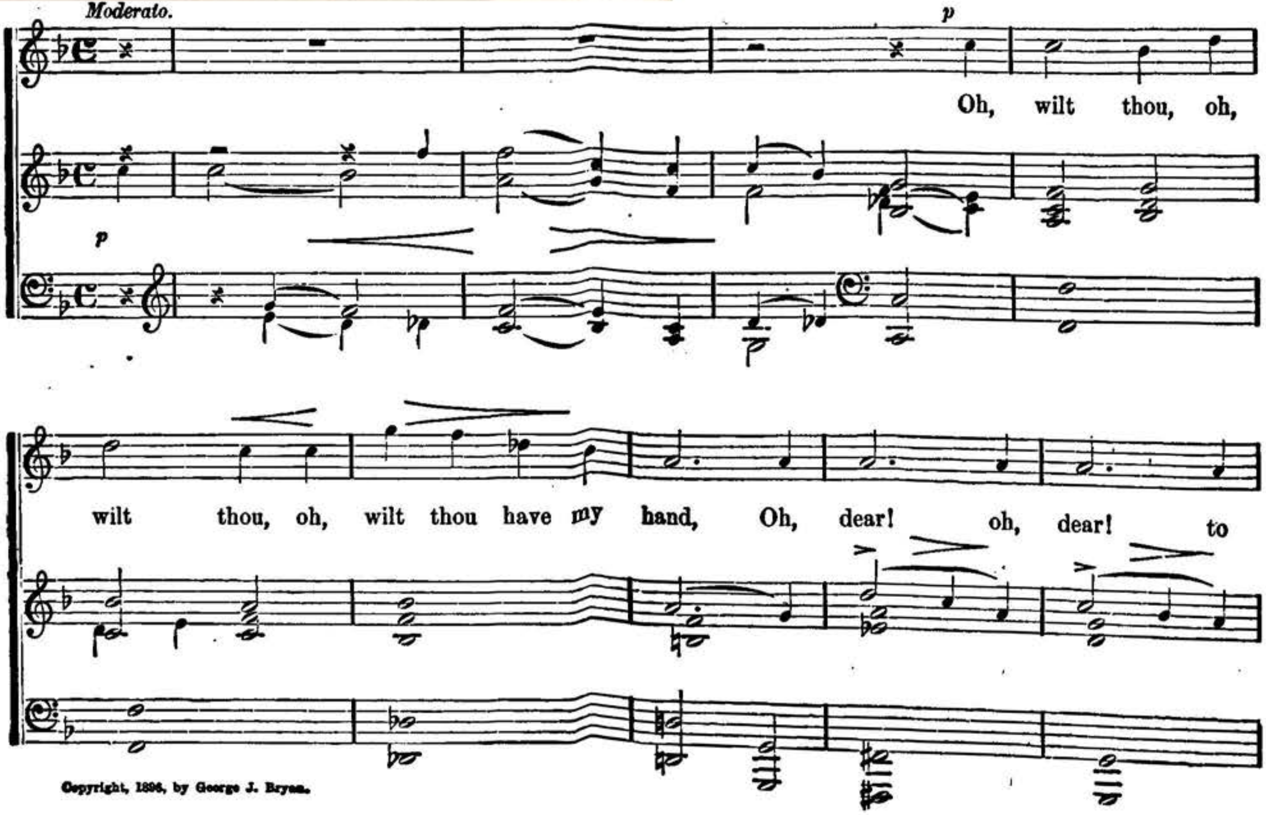
In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,
  I wait for the living, alone with the dead!
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the deep,
  At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep!
Did they love as I love, when they lived by the sea?
  Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?
O! Life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea,
  By the graves in the grass I am waiting for thee.



INCLUSIONS.

CARL BUSCH.

Carl Busch was born in Jutland, Denmark, March 29, 1862, but is practically an American musician, since all of his musical writing has been done since he came to the United States in 1887. After several years of private instruction he entered the conservatory of Copenhagen, where he remained three years, studying with Niels W. Gade, Tofte and Hartman. He also played in the Philharmonic orchestra of which Johann Svendsen was the conductor, and in the Music Verein, under Gade's baton. Later he won a scholarship in the Brussels conservatory, and played in Paris under the direction of Gounod, Godard and others. Soon after his return home in 1887 he embarked for America; where he attained distinction as an orchestral composer as well as a writer of songs. His orchestral compositions were played by Theodore Thomas at the Music Teacher's National Association concerts in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzic, Dresden and Weimar. Among his other compositions are the cantata "The Lady of Shalott," "Ode to the Wild West Winds," "King Olaf's War Horns," for baritone, mixed chorus and orchestra; "The Voice of Spring," for tenor, female chorus and piano; and his opera "The Grey Nun," all well known. His lesser works include numerous songs, and pieces for violin, viola, 'cello and piano. The words of the beautiful song "Inclusions" are by **Elizabeth Barrett Browning**.



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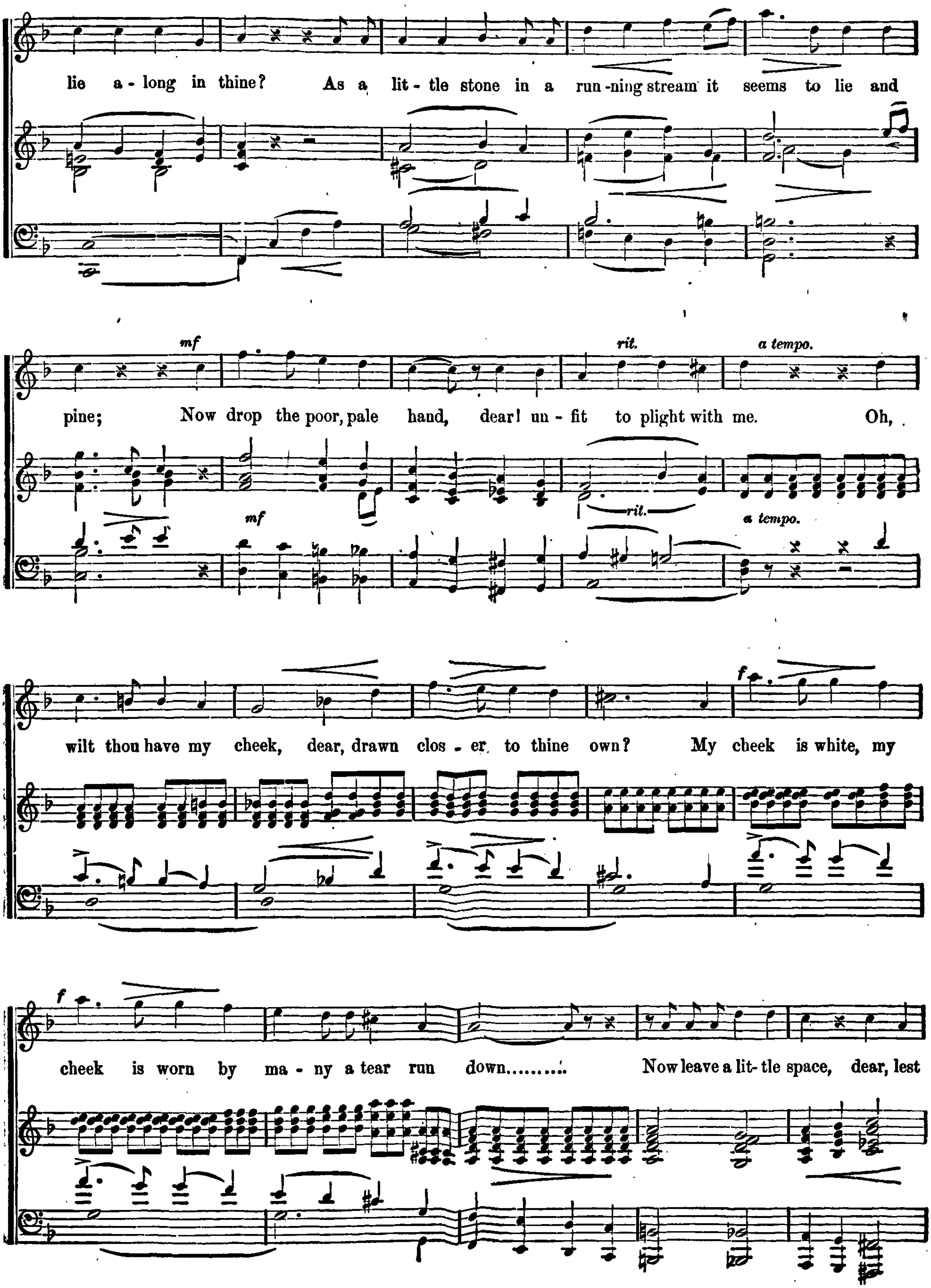
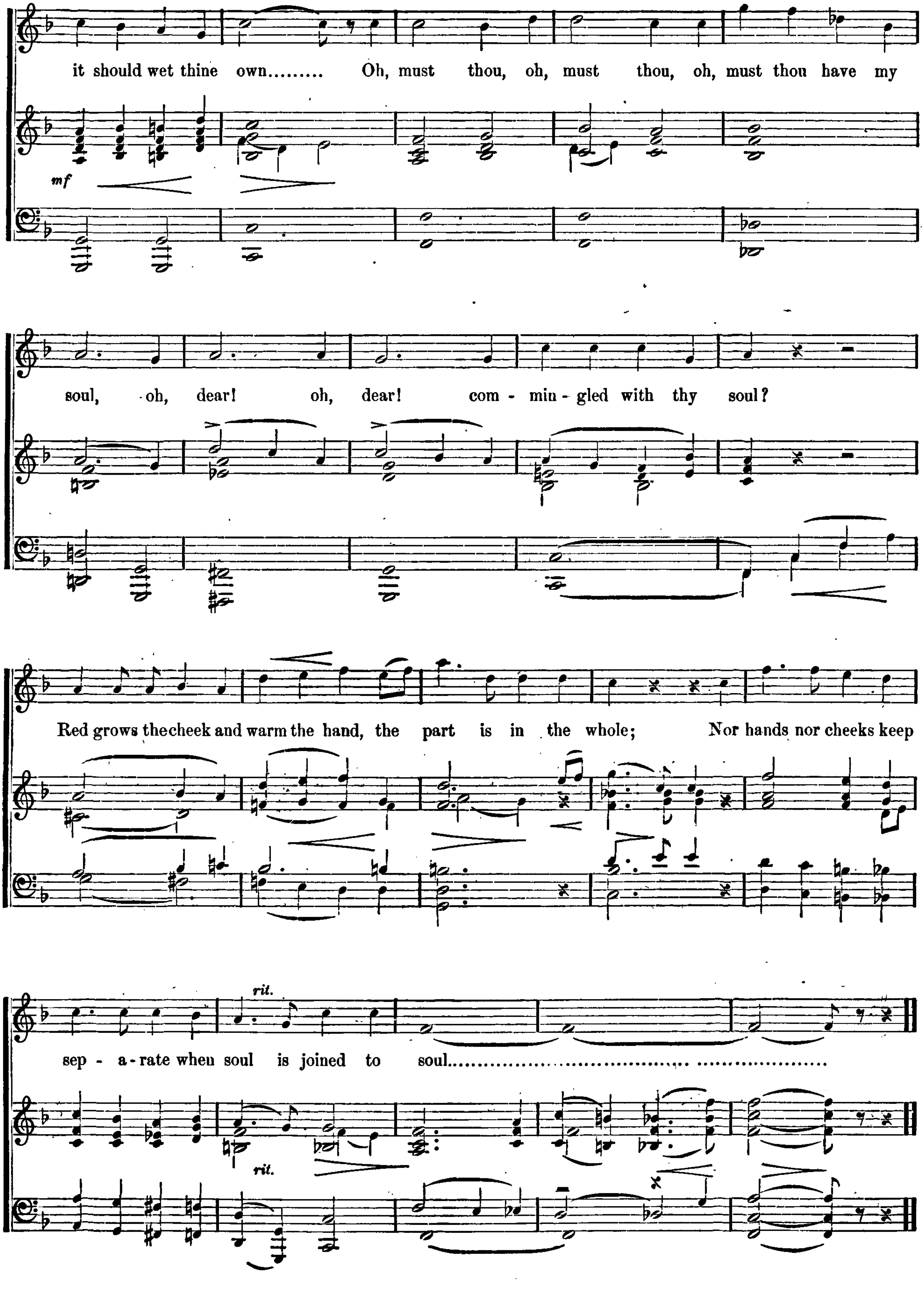
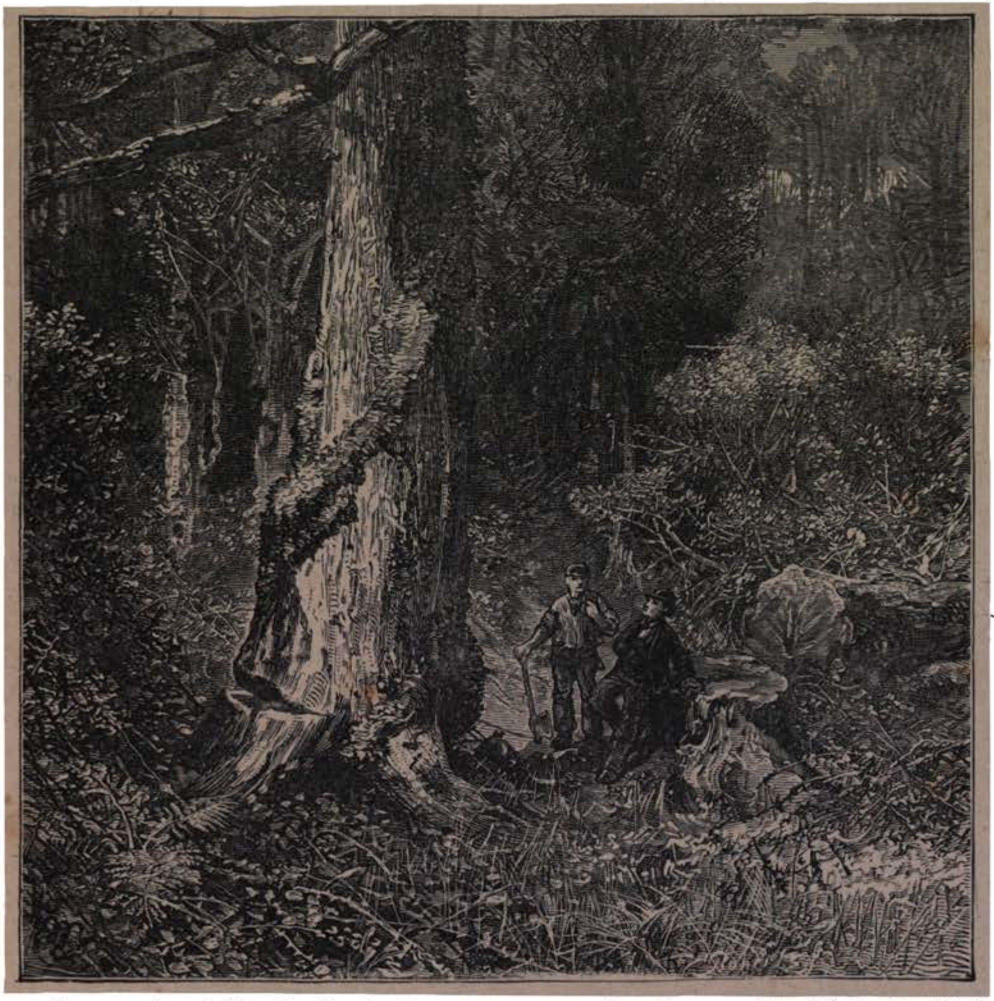

lie a-long in thine? As a lit-tle stone in a run-ning stream it seems to lie and
mf
rit.
a tempo.
pine; Now drop the poor, pale hand, dear! un-fit to plight with me. Oh,
mf
rit.
a tempo.
wilt thou have my cheek, dear, drawn clos-er to thine own? My cheek is white, my
f
f
cheek is worn by ma-ny a tear run down.......... Now leave a lit-tle space, dear, lest


it should wet thine own......... Oh, must thou, oh, must thou, oh, must thou have my
mf
soul, oh, dear! oh, dear! com - min - gled with thy soul?
Red grows the cheek and warm the hand, the part is in the whole; Nor hands nor cheeks keep
sep - a - rate when soul is joined to soul...
rit.
rit.

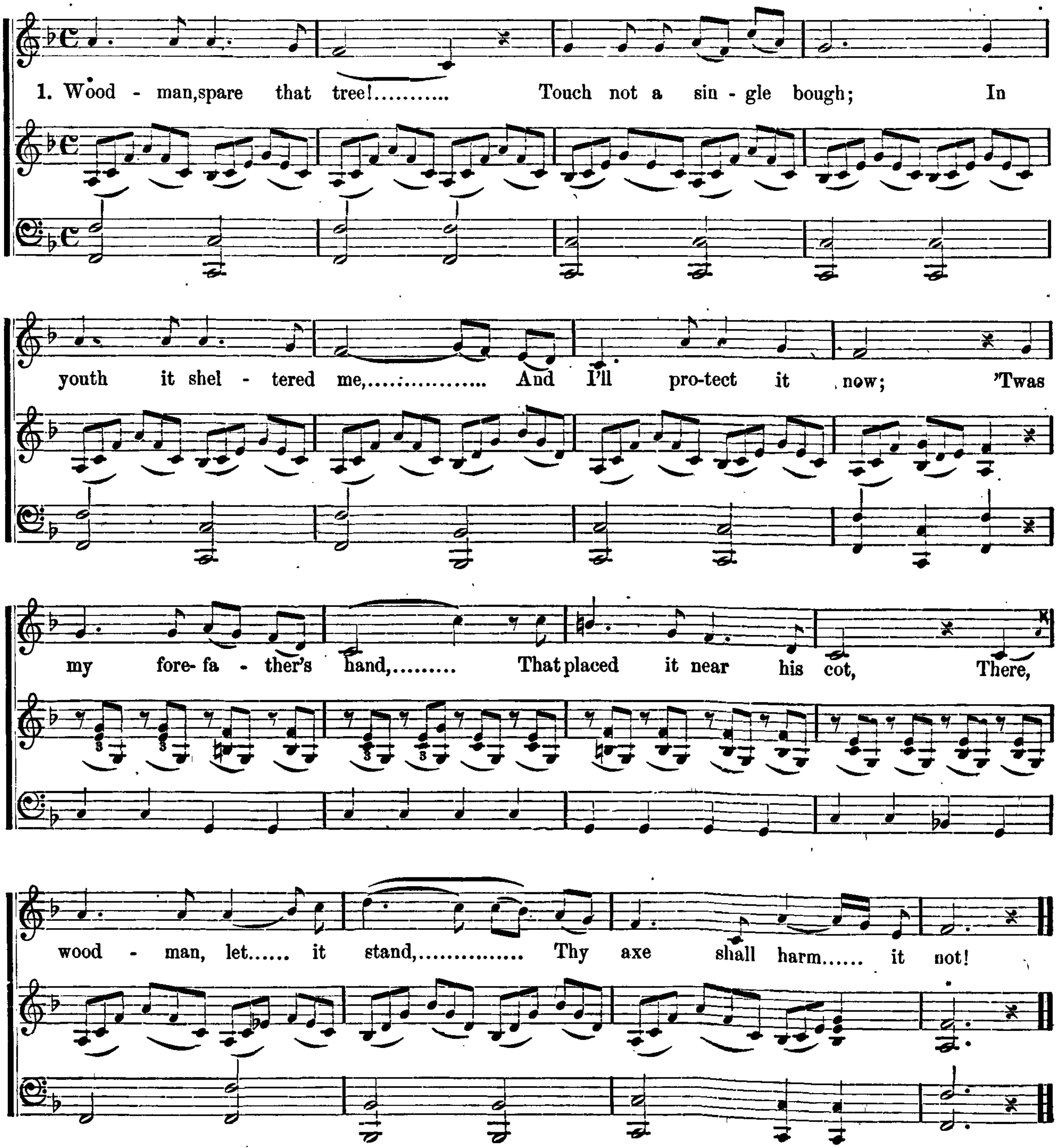
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

George P. Morris' songs have in them the something which lives in the memory and the heart. They seem like happy accidents of a mind that could arrange and make available the talent of other men, rather than originate. General Morris was best known as a successful editor of journals of polite literature, when our country most needed such journalism. He is inseparably associated with N. P. Willis, with whom he conducted the *Mirror*, the *New Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*. Samuel Woodworth, whose "Old Oaken Bucket" is founded on the same sentiments that make Mr. Morris' songs popular, started the *Mirror* with him, when Morris was but twenty-one years old; but Woodworth very soon left the firm. General Morris was born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802, but his life is entirely associated with New York City, where he died July 6, 1864.

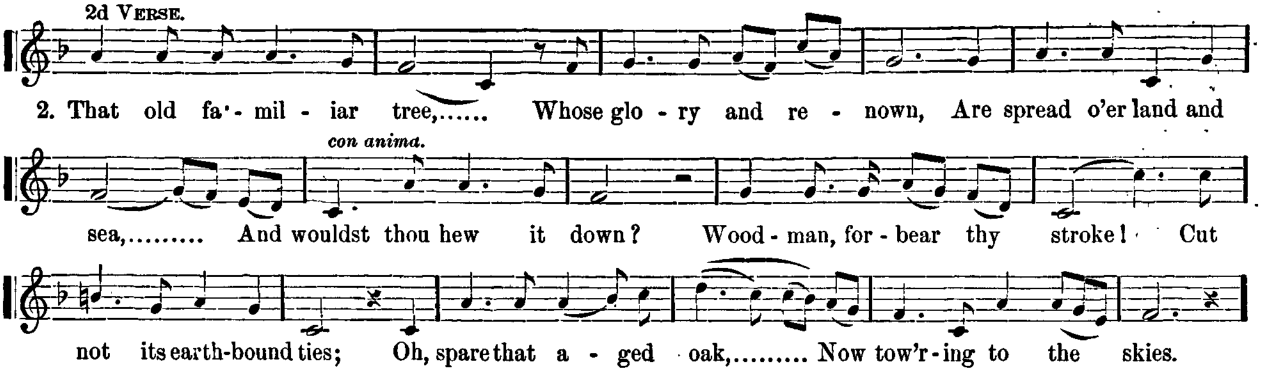


The following is his own account of the way in which "Woodman, Spare that Tree" came to be written: "Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then?' said I. 'No, my poor mother sold it,'—and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection. 'Dear mother!' resumed my companion, 'we passed many, many happy days in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now. Father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone!' After a moment's pause he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer, but I like it full as well in winter-time.' These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. 'What do you intend doing?' asked my friend, in great anxiety. 'What is that to you?' was the blunt reply. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house. It renders us liable to fever-and-ague. 'Who told you that?' 'Dr. S——.' 'Have you any other reason for wishing it cut down?' 'Yes,—I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn.' He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there had never been a case of that disease in the neighborhood; and was then asked what the tree was worth for firewood. 'Why, when it's down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' I drew it up, it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived."

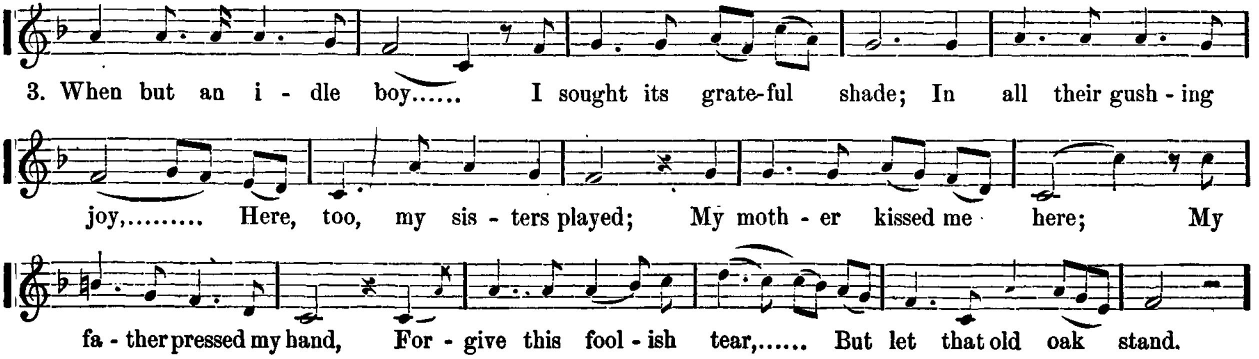
Henry Russell composed the appropriate melody, and the tree which the woodman had spared was crowned with undying greenery. He says: "After I had sung the noble ballad of 'Woodman, spare that tree,' at Boulogne, an old gentleman among the audience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in any concert-room."


1. Wood - man, spare that tree!........... Touch not a sin - gle bough; In
youth it shel - tered me,................. And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas
my fore- fa - ther's hand,......... That placed it near his cot, There,
wood - man, let...... it stand,............... Thy axe shall harm...... it not!

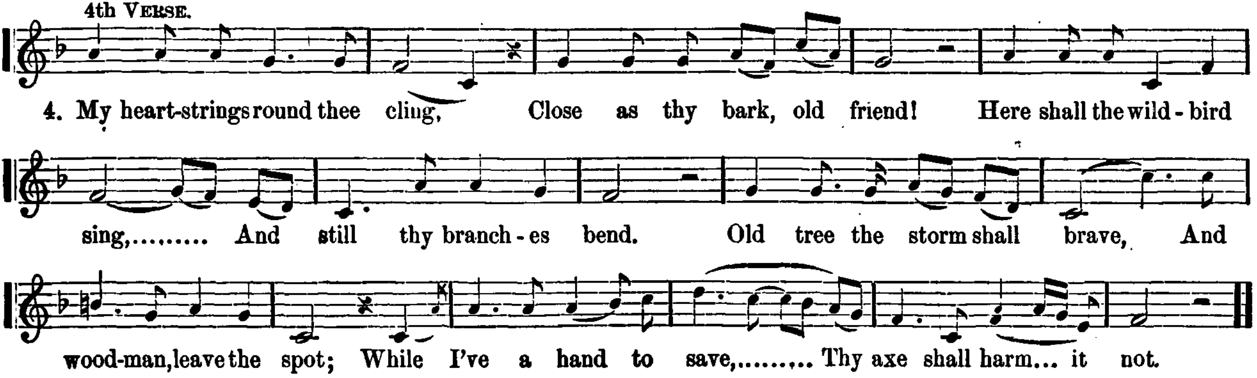
2d Verse.


2. That old fa-mil-iar tree,...... Whose glo-ry and re-nown, Are spread o'er land and
con anima.
sea,......... And wouldst thou hew it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut
not its earth-bound ties; Oh, spare that a-ged oak,......... Now tow'r-ing to the skies.

3d Verse.


3. When but an i-dle boy...... I sought its grate-ful shade; In all their gush-ing
joy,......... Here, too, my sis-ters played; My moth-er kissed me here; My
fa-ther pressed my hand, For-give this fool-ish tear,...... But let that old oak stand.

4th Verse.


4. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild-bird
sing,......... And still thy branch-es bend. Old tree the storm shall brave, And
wood-man, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save,......... Thy axe shall harm... it not.

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefathers' hand,
  That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy axe shall harm it not!

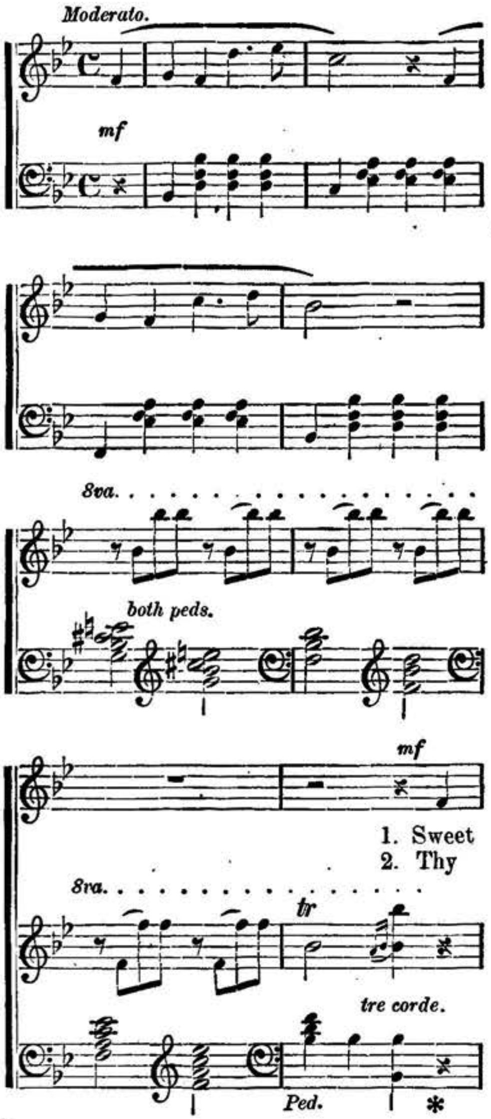
That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies.

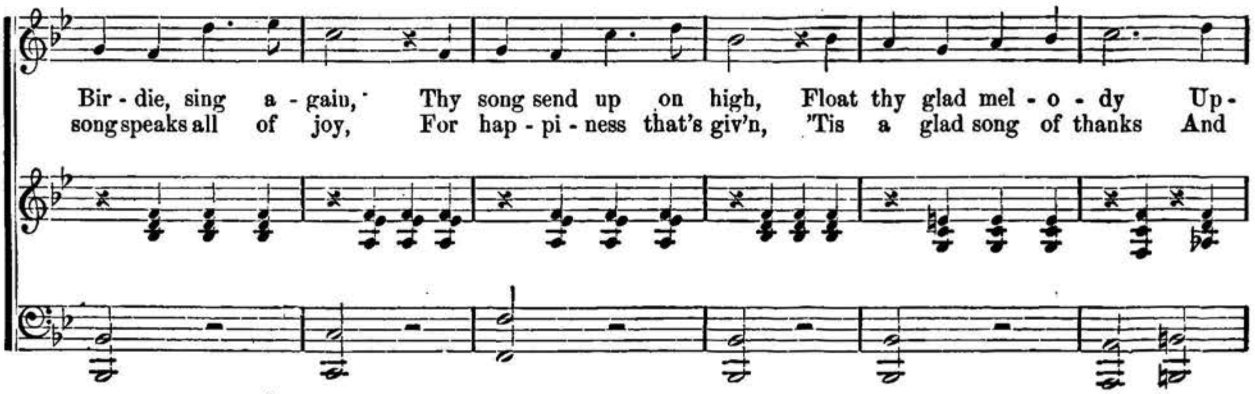
When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
  Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand,
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand!

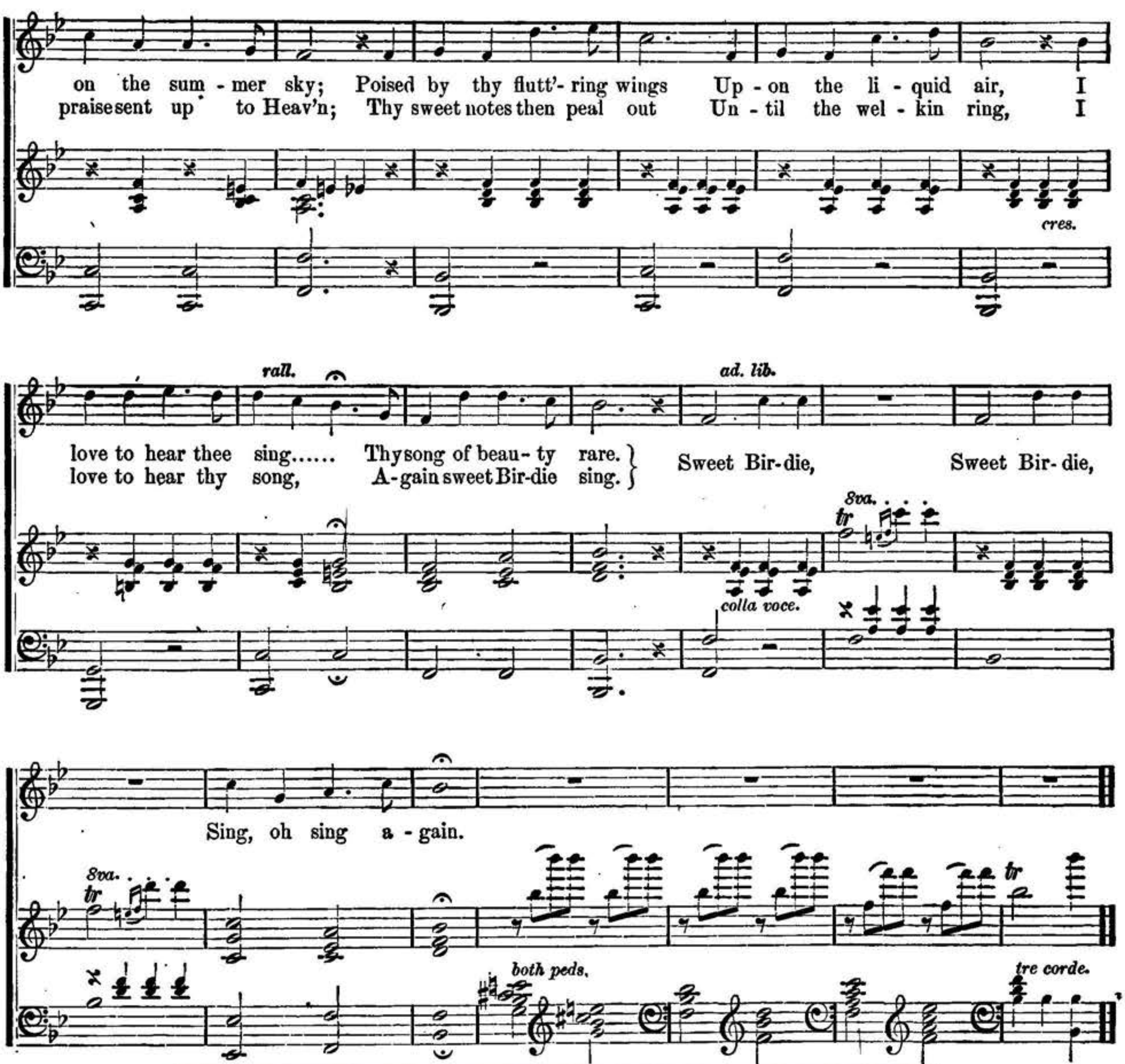
My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree the storm shall brave,
  And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

SWEET BIRDIE, SING.

THE words of this song are by WALTER EGERTON; the music is by W. F. TAYLOR.


Moderato.
mf
8va.
both peds.
mf
1. Sweet
2. Thy
8va.
tr
tre corde.
Ped.
*

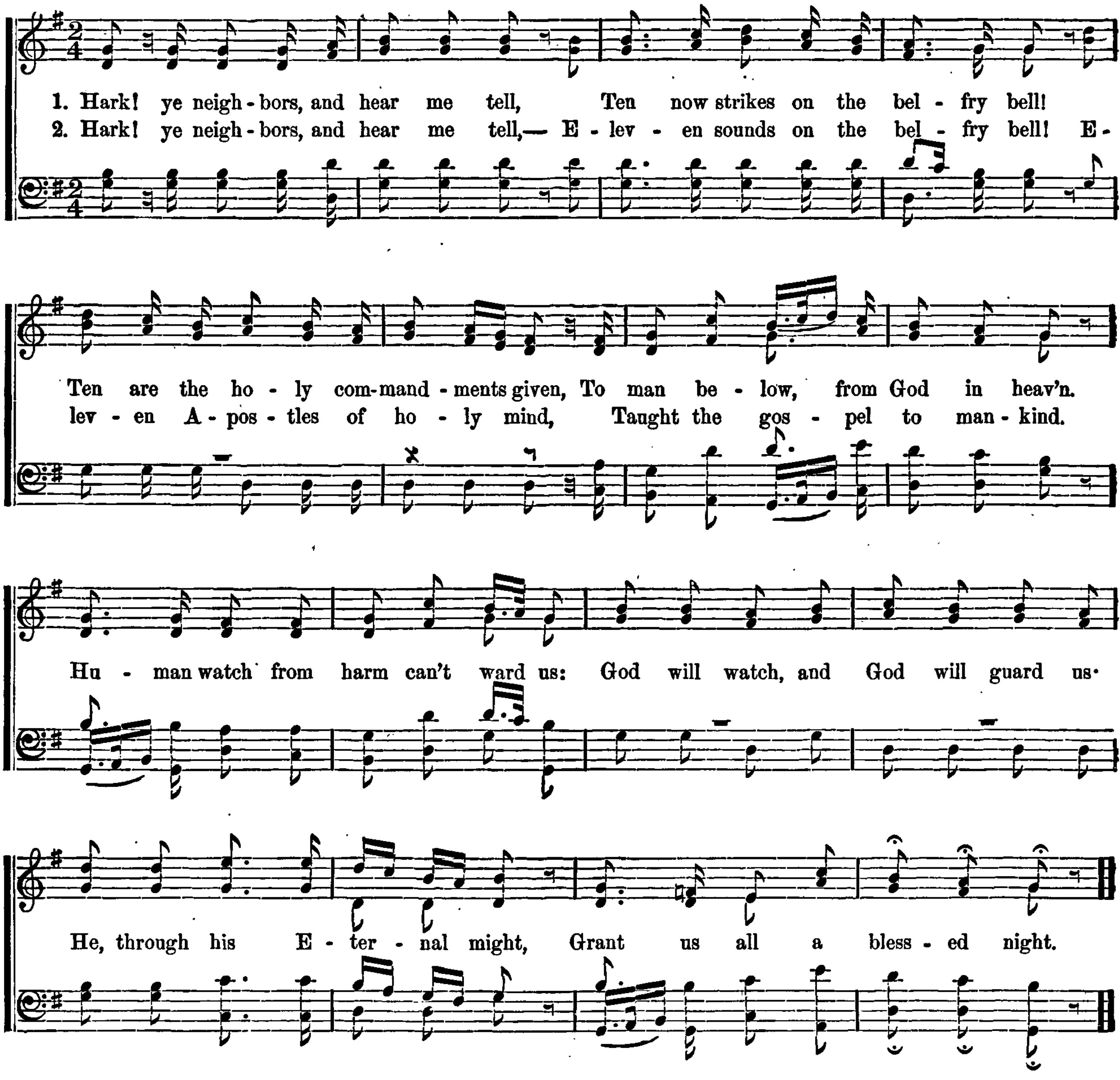

Bir - die, sing a - gain, Thy song send up on high, Float thy glad mel - o - dy Up -
song speaks all of joy, For hap - pi - ness that's giv'n, 'Tis a glad song of thanks And


on the sum - mer sky; Poised by thy flutt'- ring wings Up - on the li - quid air, I
praise sent up to Heav'n; Thy sweet notes then peal out Un - til the wel - kin ring, I
cres.
rall.
ad. lib.
love to hear thee sing...... Thy song of beau - ty rare.
love to hear thy song, A - gain sweet Bir - die sing.
Sweet Bir - die, Sweet Bir - die,
8va.
tr
colla voce.
Sing, oh sing a - gain.
both peds.
tre corde.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

It is the custom of some of the watchmen in Germany to sing songs during the night, a stanza of a national, amusing, or devotional song, for a kind of "All's well," as they announce each hour. The following was one of the especial favorites.

The music was composed by I. Heffernan.

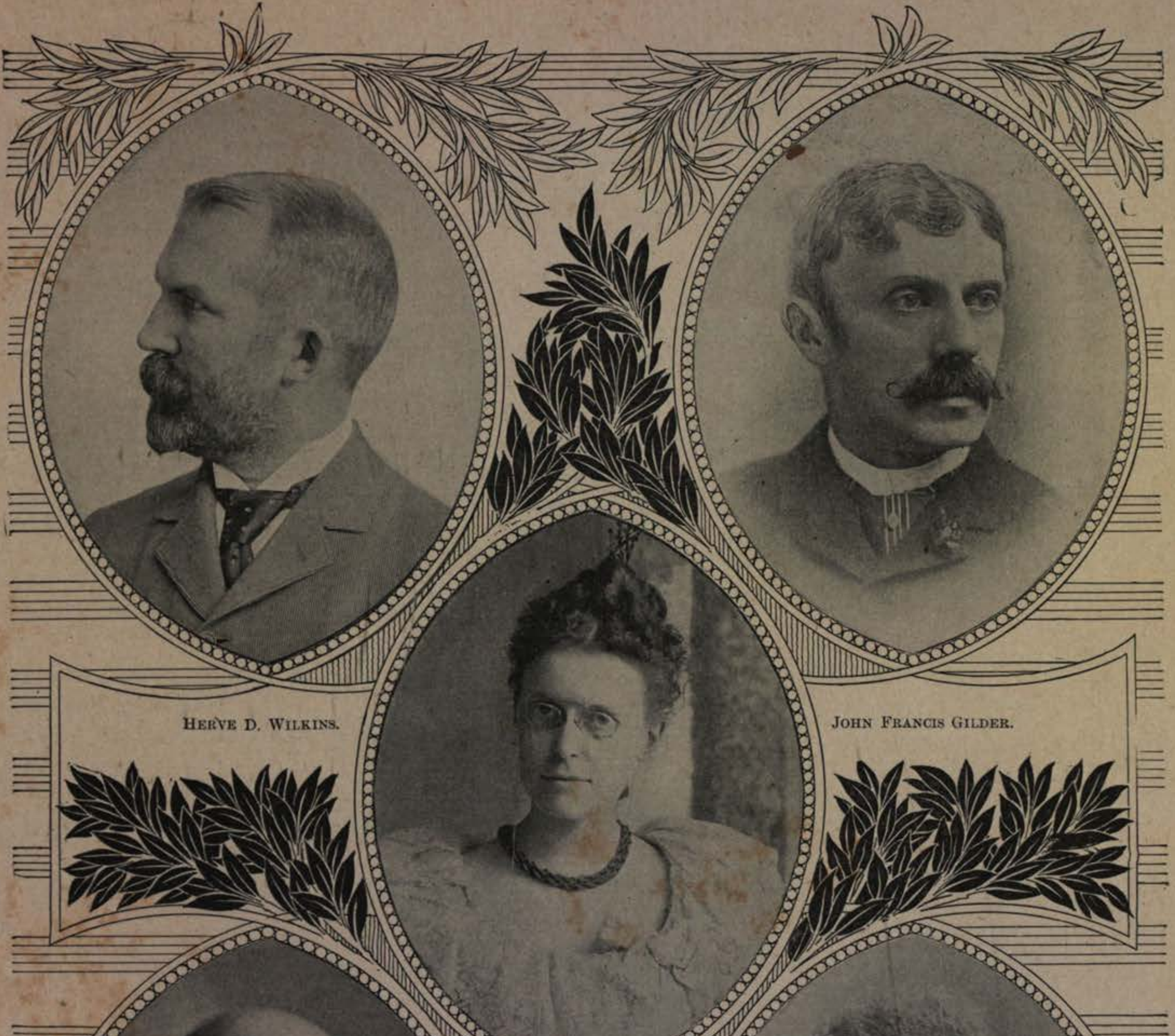

1. Hark! ye neigh - bors, and hear me tell, Ten now strikes on the bel - fry bell!
2. Hark! ye neigh - bors, and hear me tell,— E - lev - en sounds on the bel - fry bell! E -
Ten are the ho - ly com-mand - ments given, To man be - low, from God in heav'n.
lev - en A - pos - tles of ho - ly mind, Taught the gos - pel to man - kind.
Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us: God will watch, and God will guard us.
He, through his E - ter - nal might, Grant us all a bless - ed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, *etc.*

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us up in hour of need.
Human watch, *etc.*

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two now rings from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbor, oh, choose the best for thee!
Human watch, *etc.*

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Human watch, *etc.*



Herve D. Wilkins.

John Francis Gilder.

Fanny M. Spencer.

Frank L. Armstrong.

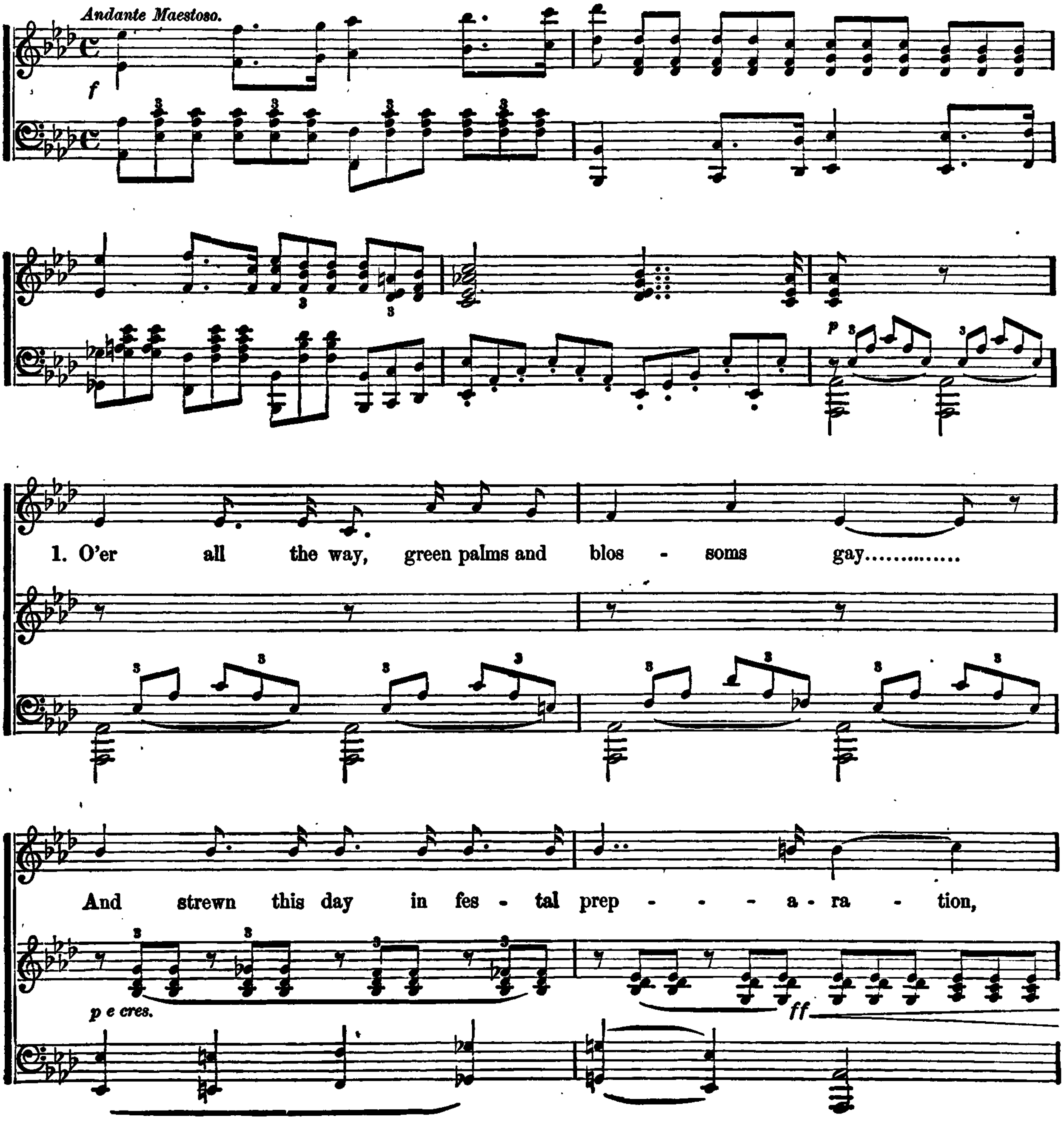
Frederic G. Gleason.

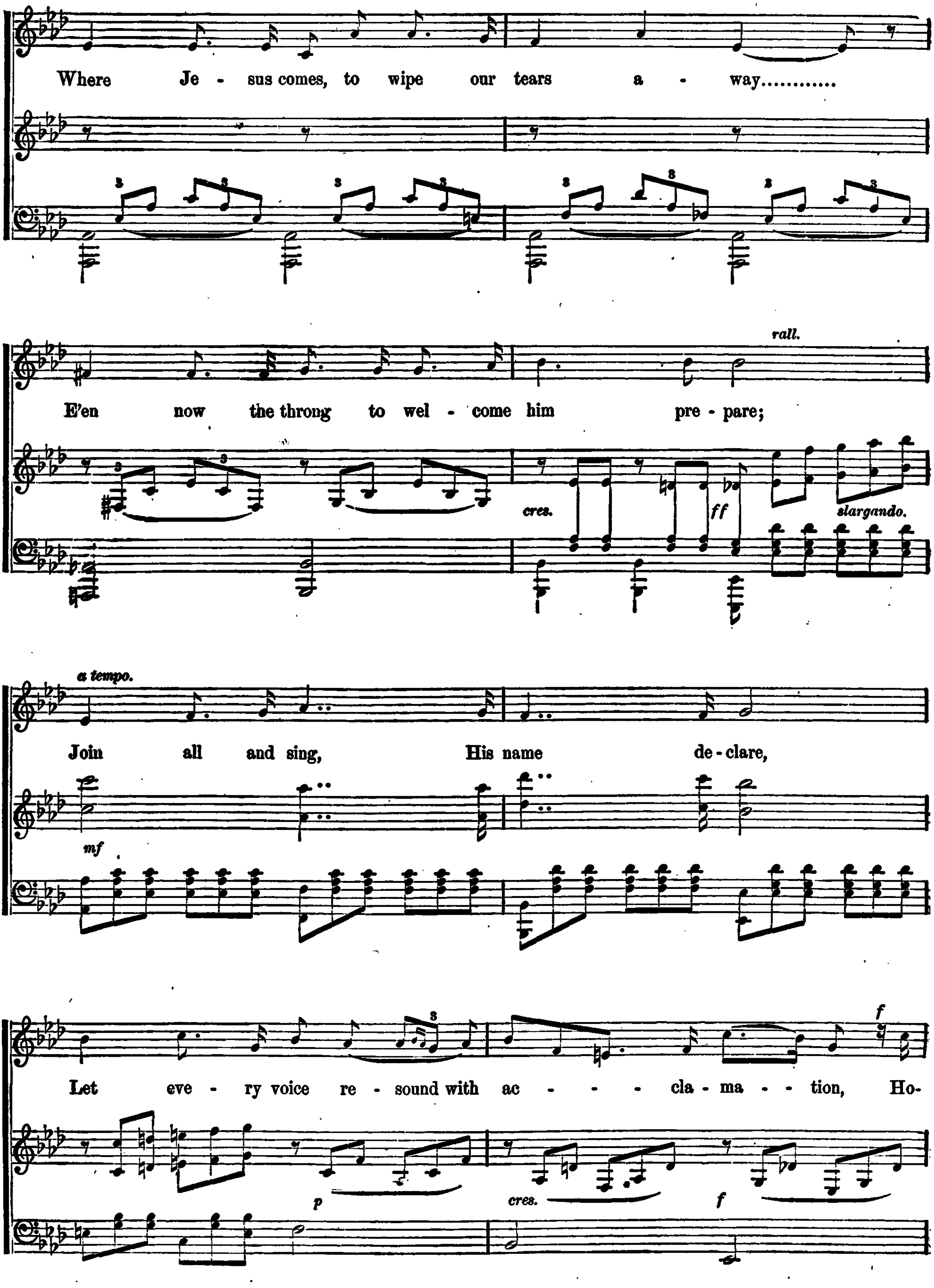
Contributors to Famous Songs.

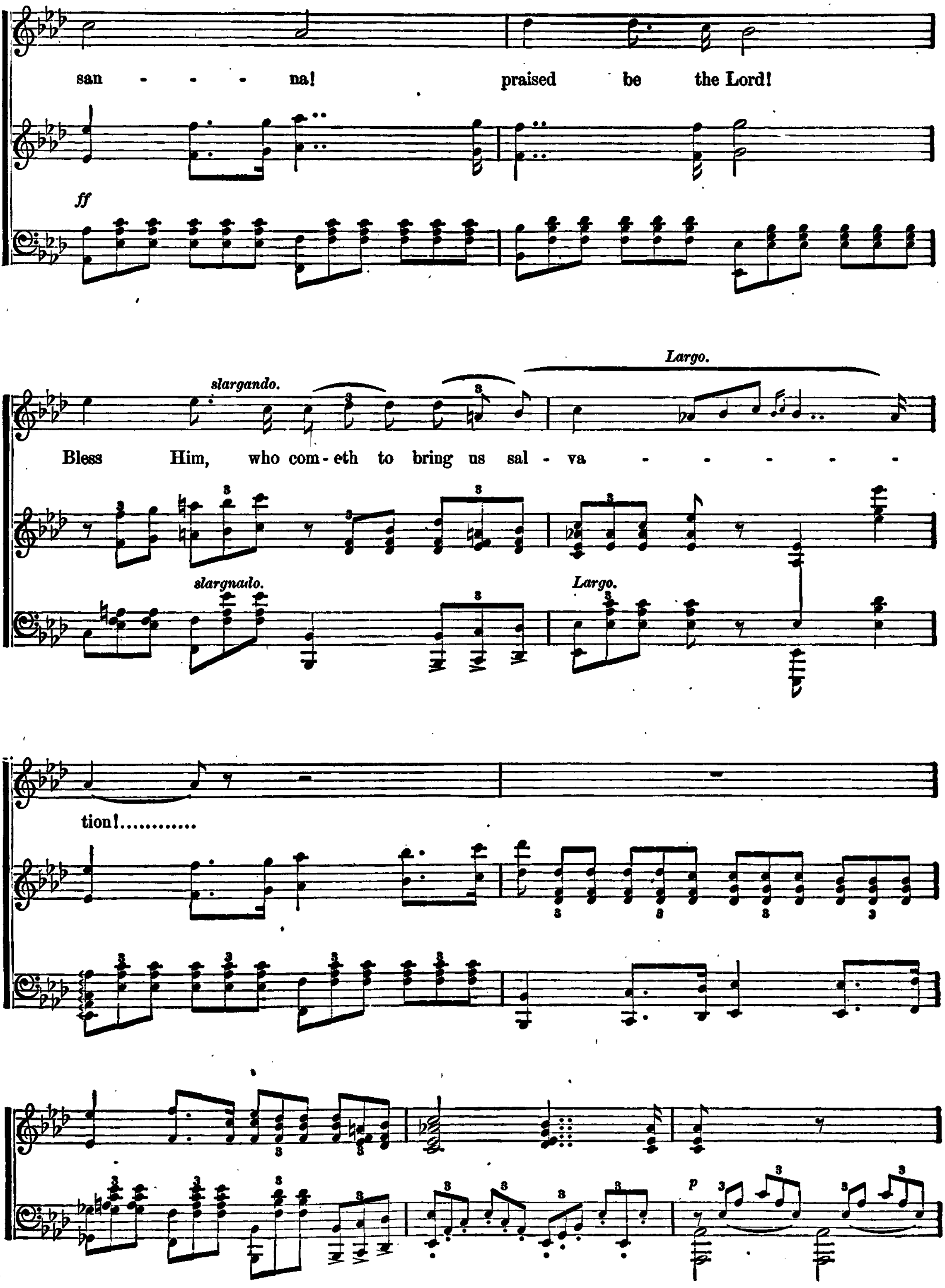
A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

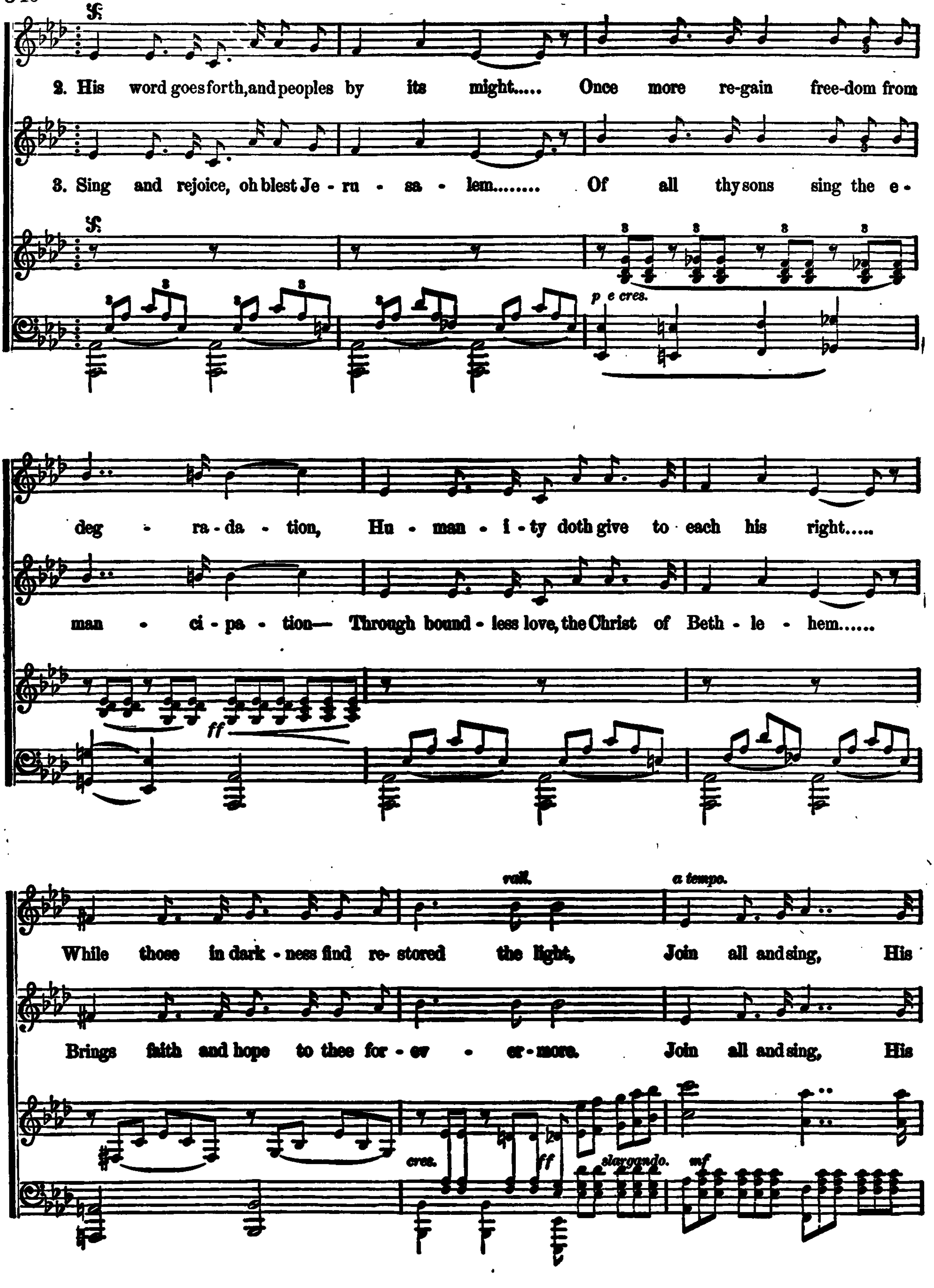
PALM BRANCHES.

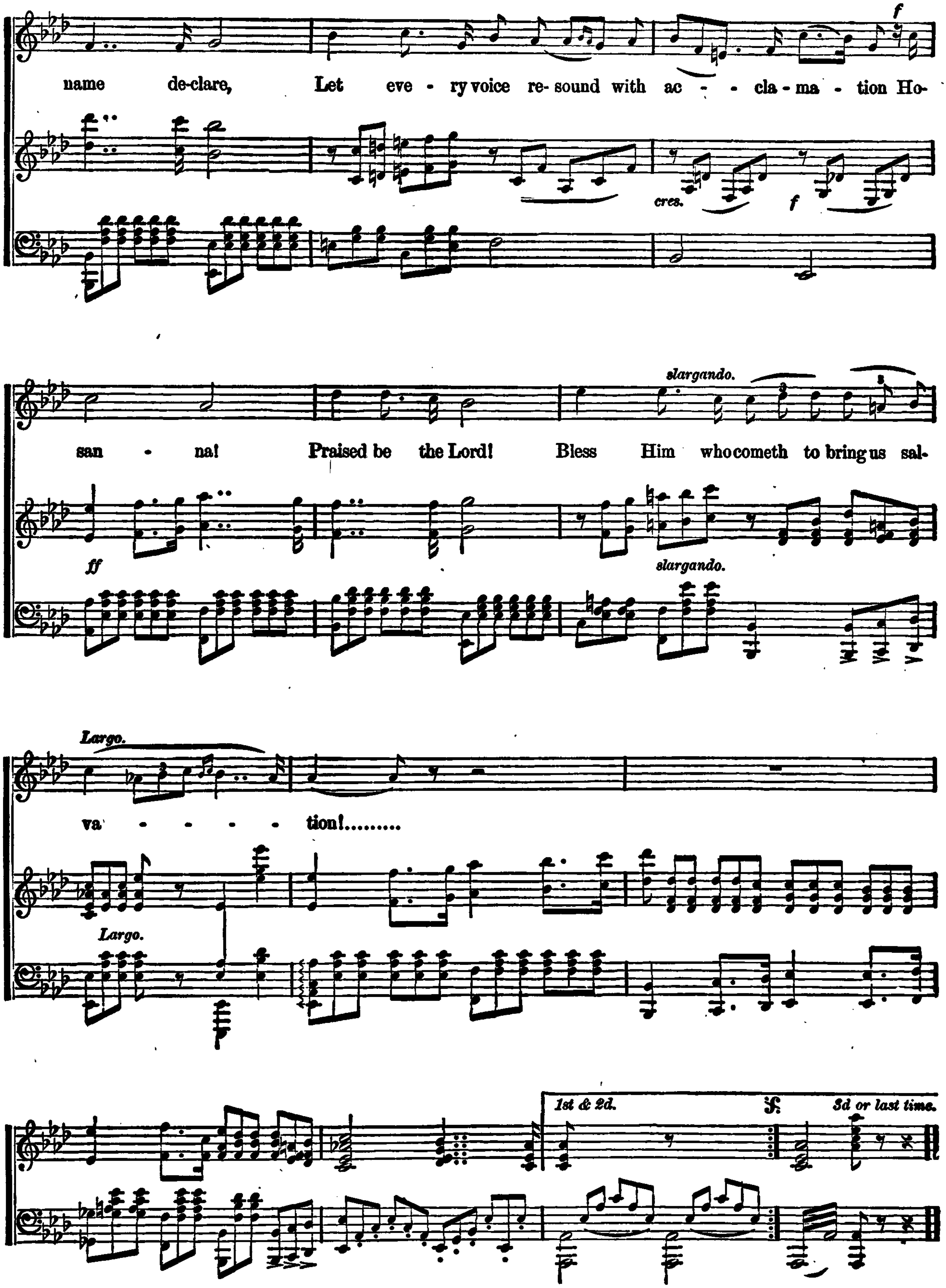
Jean Baptiste Faure, the writer of this celebrated song, is the idol of all Paris. He has made his mark as composer, teacher, singer, and actor, and is content to spend the rest of his days in his home city surrounded by all that makes life pleasurable. For he has amassed a fortune with his various lines of work; he is a man of great culture, and has one of the best collections of pictures owned by a private individual in Paris. Faure was born in 1830, and was a student of the famous Paris Conservatory when a lad of thirteen. He took the first prizes for singing and for opera comique, and made his public debut in 1852. For over a quarter of a century he was a most prominent figure on the operatic stage, creating many of the great baritone roles of modern opera. Of his songs "The Palms" is the best known. For many years it was sung annually by the composer on Palm Sunday in Paris, and always to the most enthusiastic auditors. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure of hearing Monsieur Faure sing "The Palms" on one of these festival occasions in Paris, when the audience demanded six repetitions of the last verse before they were satisfied.


Andante Maestoso.
f
p
1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos - soms gay..............
And strewn this day in fes - tal prep - - - a - ra - tion,
p e cres.
ff


Where Je - sus comes, to wipe our tears a - way............
rall.
E'en now the throng to wel - come him pre - pare;
cres.
ff
slargando.
a tempo.
Join all and sing, His name de - clare,
mf
Let eve - ry voice re - sound with ac - - - - cla - ma - - tion, Ho-
p
cres.
f


san - - - - na! praised be the Lord!
ff
slargando.
Largo.
Bless Him, who com-eth to bring us sal - va - - - - -
slargnado.
Largo.
tion!............
p

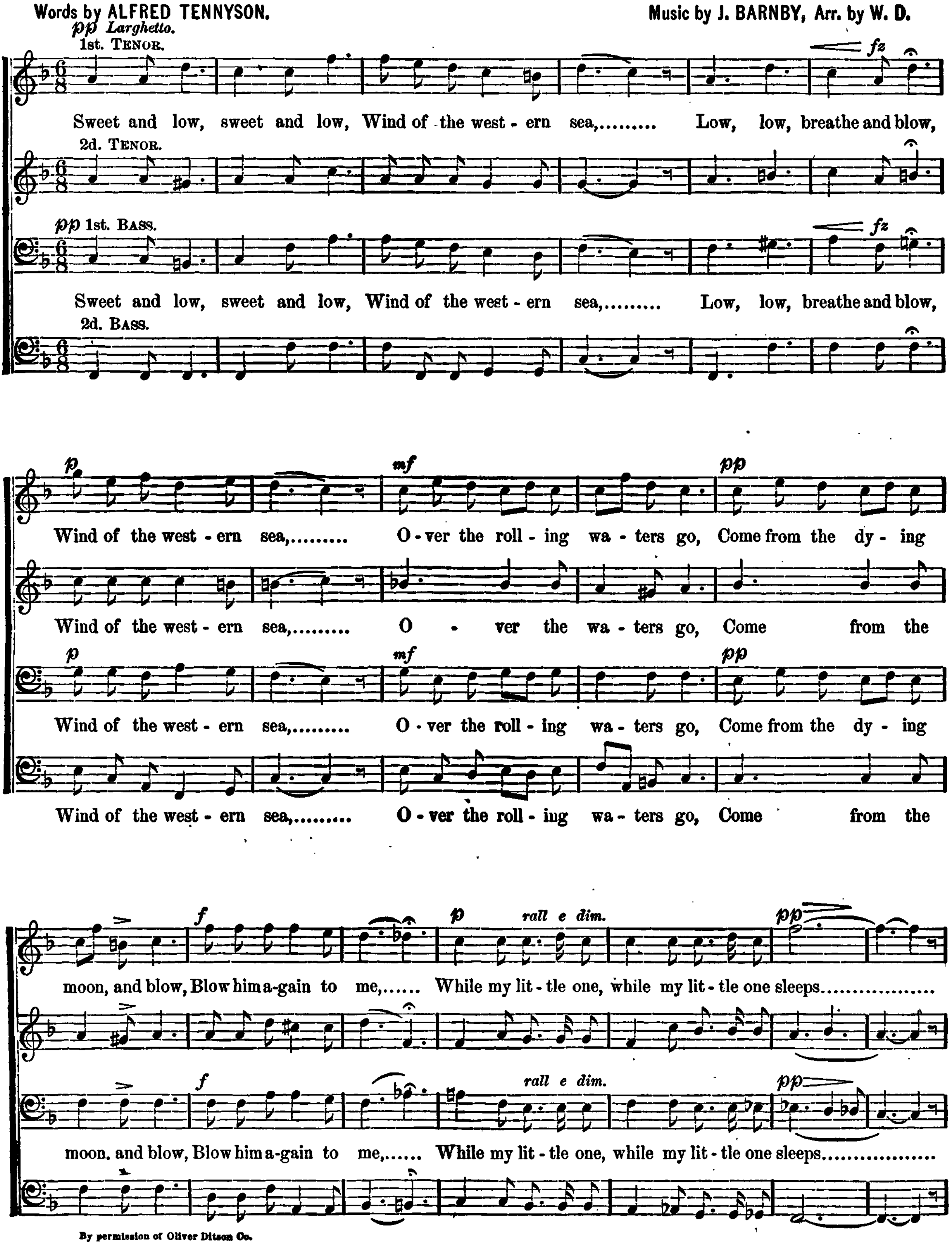

2. His word goes forth, and peoples by its might..... Once more re-gain free-dom from
3. Sing and rejoice, oh blest Je - ru - sa - lem........ Of all thy sons sing the e -
p e cres.
deg - ra - da - tion, Hu - man - i - ty doth give to each his right.....
man - ci - pa - tion— Through bound - less love, the Christ of Beth - le - hem......
ff
rall.
a tempo.
While those in dark - ness find re- stored the light, Join all and sing, His
Brings faith and hope to thee for - ev - er - more. Join all and sing, His
cres.
ff
slargando.
mf


name de-clare, Let eve - ry voice re-sound with ac - - cla - ma - tion Ho-
f
cres.
f
san - na! Praised be the Lord! Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal-
slargando.
ff
slargando.
Largo.
va - - - - tion!.........
Largo.
1st & 2d.
3d or last time.

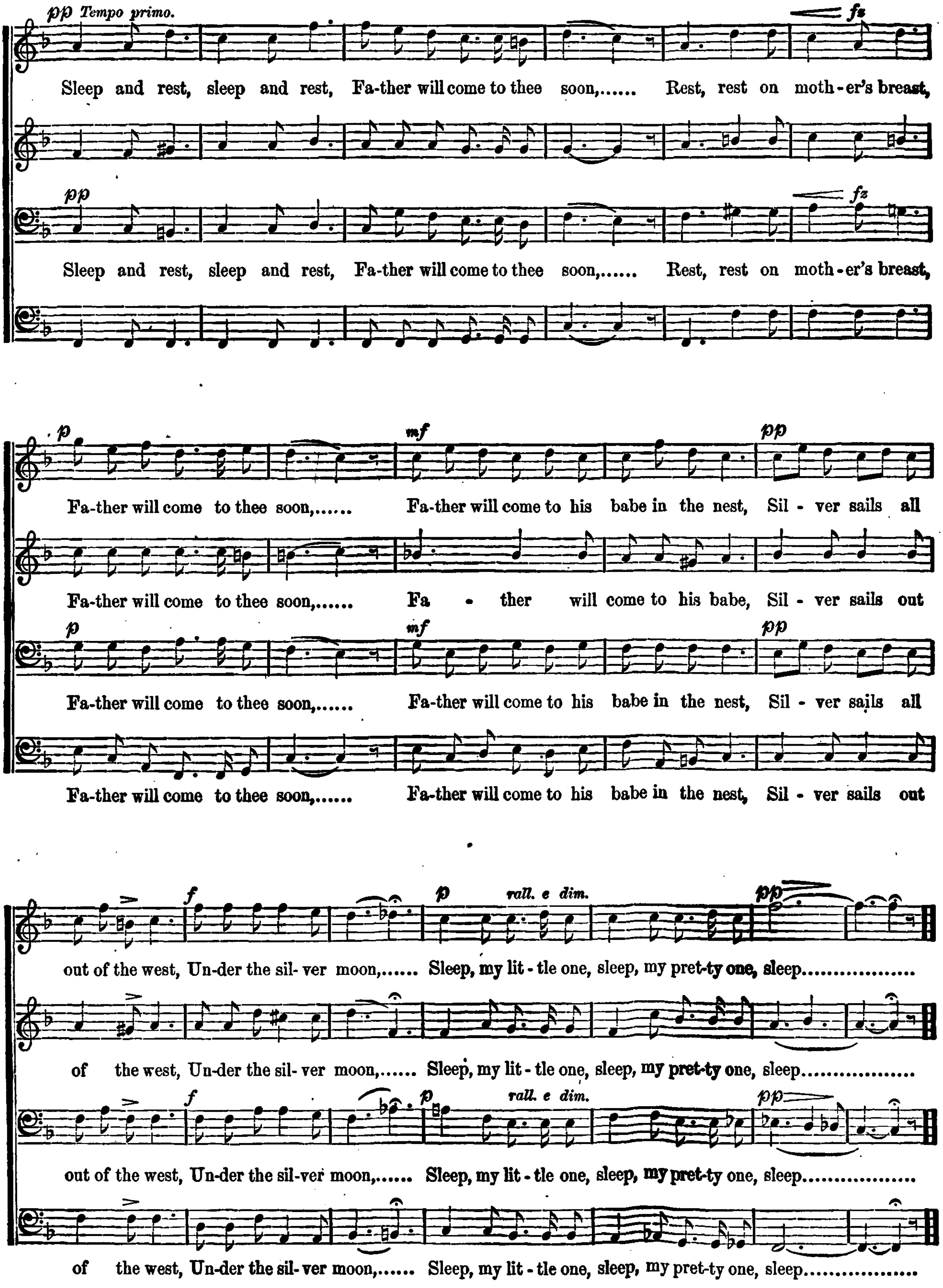
SWEET AND LOW.

LULLABY, FOR MALE VOICES.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music by J. BARNBY, Arr. by W. D.

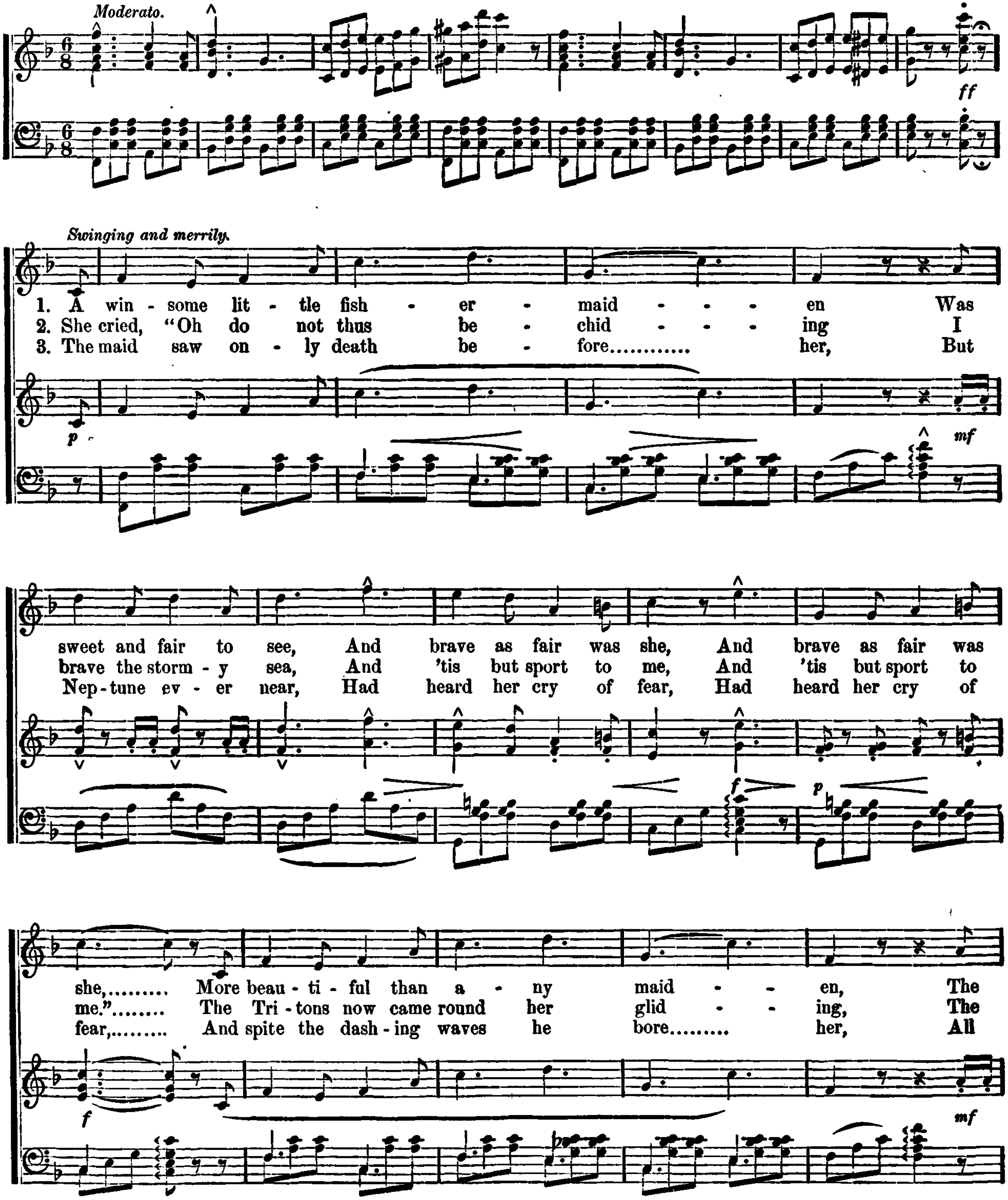

pp Larghetto.
1st. Tenor.
2d. Tenor.
pp 1st. Bass.
2d. Bass.
fz
p
mf
pp
f
rall e dim.
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,......... Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the west - ern sea,......... O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Wind of the west - ern sea,......... O - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the
Wind of the west - ern sea,......... O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
moon, and blow, Blow him a-gain to me,...... While my lit - tle one, while my lit - tle one sleeps................

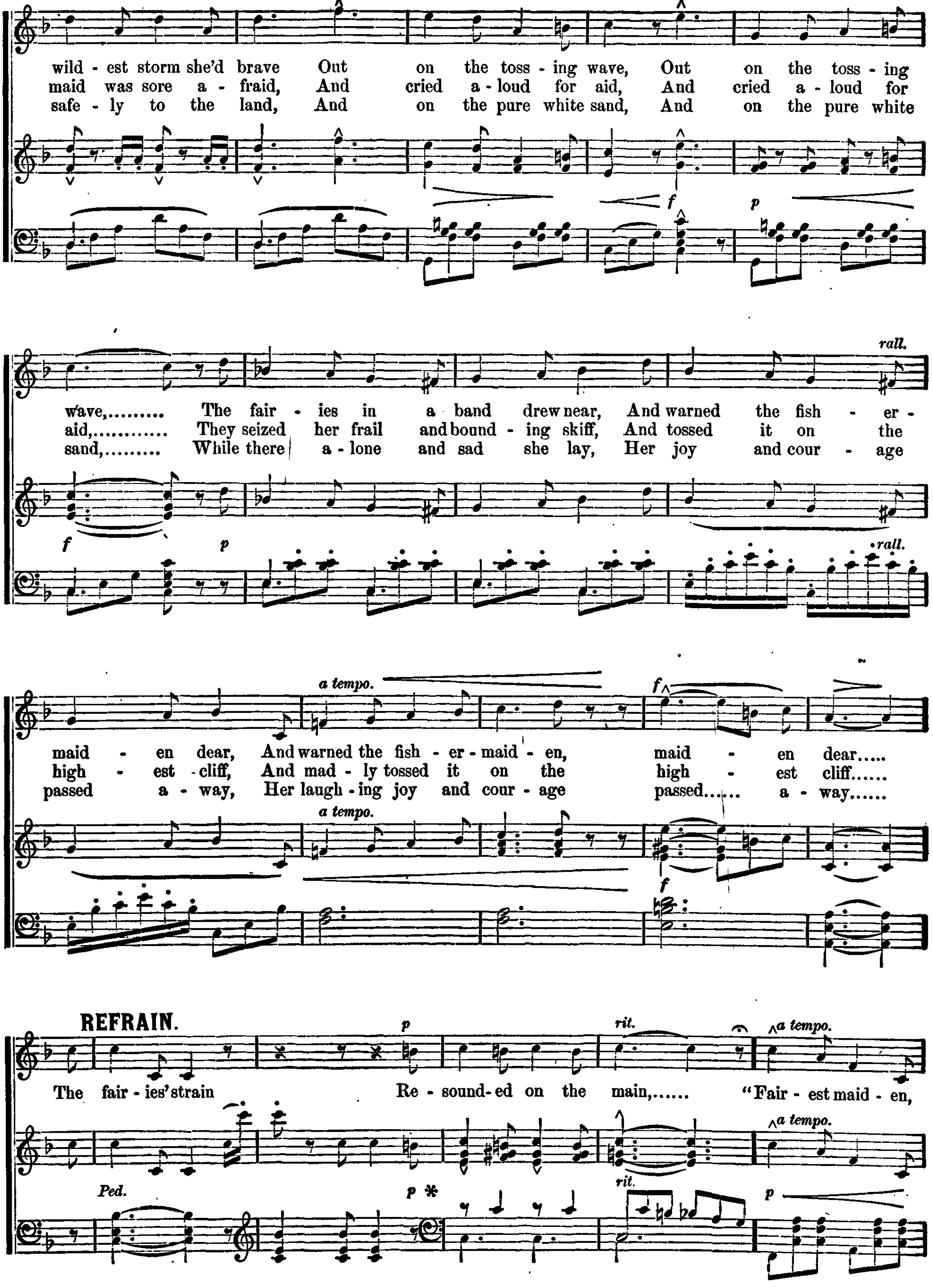
By permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

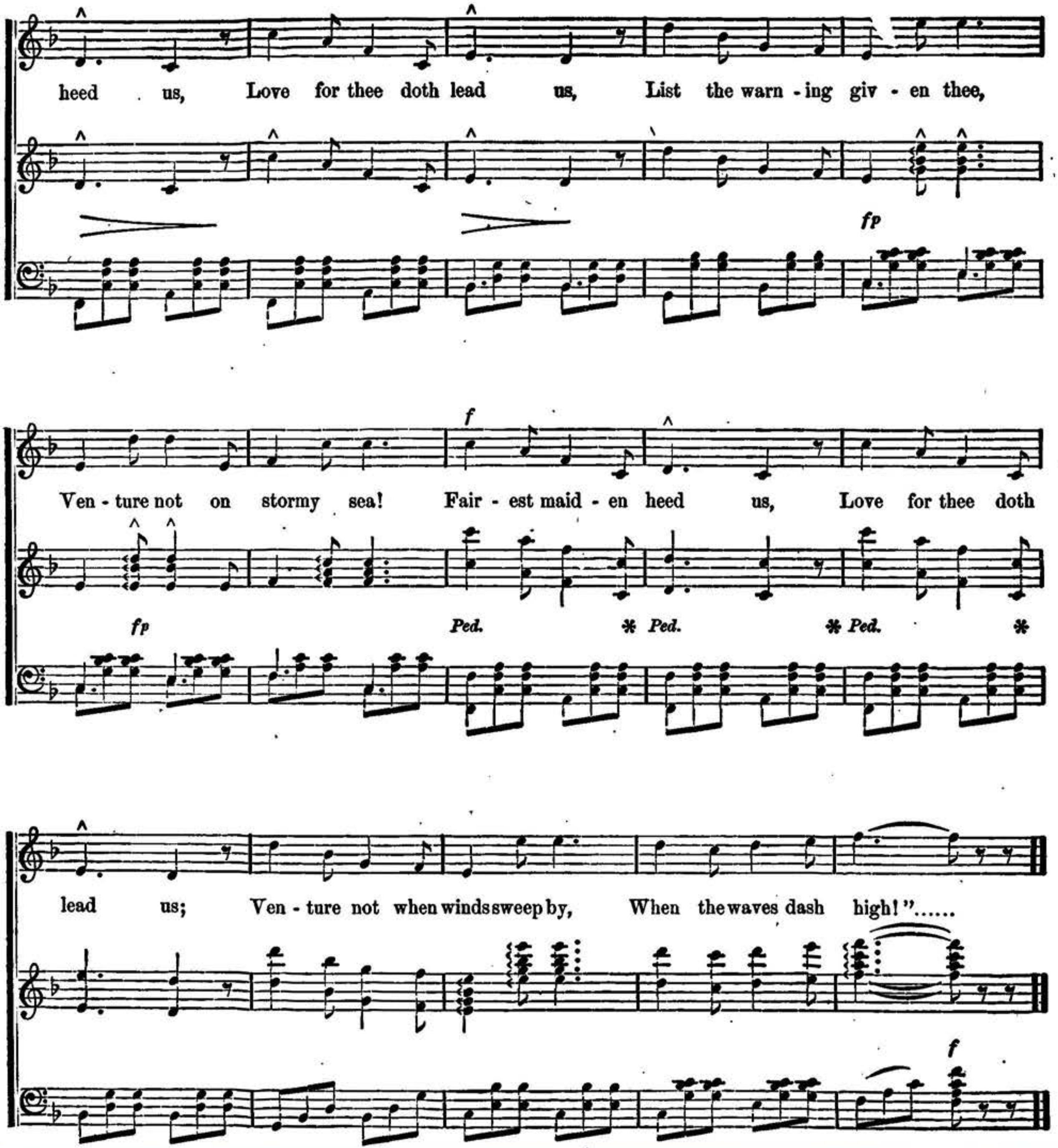

pp Tempo primo.
fz
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Rest, rest on moth-er's breast,
pp
fz
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Rest, rest on moth-er's breast,
p
mf
pp
Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out
p
mf
pp
Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
Fa-ther will come to thee soon,...... Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out
f
p
rall. e dim.
pp
out of the west, Un-der the sil- ver moon,...... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep..................
of the west, Un-der the sil- ver moon,...... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep..................
f
p
rall. e dim.
pp
out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver moon,...... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep..................
of the west, Un-der the sil- ver moon,...... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep..................

THE LITTLE FISHERMAIDEN.

LUDOLF WALDMANN is a German composer, resident in Berlin, who does for the German home-singers what the English and American writers of popular songs do for the English speaking lovers of music. Like most musicians of his country he essays larger works than mere ballads, and has made some successful essays in the field of operetta. "The Little Fishermaiden" is a selection from one of these, which has enjoyed a high degree of popular favor. It is a charming example of the naive and simple narrative song in which the Germans excel. The English version of the words is by M. BARNETT.

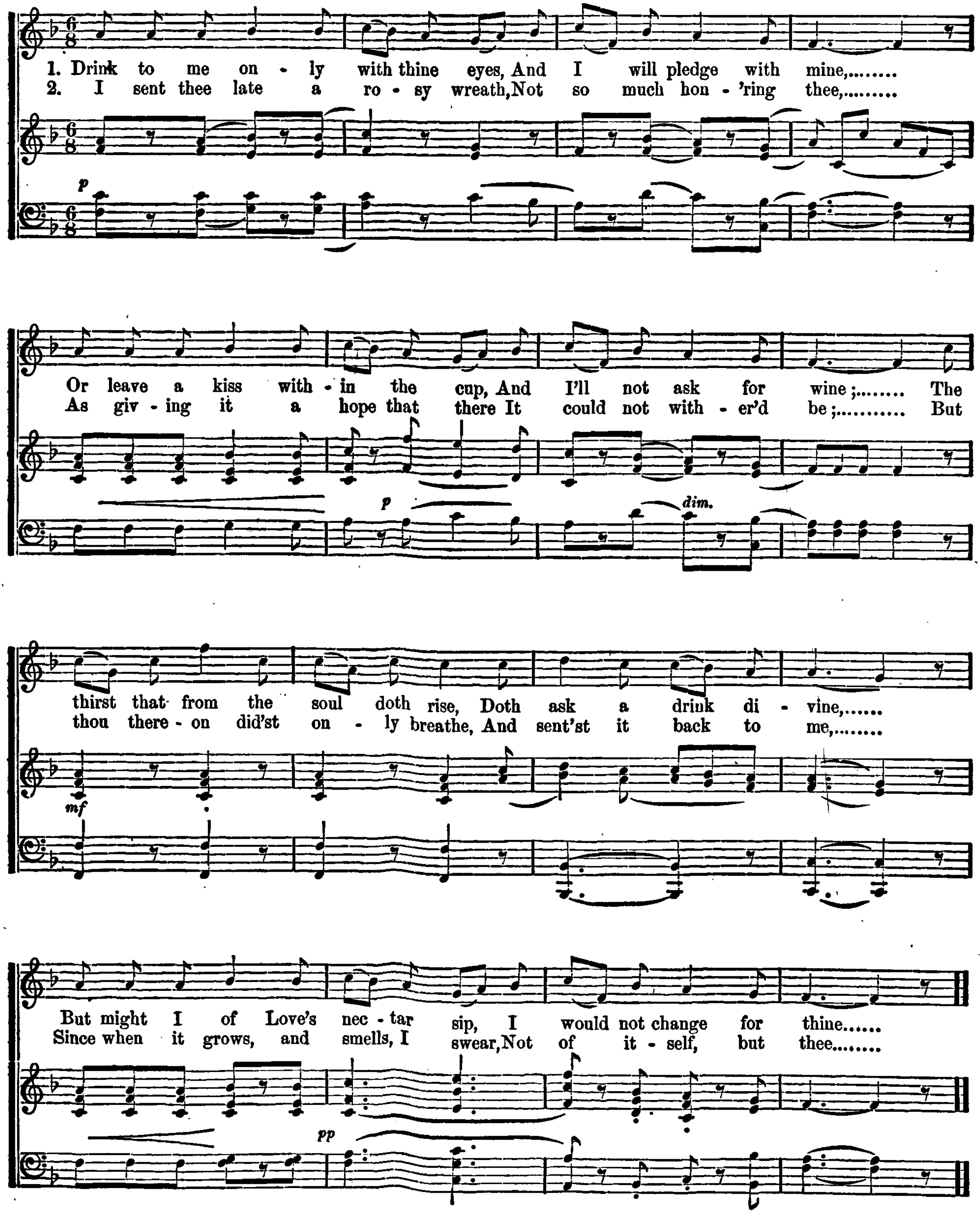

Moderato.
ff
Swinging and merrily.
1. A winsome little fishermaiden Was sweet and fair to see, And brave as fair was she, And brave as fair was she,......... More beautiful than any maiden, The
2. She cried, "Oh do not thus bechiding I brave the stormy sea, And 'tis but sport to me, And 'tis but sport to me."........ The Tritons now came round her gliding, The
3. The maid saw only death before............ her, But Neptune ever near, Had heard her cry of fear, Had heard her cry of fear,......... And spite the dashing waves he bore......... her, All
p
mf
f
p
f
mf


wild - est storm she'd brave Out on the toss - ing wave, Out on the toss - ing
maid was sore a - fraid, And cried a - loud for aid, And cried a - loud for
safe - ly to the land, And on the pure white sand, And on the pure white
f
p
wave,......... The fair - ies in a band drew near, And warned the fish - er -
aid,............ They seized her frail and bound - ing skiff, And tossed it on the
sand,......... While there a - lone and sad she lay, Her joy and cour - age
rall.
f
p
rall.
maid - en dear, And warned the fish - er - maid - en, maid - en dear.....
high - est - cliff, And mad - ly tossed it on the high - est cliff......
passed a - way, Her laugh - ing joy and cour - age passed...... a - way......
a tempo.
f
a tempo.
f
REFRAIN.
The fair - ies' strain Re - sound - ed on the main,...... "Fair - est maid - en,
p
rit.
a tempo.
a tempo.
Ped.
p *
rit.
p

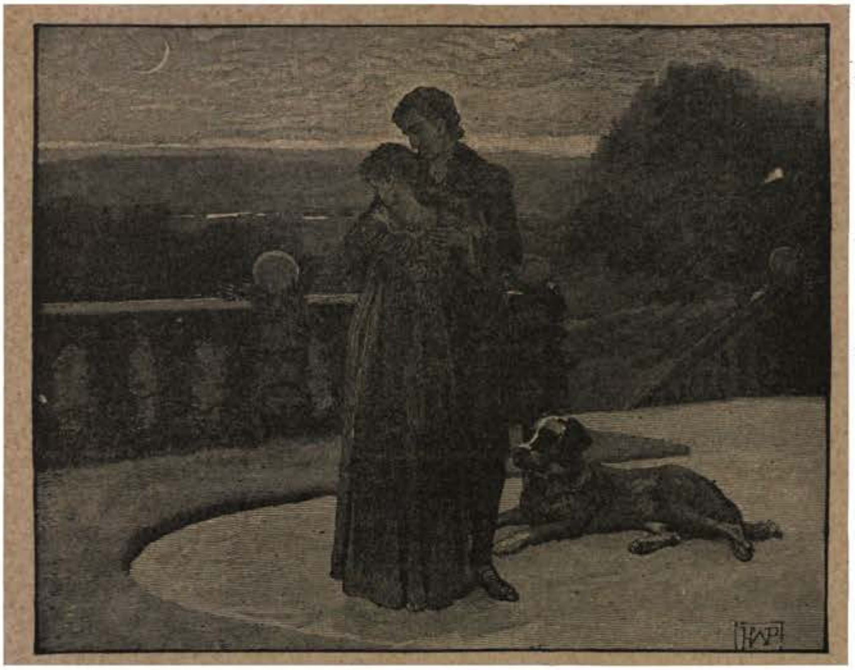

heed us, Love for thee doth lead us, List the warn - ing giv - en thee,
fp
Ven - ture not on stormy sea! Fair - est maid - en heed us, Love for thee doth
fp
f
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
lead us; Ven - ture not when winds sweep by, When the waves dash high!"......
f

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

This song, from a poem entitled "The Forest," by Ben Jonson, the English dramatist (1574–1637,) is translated from Philostratus, a Greek poet of the second century. The air is from **Mozart**, and is the same as that to which "County Guy" is sung.

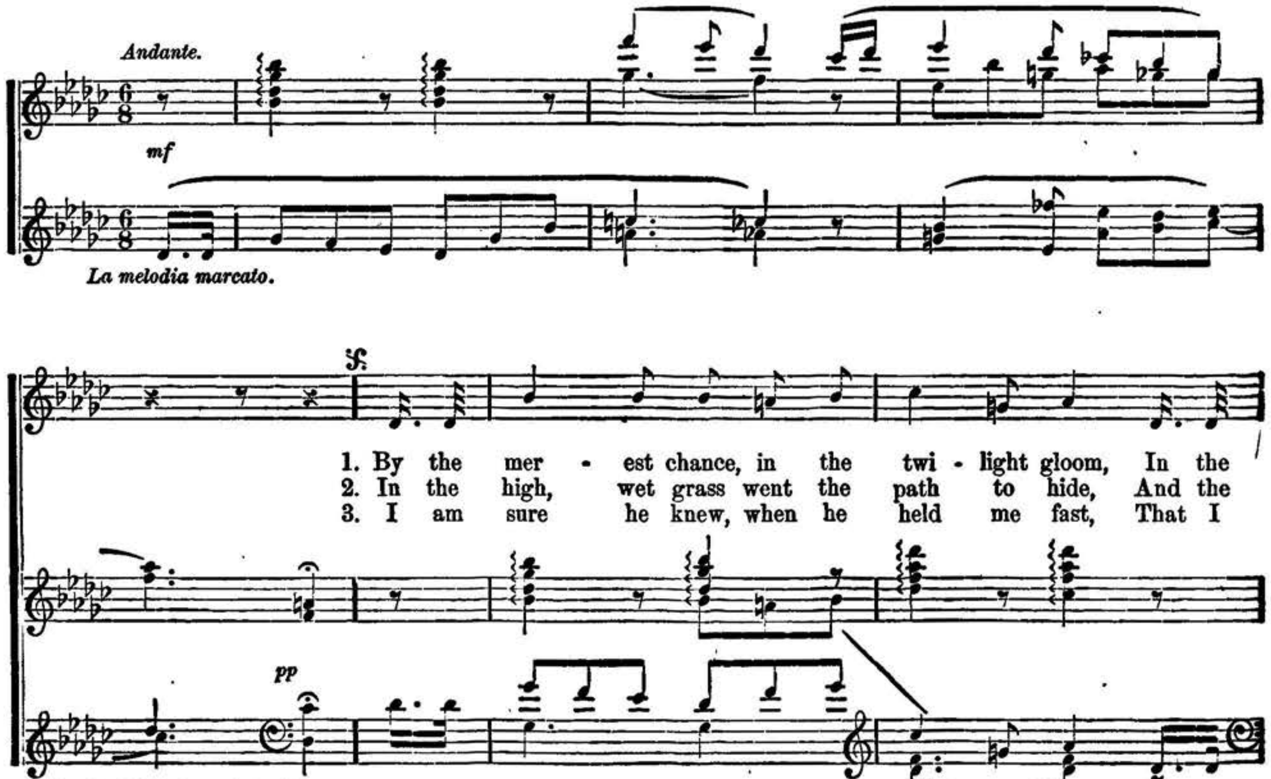

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,........
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,.........
p
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;........ The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be;........... But
p
dim.
thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine,......
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,........
mf
But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine......
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee........
pp

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.



Homer Greene, the author of "What my Lover Said" is a lawyer and civil engineer, residing at Honesdale, Pennsylvania. He was born on the 10th of January, 1853, in Ariel, Pennsylvania, was graduated with honors from Union College and showed marked literary ability at an early age. The two dramas from his pen "The Blind Brother" and "Burnham Breaker" were both published in Eighty-seven, and since then he has written a number of choice poems.

Homer Newton Bartlett, a prominent New York musician and composer, was born on the 28th of December, 1846. At the age of five he played the violin with considerable skill, and at fourteen was organist in one the of churches of his native town. Later on he was organist of the Collegiate Reform Church in New York, and has been for many years organist and choirmaster of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church in the same city. Among Mr. Bartlett's later and more important works are "Samuel," an oratorio, and the "Last Chieftain," a cantata for male voices and orchestra. Mr. Bartlett has composed many beautiful and popular songs, and is considered one of America's finest orchestral tone poets.


Andante.
mf
La melodia marcato.
1. By the mer - est chance, in the twi - light gloom, In the
2. In the high, wet grass went the path to hide, And the
3. I am sure he knew, when he held me fast, That I
pp

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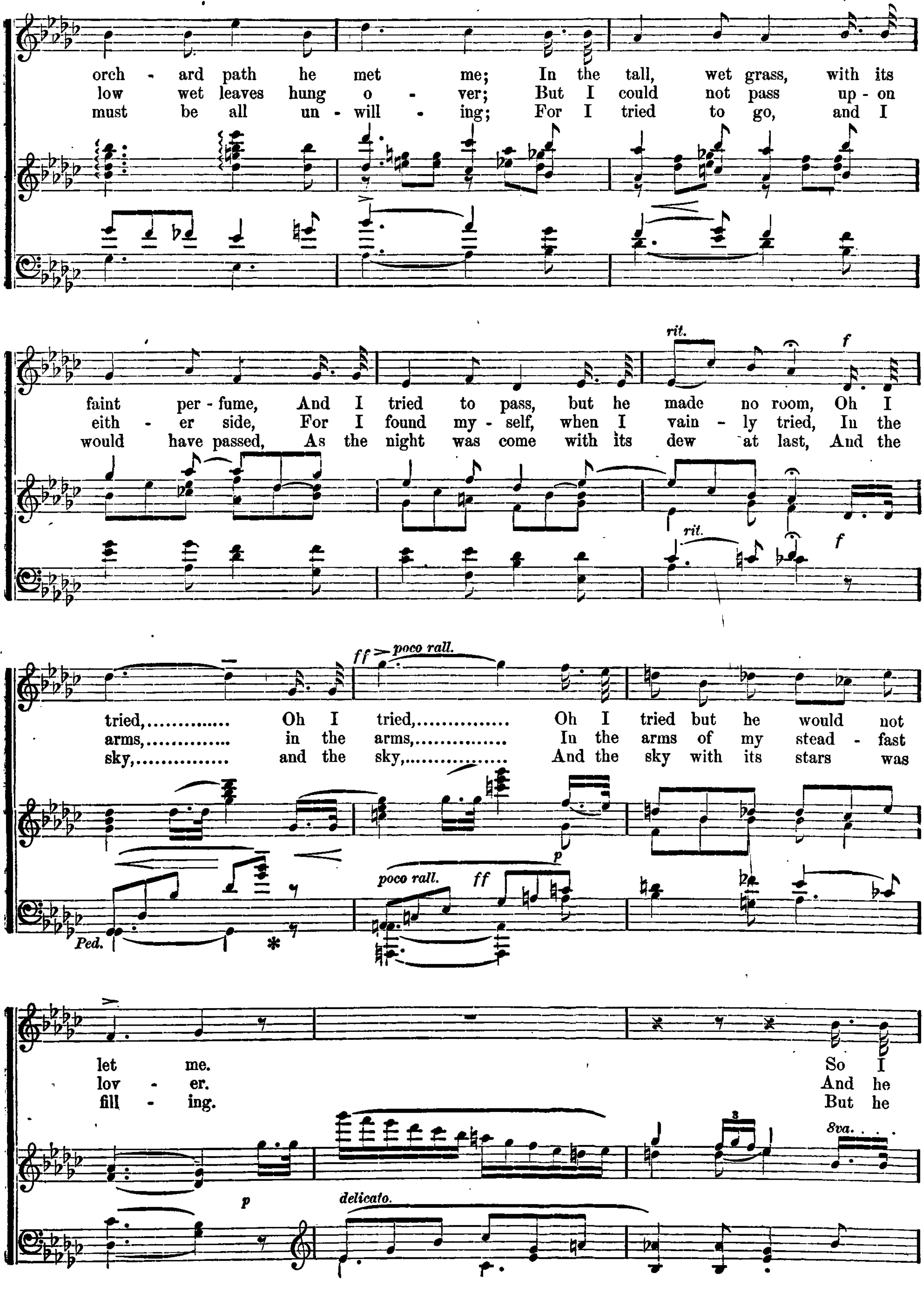
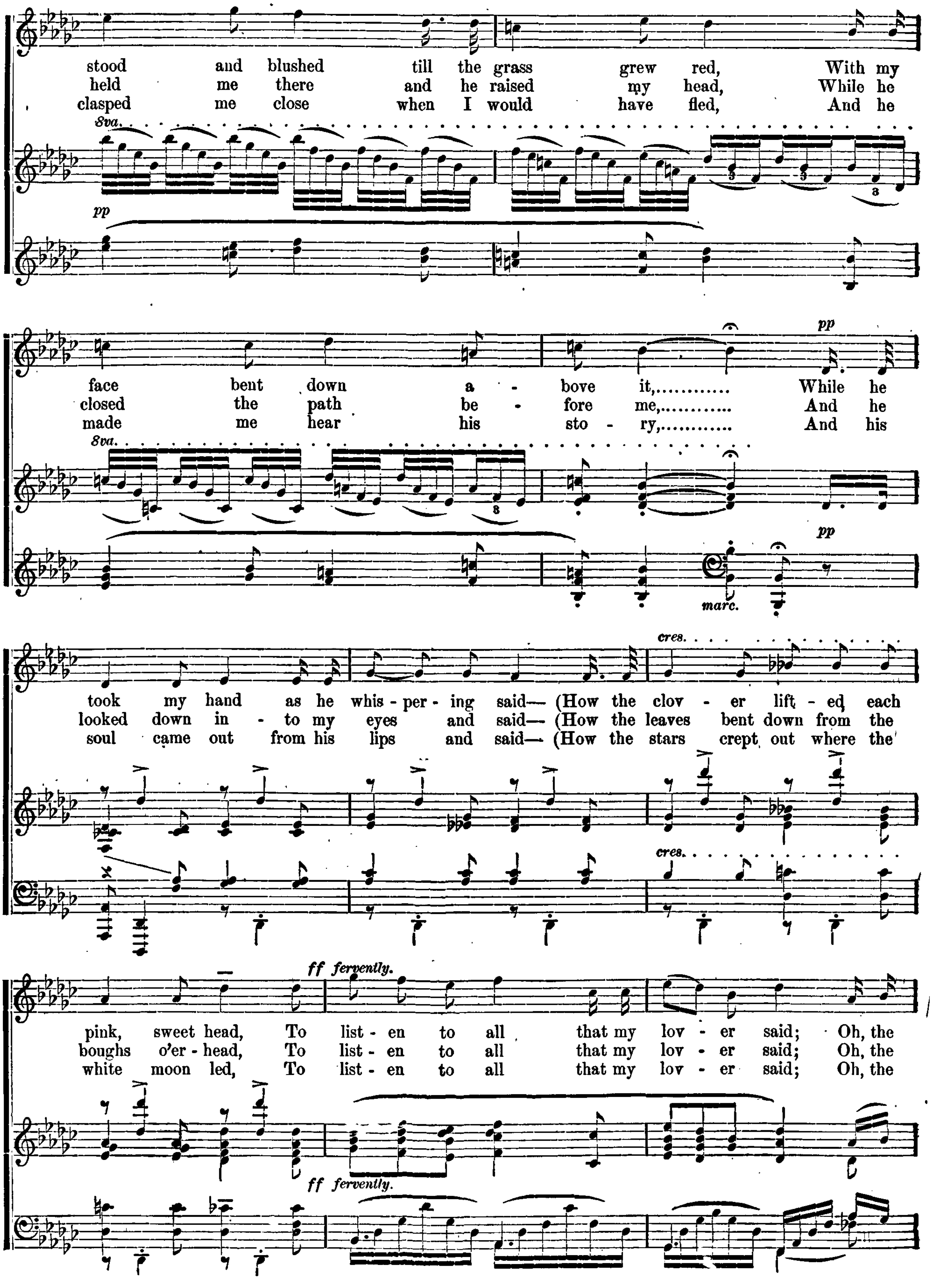
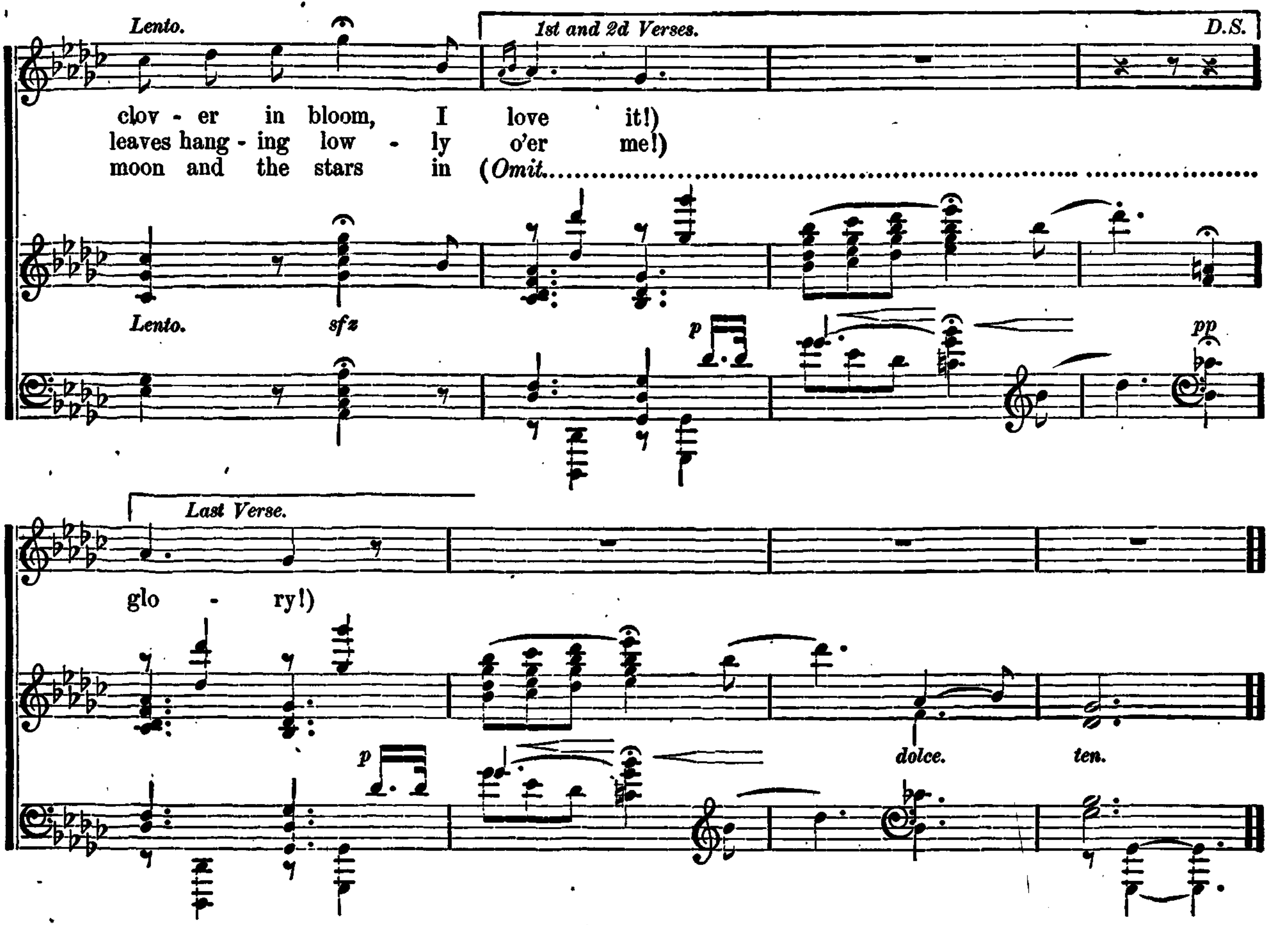

orch - ard path he met me; In the tall, wet grass, with its
low wet leaves hung o - ver; But I could not pass up - on
must be all un - will - ing; For I tried to go, and I
faint per - fume, And I tried to pass, but he made no room, Oh I
eith - er side, For I found my - self, when I vain - ly tried, In the
would have passed, As the night was come with its dew at last, And the
rit.
f
rit.
f
tried,.............. Oh I tried,............... Oh I tried but he would not
arms,.............. in the arms,............... In the arms of my stead - fast
sky,............... and the sky,................ And the sky with its stars was
ff
poco rall.
poco rall.
ff
p
Ped.
*
let me. So I
lov - er. And he
fill - ing. But he
p
delicato.
3
8va


stood and blushed till the grass grew red, With my
held me there and he raised my head, While he
clasped me close when I would have fled, And he
8va.
pp
face bent down a - bove it,………… While he
closed the path be - fore me,………… And he
made me hear his sto - ry,………… And his
8va.
pp
pp
marc.
took my hand as he whis - per - ing said— (How the clov - er lift - ed each
looked down in - to my eyes and said— (How the leaves bent down from the
soul came out from his lips and said— (How the stars crept out where the
cres.
cres.
pink, sweet head, To list - en to all that my lov - er said; Oh, the
boughs o'er - head, To list - en to all that my lov - er said; Oh, the
white moon led, To list - en to all that my lov - er said; Oh, the
ff fervently.
ff fervently.


Lento.
1st and 2d Verses.
D.S.
clov - er in bloom, I love it!)
leaves hang - ing low - ly o'er me!)
moon and the stars in (Omit.......................................
Lento.
sfz
p
pp
Last Verse.
glo - ry!)
p
dolce.
ten.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

IN THY DREAMS.

DUDLEY BUCK, to whom we are indebted for the music to this sweet song, is one of the foremost composers of this country. He has attempted every form of composition and is well known as a writer of songs, of orchestral works, of cantatas, of organ pieces and church anthems and services. No better settings of the hymns "Rock of Ages," and "Lead, Kindly Light," and no more popular church music have been written by an American.

Mr. Buck has been connected with many of the more prominent movements for the advancement of music in America, and has given his time and his talent in many directions for the furthering of this cause. Born in Hartford, Conn., in 1839, he was destined by his father to a commercial life, but the boy would have none of it. Music and music only was to be his life work, and none too soon could he begin his apprenticeship to his beloved art.

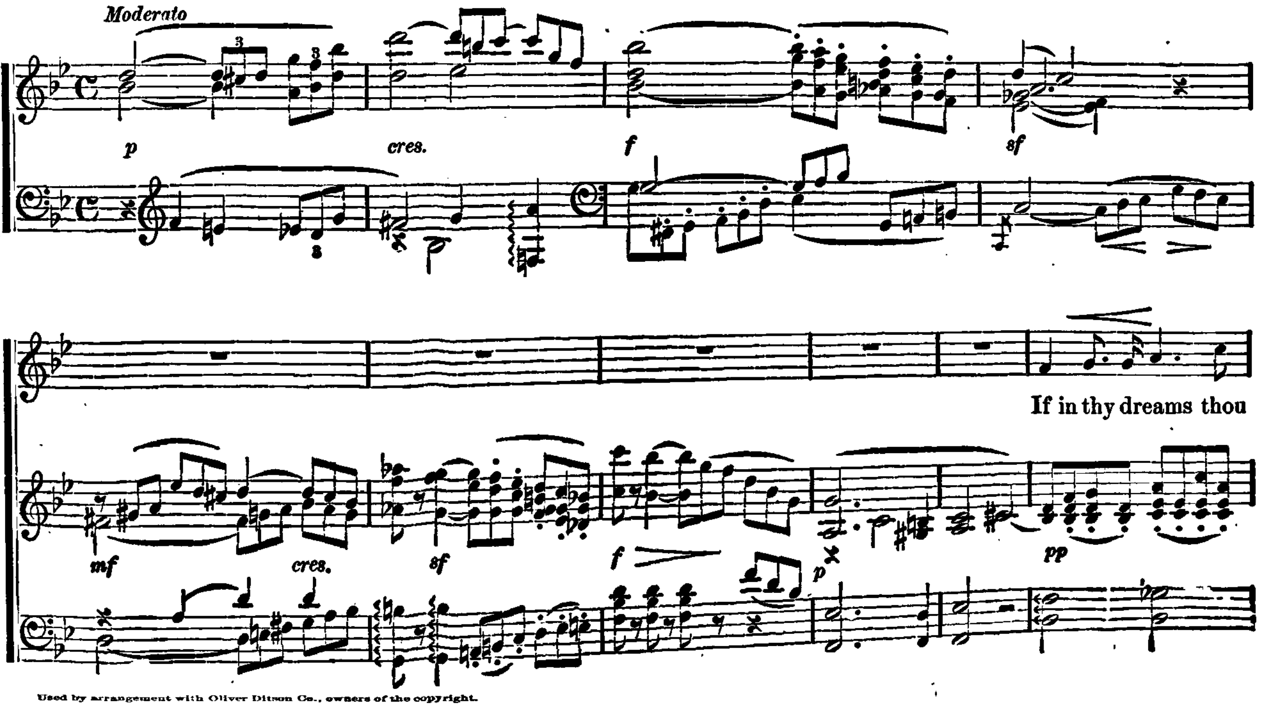
As a boy of sixteen he studied with a Mr. Babcock of his native place, having already proved to his father, by his familiarity with the works of the great masters, that he was equal to the best teachers he could furnish him. For three years he worked and studied at home, spending much of the time at Trinity College, where he laid the foundation of the broad, liberal education for which he is noted. Next came a trip to Europe that consumed four years more. At Leipzig he had for teachers, Richter, Hauptmann, Moscheles, and Plaidy, and for fellow-classmates at the conservatory, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Carl Rosa. Dresden had at this time both Reitz and Schneider, and thither went Mr. Buck for further work under these masters.

And now comes a period in Buck's life that has tinged his whole career and made one form of his composition—that of church music—so famous throughout the country. On his return from Europe he was appointed organist of the Park Church; and finding but little that was suitable for his choir, he composed, arranged and adapted until the Park Church Choir had a repertoire second to none. The edifice was thronged with listeners and it was not long before Dudley Buck's church music was sung throughout the entire country.

In 1867 Mr. Buck's father died and he was enticed to move to Chicago, but returned East in 1871, after the great fire, and settled in Boston where for three years he was organist of St. Paul's, of Music Hall, and of the Shawmut Avenue Church. Mr. Theodore Thomas invited him to come to New York in 1874 and the invitation he accepted, becoming assistant conductor to Thomas and continuing his church work both as organist and composer.

Among Dudley Buck's larger works are the Cantatas, "The Light of Asia," "Columbus," "The Golden Legend," and "Don Munio," a "Symphony in E♭," and "Marmion," a symphonic poem.

The words of "In Thy Dreams" are a translation from the German by J. S. DWIGHT.



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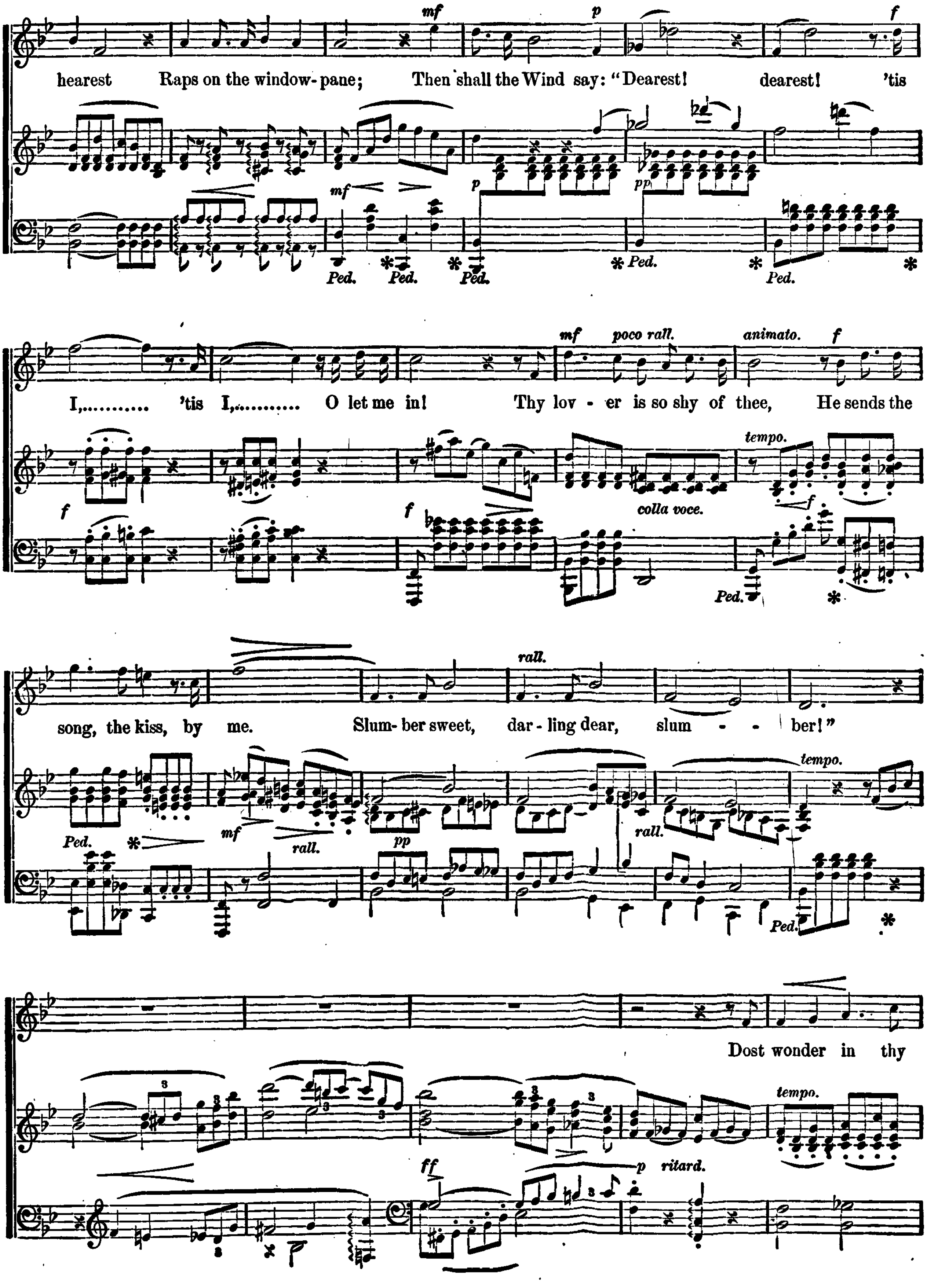
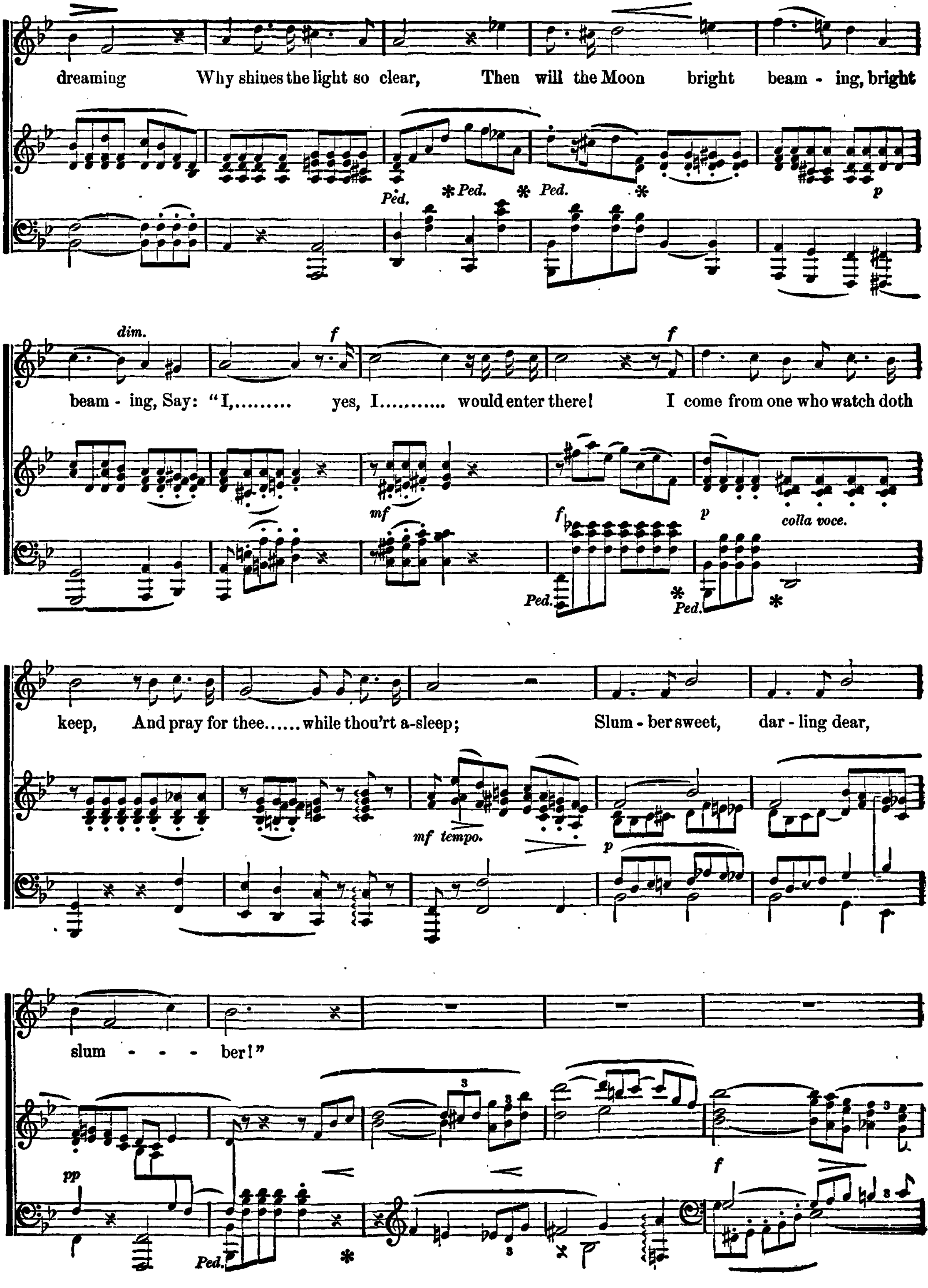
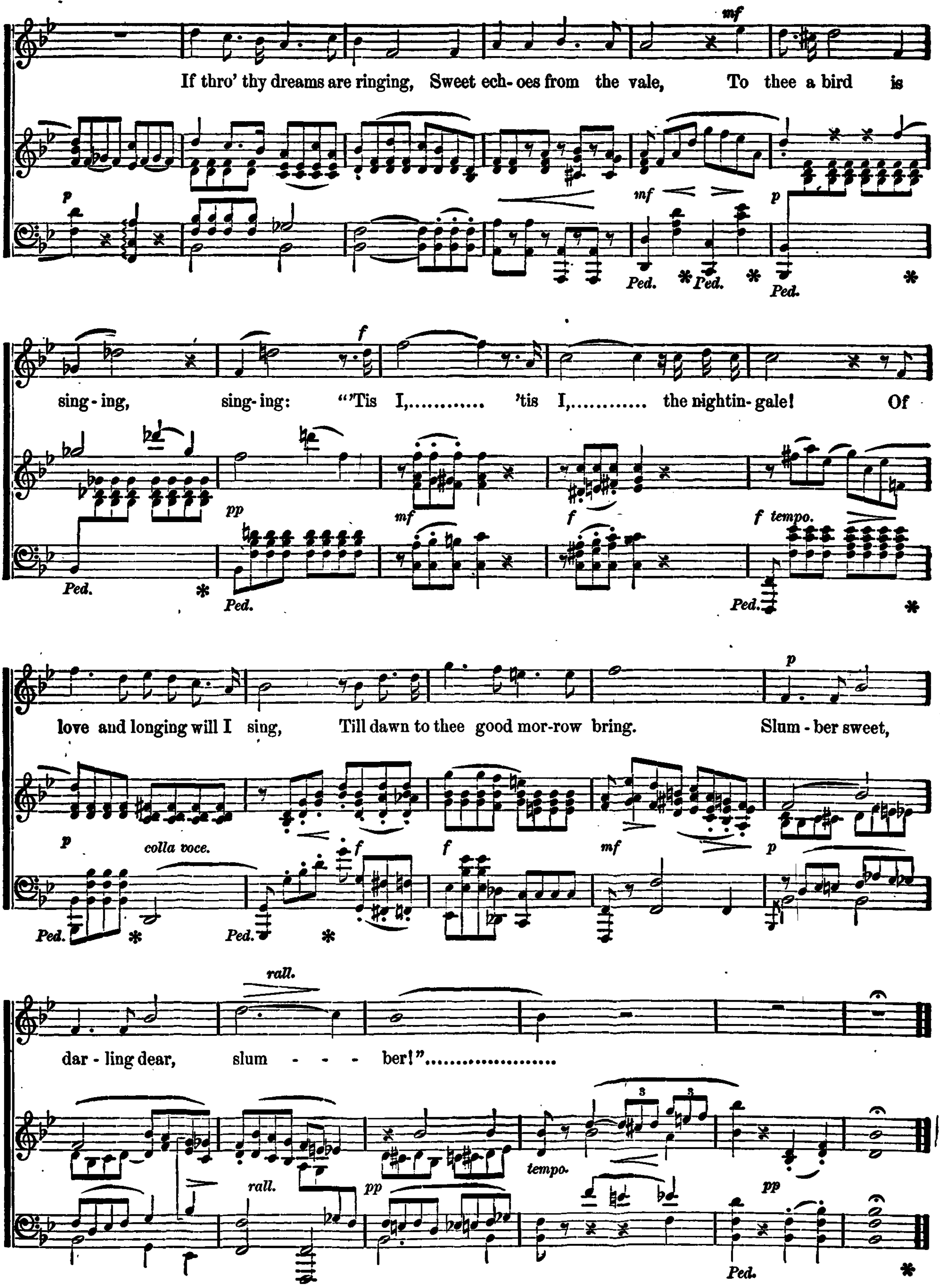
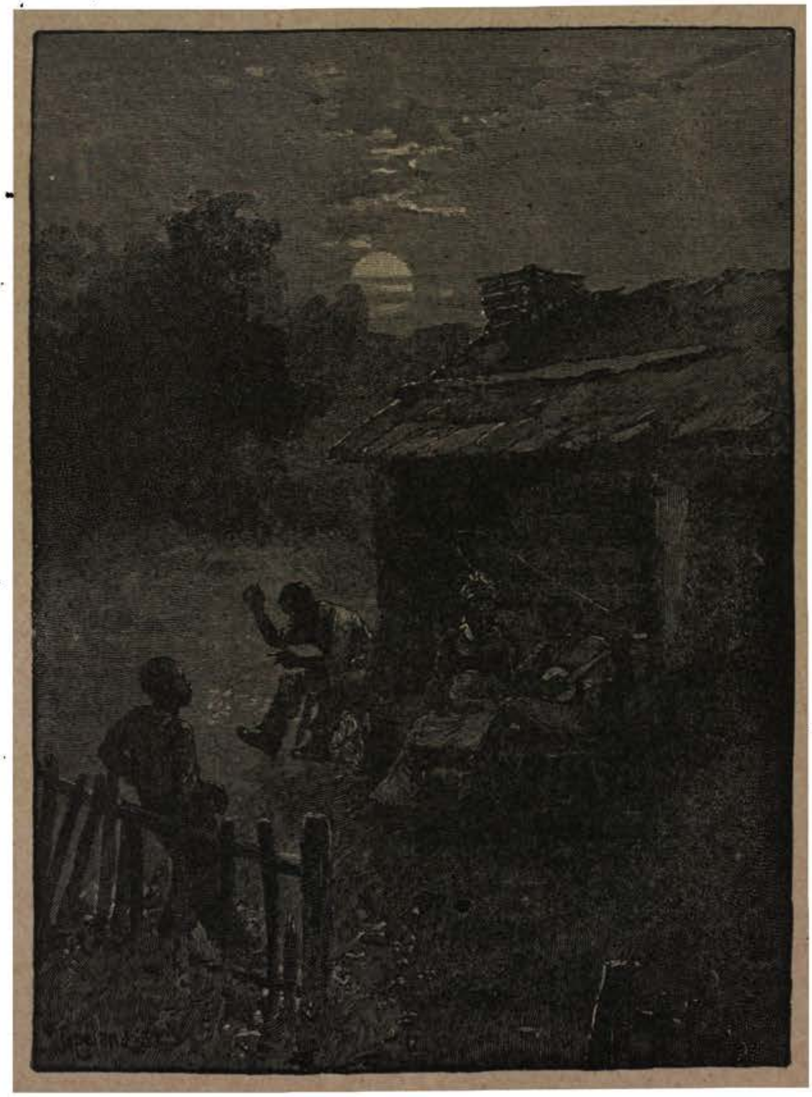

hearest Raps on the window- pane; Then shall the Wind say: "Dearest! dearest! 'tis
I,.......... 'tis I,.......... O let me in! Thy lov - er is so shy of thee, He sends the
song, the kiss, by me. Slum- ber sweet, dar - ling dear, slum - - ber!"
Dost wonder in thy
mf
p
f
pp
poco rall.
animato.
tempo.
colla voce.
rall.
ritard.
ff
Ped.


dreaming Why shines the light so clear, Then will the Moon bright beam - ing, bright
Ped.
*Ped.
* Ped.
*
p
dim.
f
f
beam - ing, Say: "I,......... yes, I........... would enter there!
I come from one who watch doth
mf
f
p
colla voce.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
keep, And pray for thee...... while thou'rt a-sleep;
Slum - ber sweet, dar - ling dear,
mf tempo.
p
slum - - - - ber!"
pp
Ped.
*
f
3


If thro' thy dreams are ringing, Sweet ech- oes from the vale, To thee a bird is
sing - ing, sing- ing: "'Tis I,............ 'tis I,............ the nightin- gale! Of
love and longing will I sing, Till dawn to thee good mor-row bring. Slum - ber sweet,
dar - ling dear, slum - - - ber!"......................
mf
p
Ped.
pp
f
f tempo.
colla voce.
rall.
tempo.

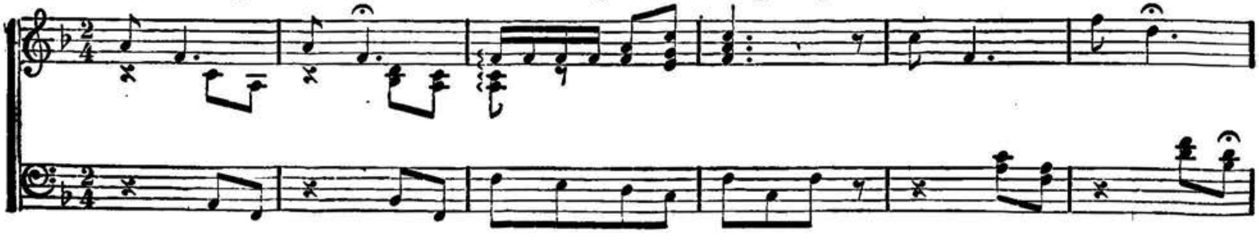
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.



THIS is one of the celebrated "Jubilee Songs," first sung in public by pupils of Fisk Univeristy, Nashville, Tennessee, a school founded soon after the close of the War, for the education of colored men and women. In 1866, a teacher in the University, Professor George L. White, gave a public concert with ex-slave children. The proceeds of this beginning of what afterwards grew into a wonderful missionary success, was four hundred dollars. Two years later Professor White, with a selected company of colored singers, gave a concert in Memphis at the Opera House. Perhaps no more gratifying success was achieved by Professor White than at the meeting of the National Teachers' Association in 1867. The writer of this sketch was at the meeting, and participated in its proceedings, and can testify to the truth of another's statement that, "so popular was Mr. White's colored choir that their services were demanded for all the meetings during the occasion."

Thus began the "Jubilee Singers." But who shall do justice to the origin, growth and production, in a manner pleasing to a wondering public, of these weirdly beautiful and fascinating folk-songs like the one here presented?

The solos may be sung by a single voice, or, as is the custom with many concert companies by all the Trebles and Altos in unison. Let the Trebles closely connect the words "home" and "swing" as indicated by the legato mark.



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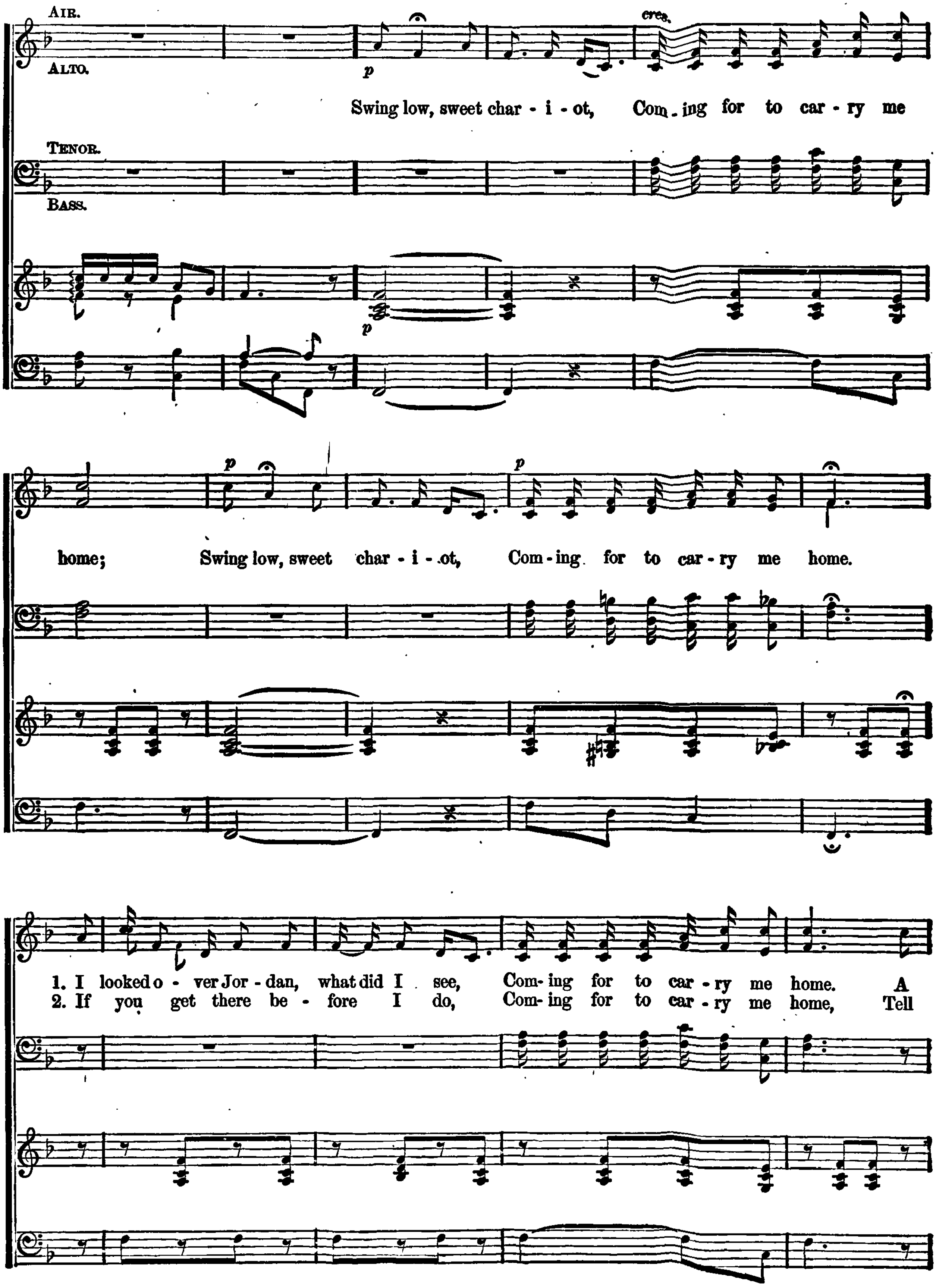
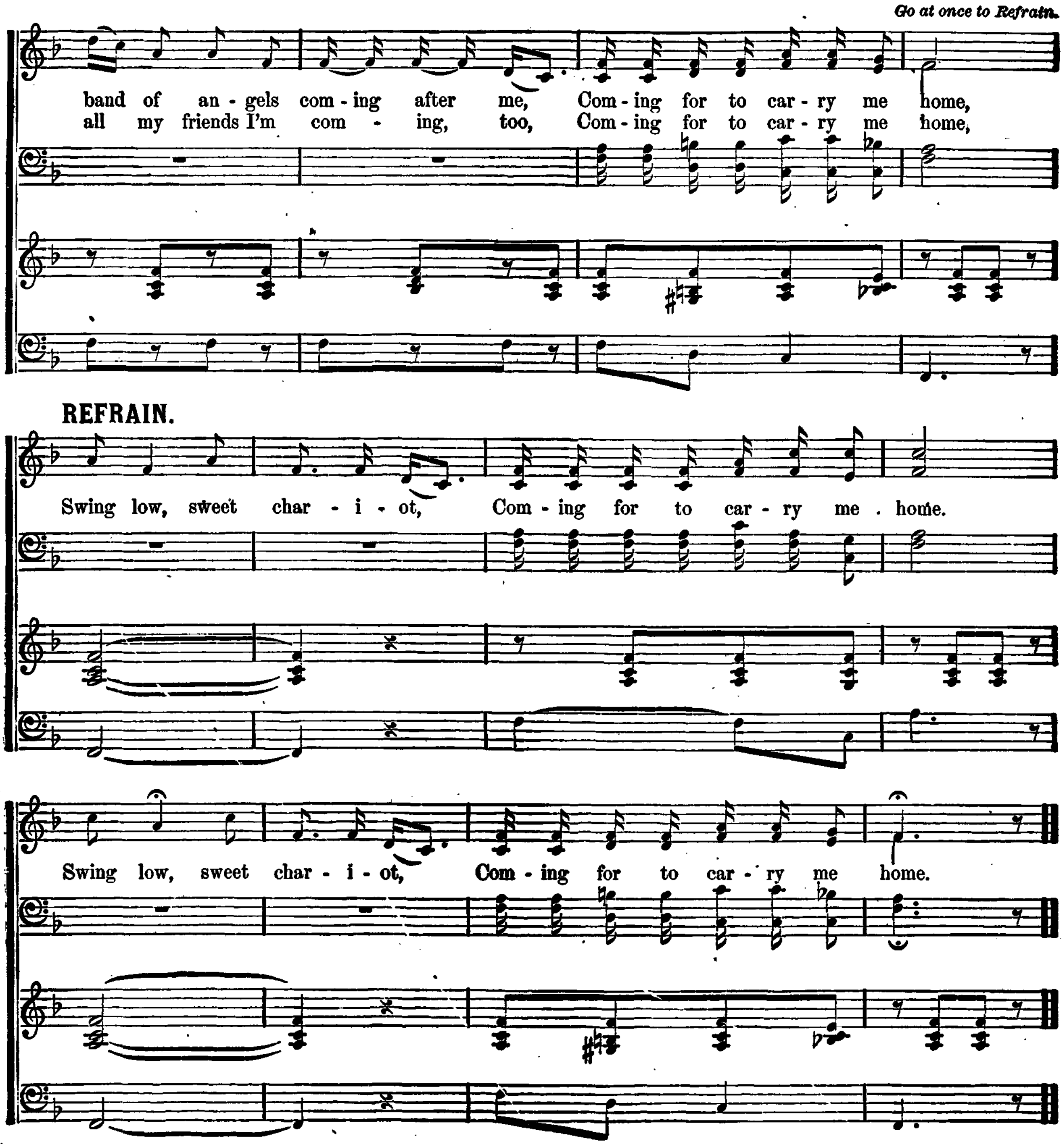

AIR.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
cres.
p
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me
home; Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me home. A
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me home, Tell

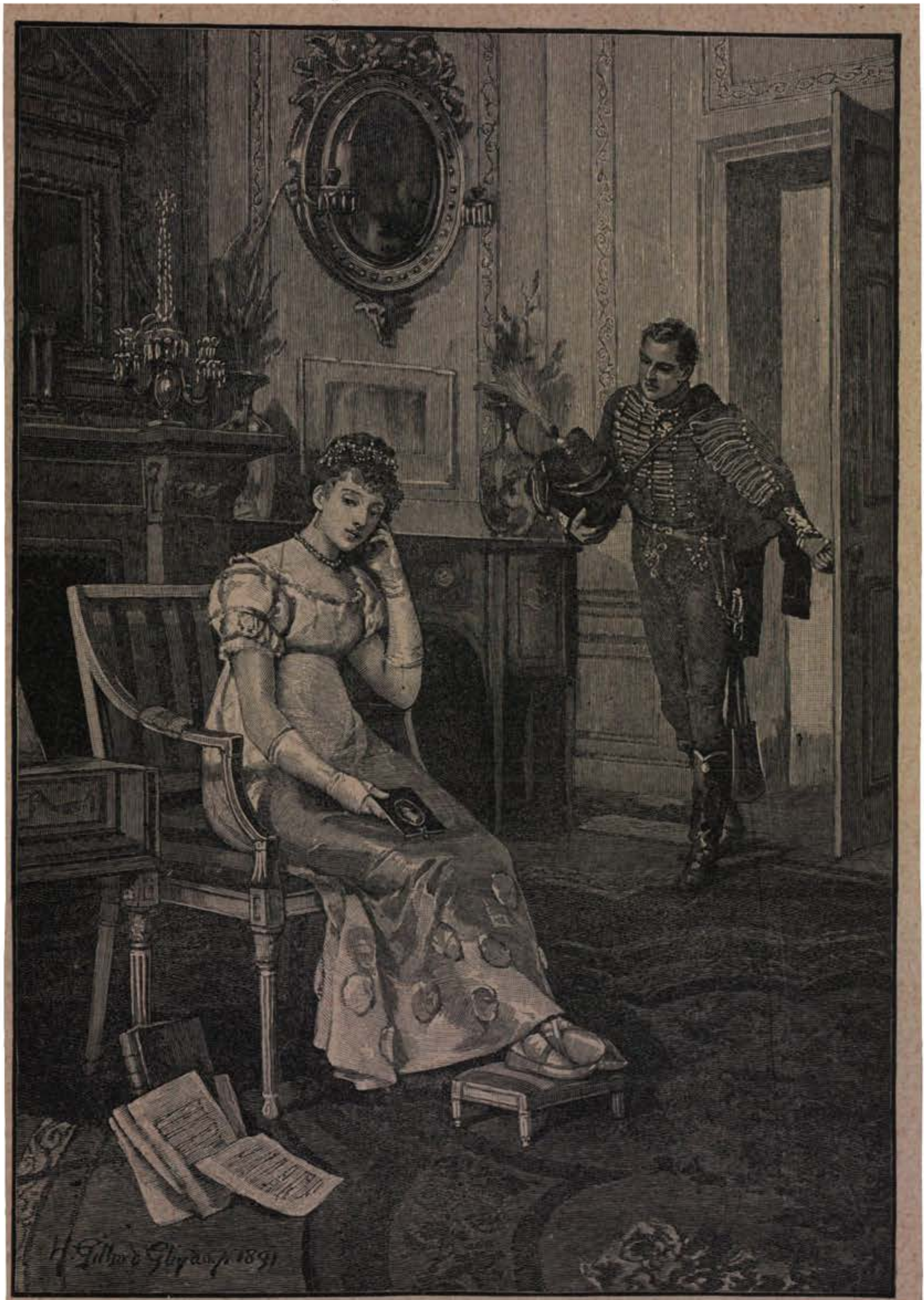

Go at once to Refrain.
band of an - gels com - ing after me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
all my friends I'm com - ing, too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
REFRAIN.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me . home.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see,
  Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
  Coming for to carry me home.
    Swing low, *etc.*

If you get there before I do,
  Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
  Coming for to carry me home.
    Swing low, *etc.*

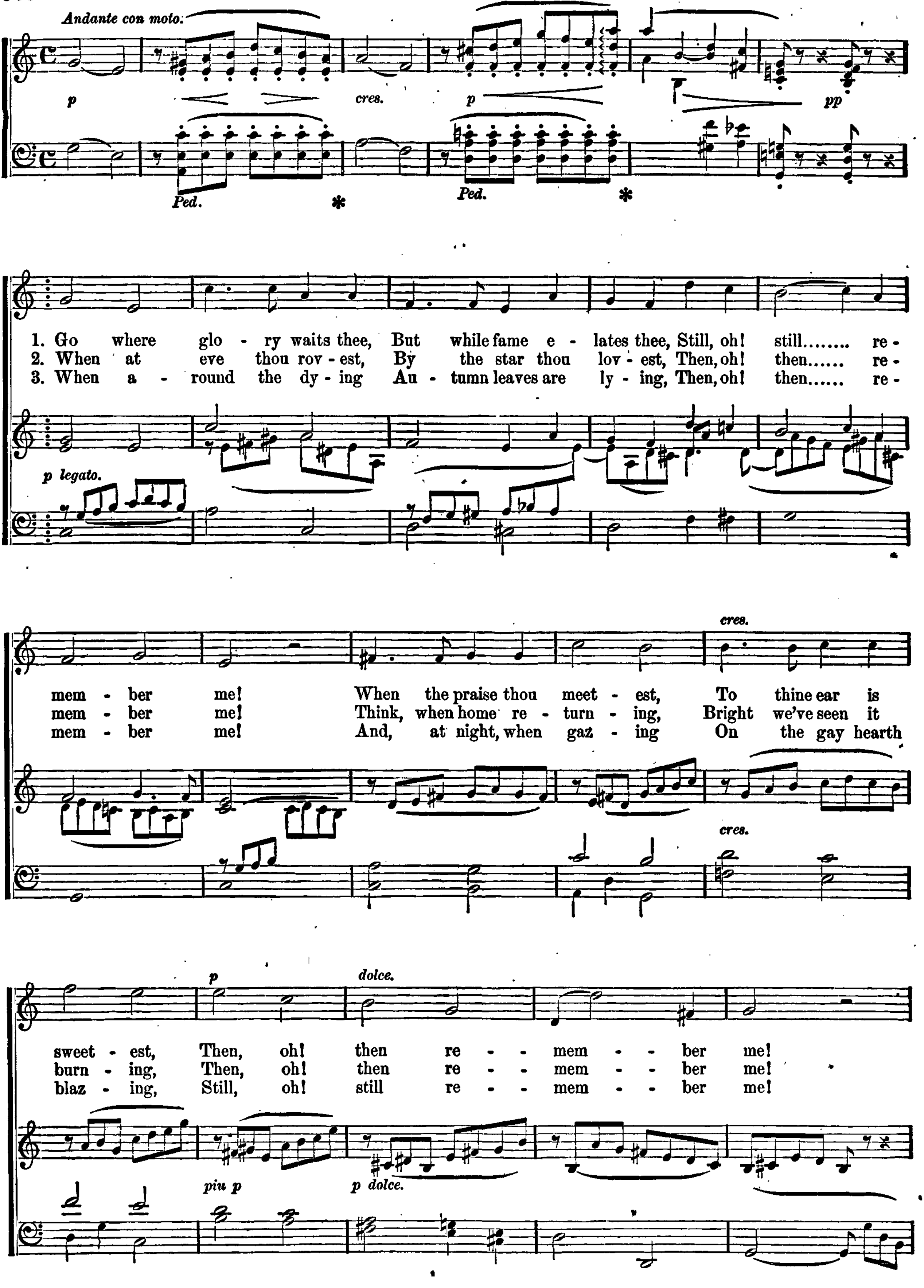
The brightest day that ever I saw,
  Coming for to carry me home—
Where Jesus washed my sins away,
  Coming for to carry me home.
    Swing low, *etc.*

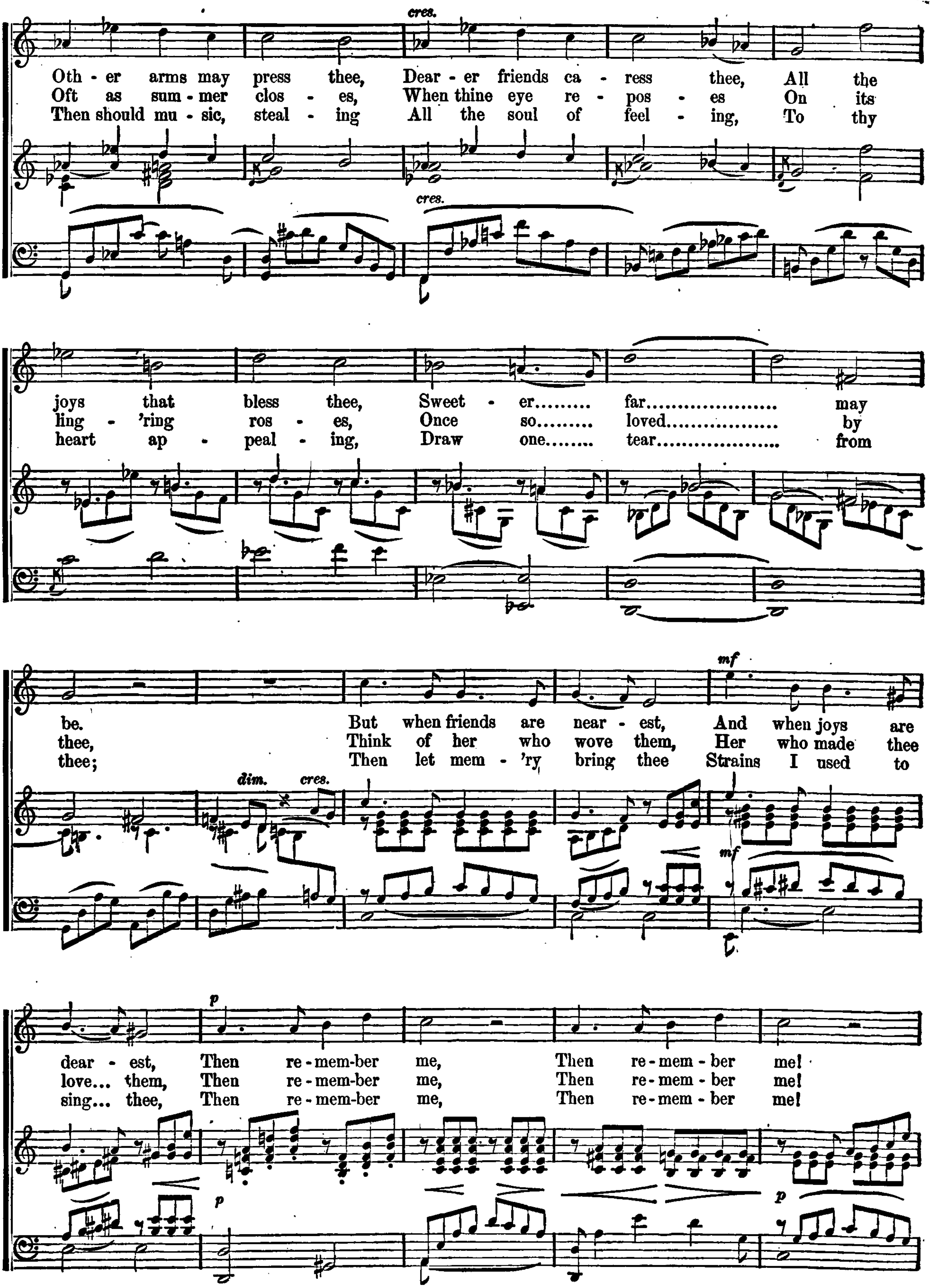
I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
  Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
  Coming for to carry me home.
    Swing low, *etc.*

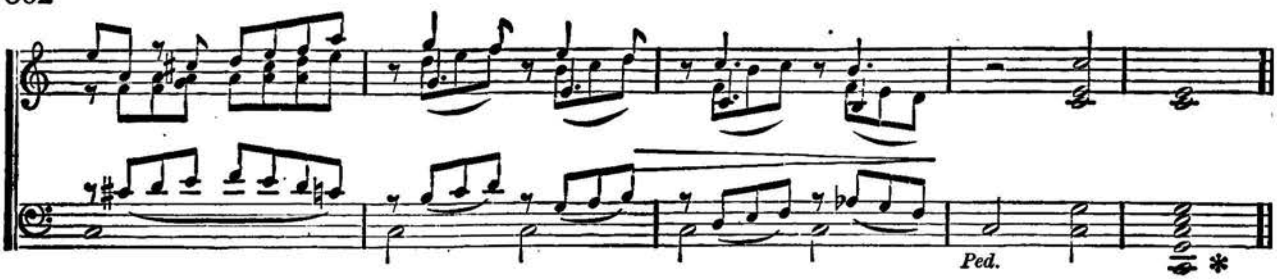


GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

THE words of this song are from THOMAS MOORE'S "Irish Melodies." The music was composed by HALFDAN KJERULF, a Swedish musician, who was born in Christiania, in 1818, and died at the same place in 1868. He composed industriously all his life, devoting himself chiefly to the production of pianoforte music and popular songs and part songs.


Andante con moto.
p
cres.
p
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
1. Go where glo - ry waits thee, But while fame e - lates thee, Still, oh! still........ re -
2. When at eve thou rov - est, By the star thou lov - est, Then, oh! then...... re -
3. When a - round the dy - ing Au - tumn leaves are ly - ing, Then, oh! then...... re -
p legato.
cres.
mem - ber me! When the praise thou meet - est, To thine ear is
mem - ber me! Think, when home re - turn - ing, Bright we've seen it
mem - ber me! And, at night, when gaz - ing On the gay hearth
cres.
p
dolce.
sweet - est, Then, oh! then re - - mem - - ber me!
burn - ing, Then, oh! then re - - mem - - ber me!
blaz - ing, Still, oh! still re - - mem - - ber me!
piu p
p dolce.


cres.
Oth - er arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the
Oft as sum - mer clos - es, When thine eye re - pos - es On its
Then should mu - sic, steal - ing All the soul of feel - ing, To thy
cres.
joys that bless thee, Sweet - er......... far..................... may
ling - 'ring ros - es, Once so......... loved.................. by
heart ap - peal - ing, Draw one........ tear.................... from
mf
be. But when friends are near - est, And when joys are
thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee
thee; Then let mem - 'ry bring thee Strains I used to
dim. cres.
mf
p
dear - est, Then re - mem - ber me, Then re - mem - ber me!
love... them, Then re - mem - ber me, Then re - mem - ber me!
sing... thee, Then re - mem - ber me, Then re - mem - ber me!
p
p

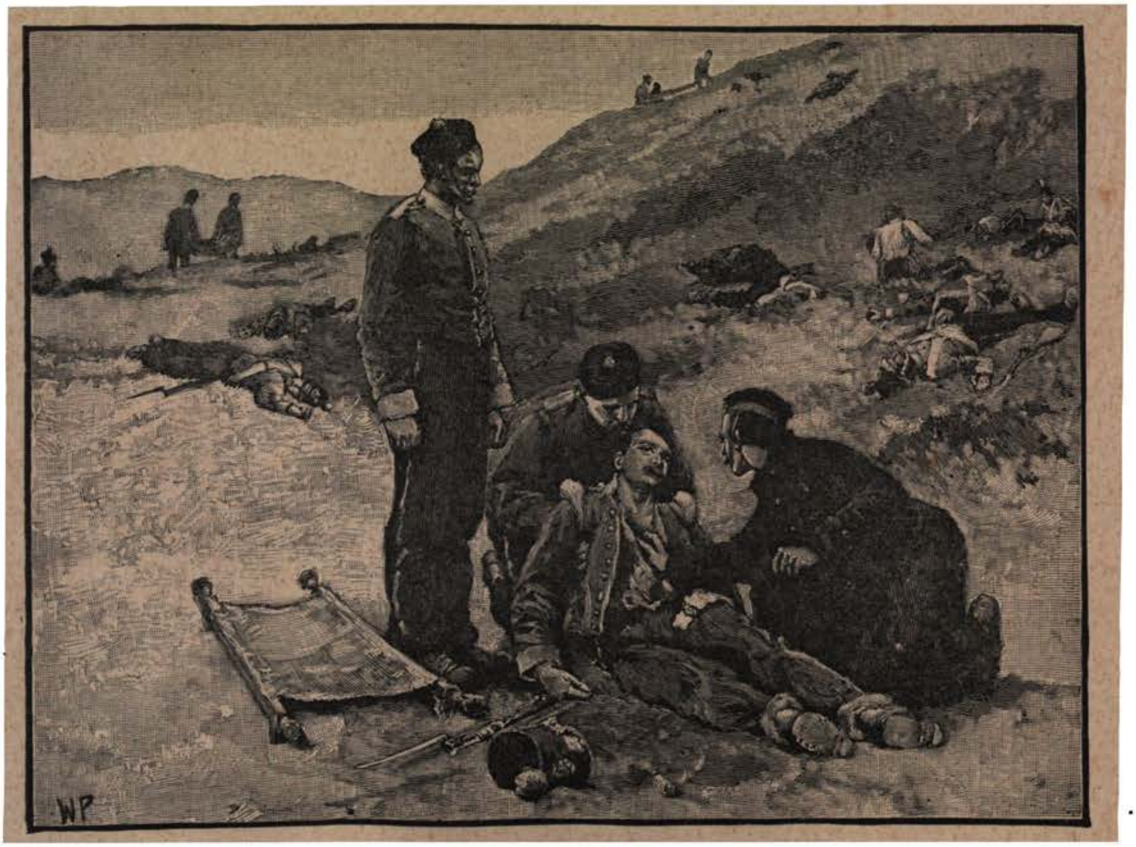


Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
  Still, oh! still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
  Then, oh! then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
  Sweeter far may be.
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
  Then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
  Then, oh! then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
  Then, oh! then remember me!

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
  Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
  Then remember me!

When around the dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
  Then, oh! then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
  Still, oh! still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
  Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
  Then, oh then remember me!

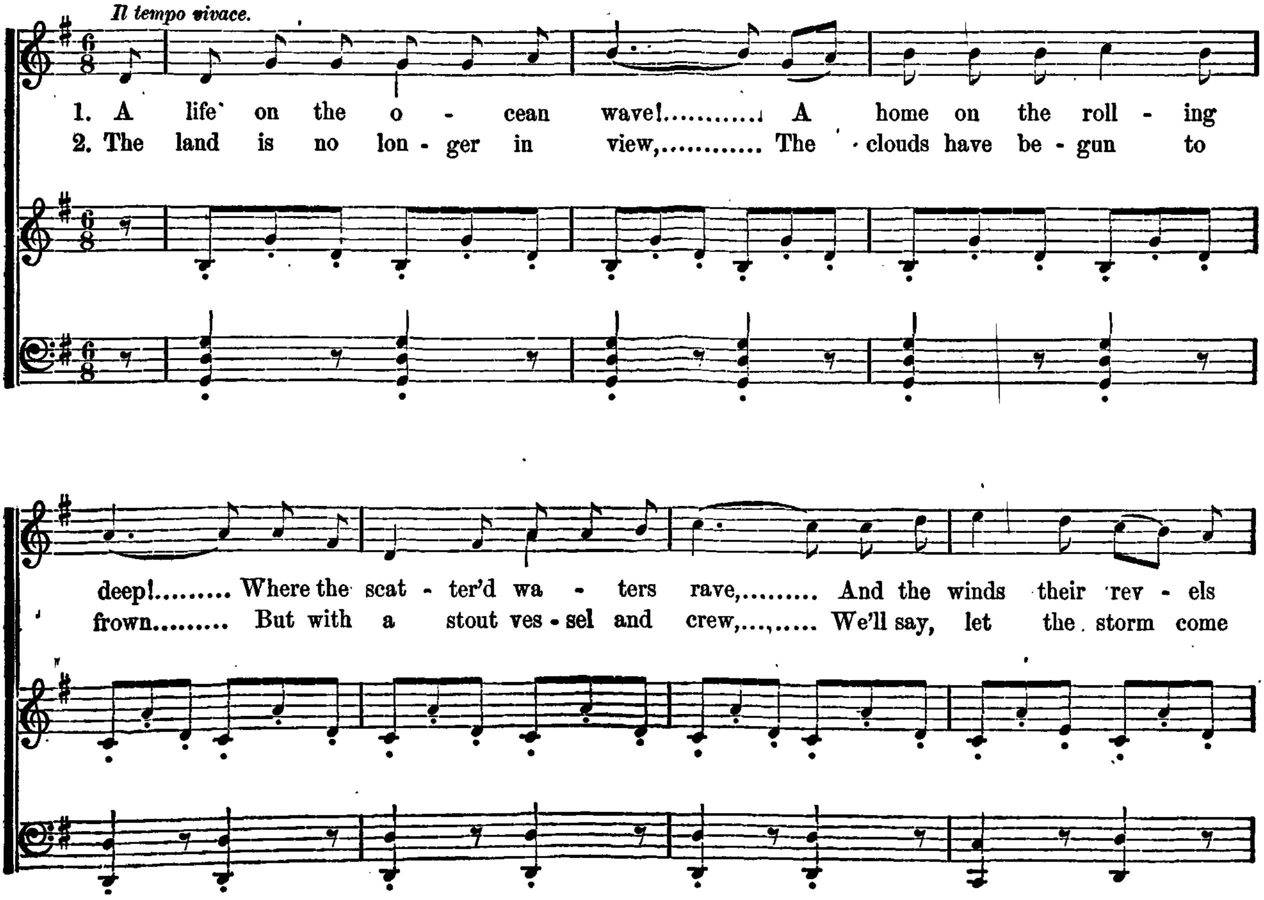


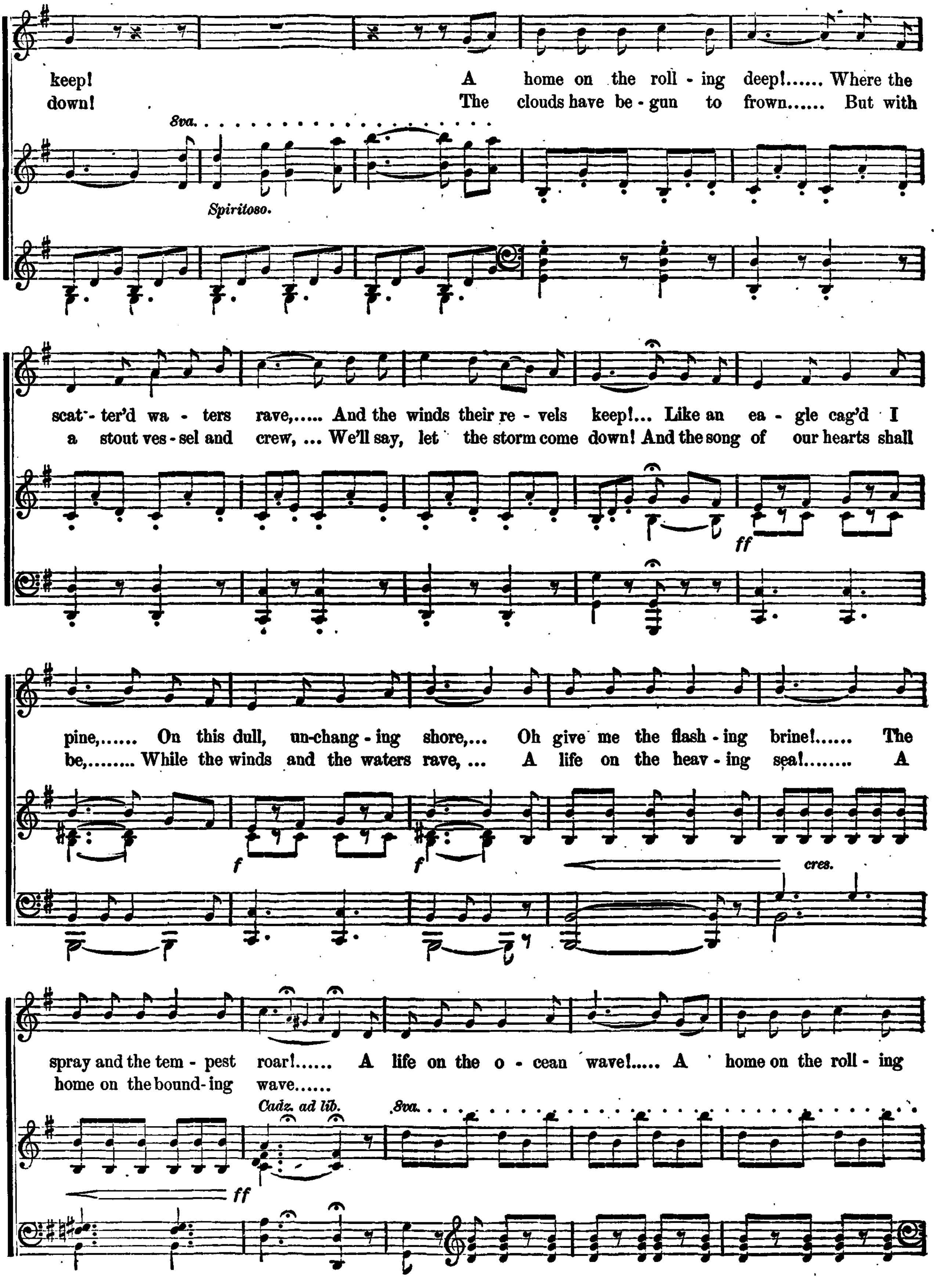
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

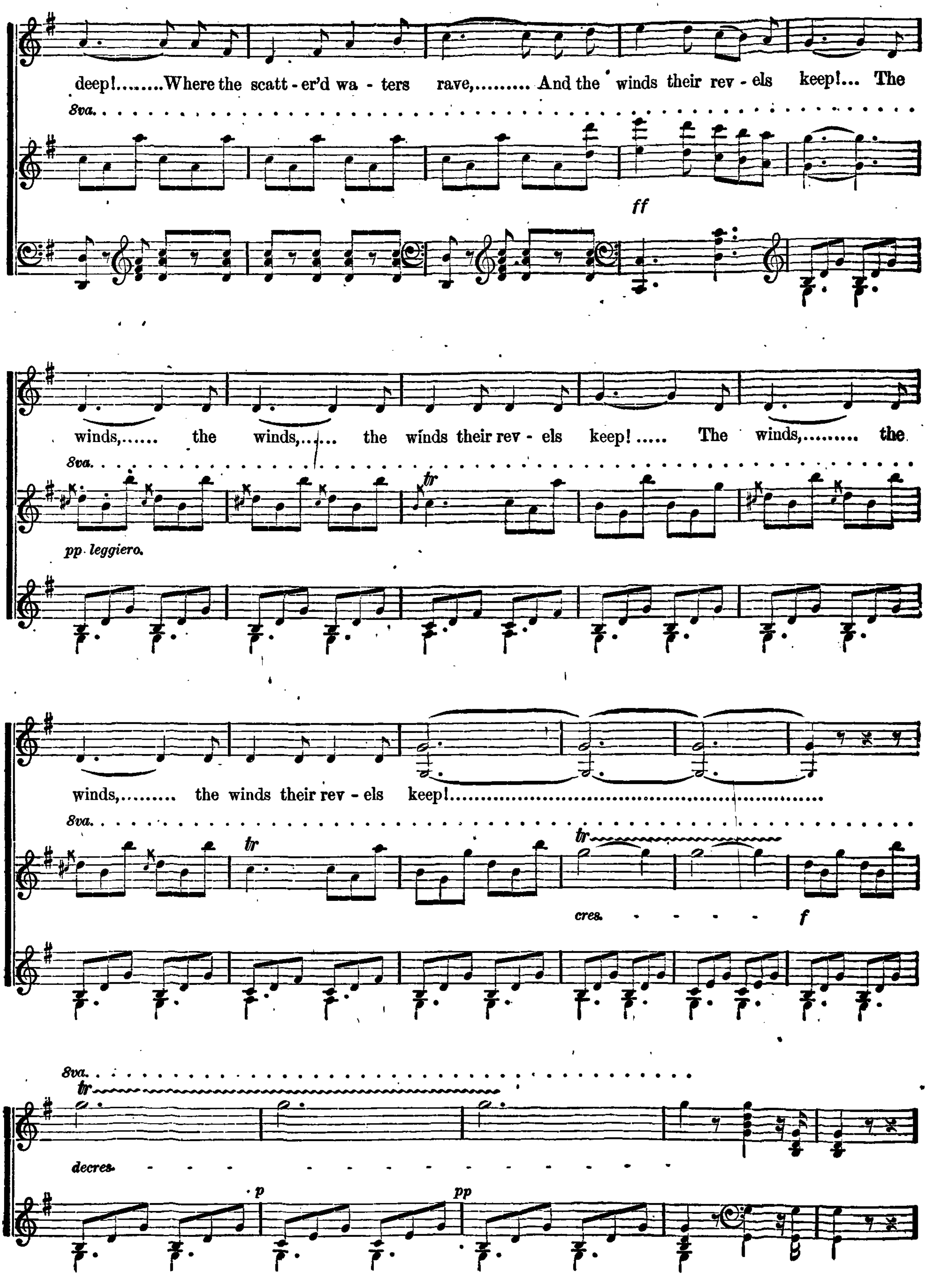
Epes Sargent, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1812. He is well known as the author of much graceful prose and verse, and the editor of several fine collections. He was a journalist and long resided in Boston, where he died in December, 1880. I am indebted to him for this history of the song:

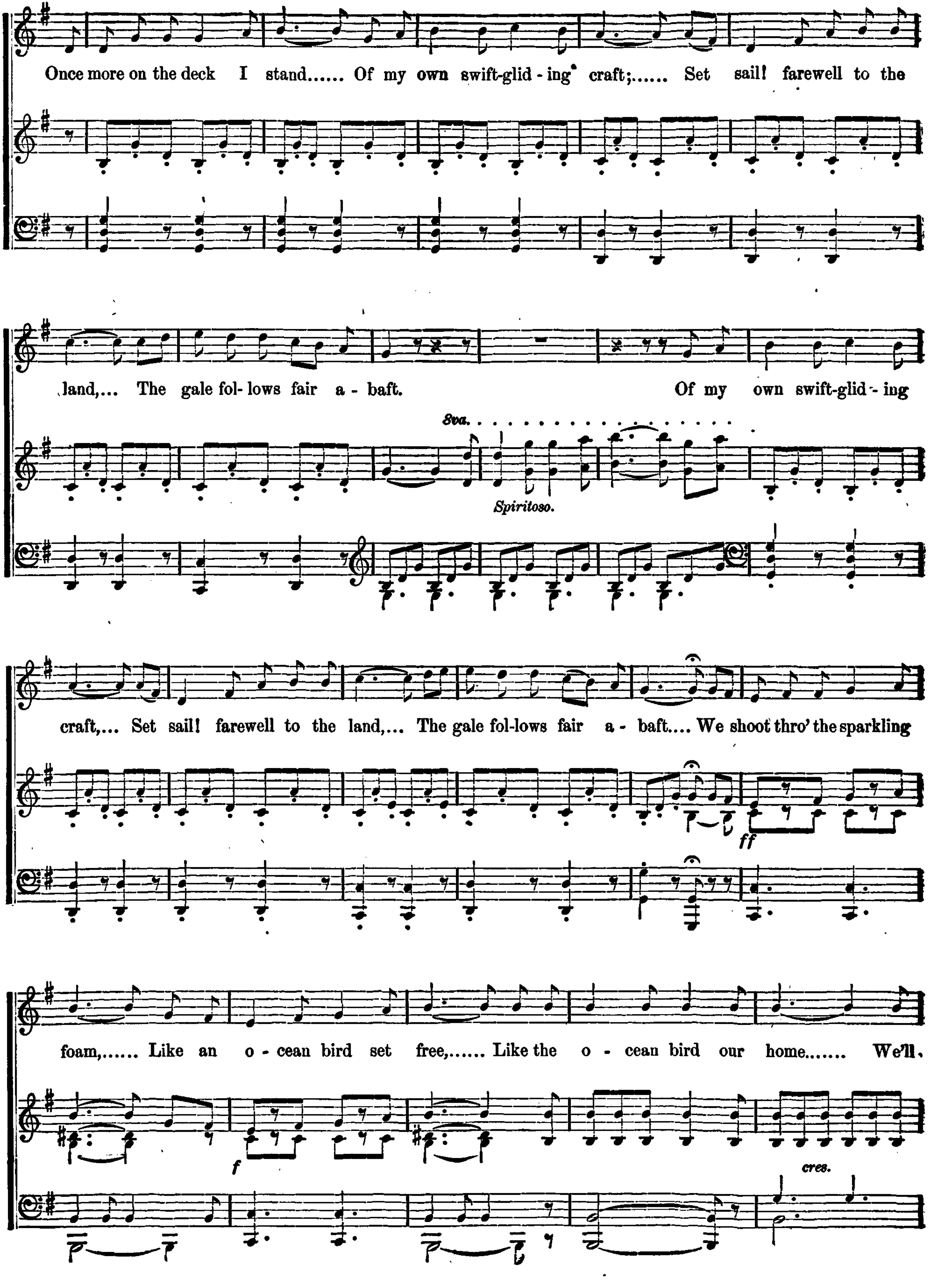
"A Life on the Ocean Wave was written for **Henry Russell**. The subject of the song was suggested to me as I was walking, one breezy, sun-bright morning in spring, on the Battery, in New York, and looking out upon the ships and the small craft under full sail. Having completed my song and my walk together, I went to the office of the *Mirror*, wrote out the words, and showed them to my good friend, George P. Morris. After reading the piece, he said, 'My dear boy, this is not a song; it will never do for music; but it is a very nice little lyric; so let me take it and publish it in the *Mirror*.' I consented, and concluded that Morris was right. Some days after the publication of the piece, I met Russell. 'Where is that song?' asked he. 'I tried my hand at one and failed,' said I. 'How do you know that?' 'Morris tells me it won't answer.' 'And is Morris infallible? Hand me the piece, young man, and let us go into Hewitt's back room here, at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, and see what we can make out of your lines.'

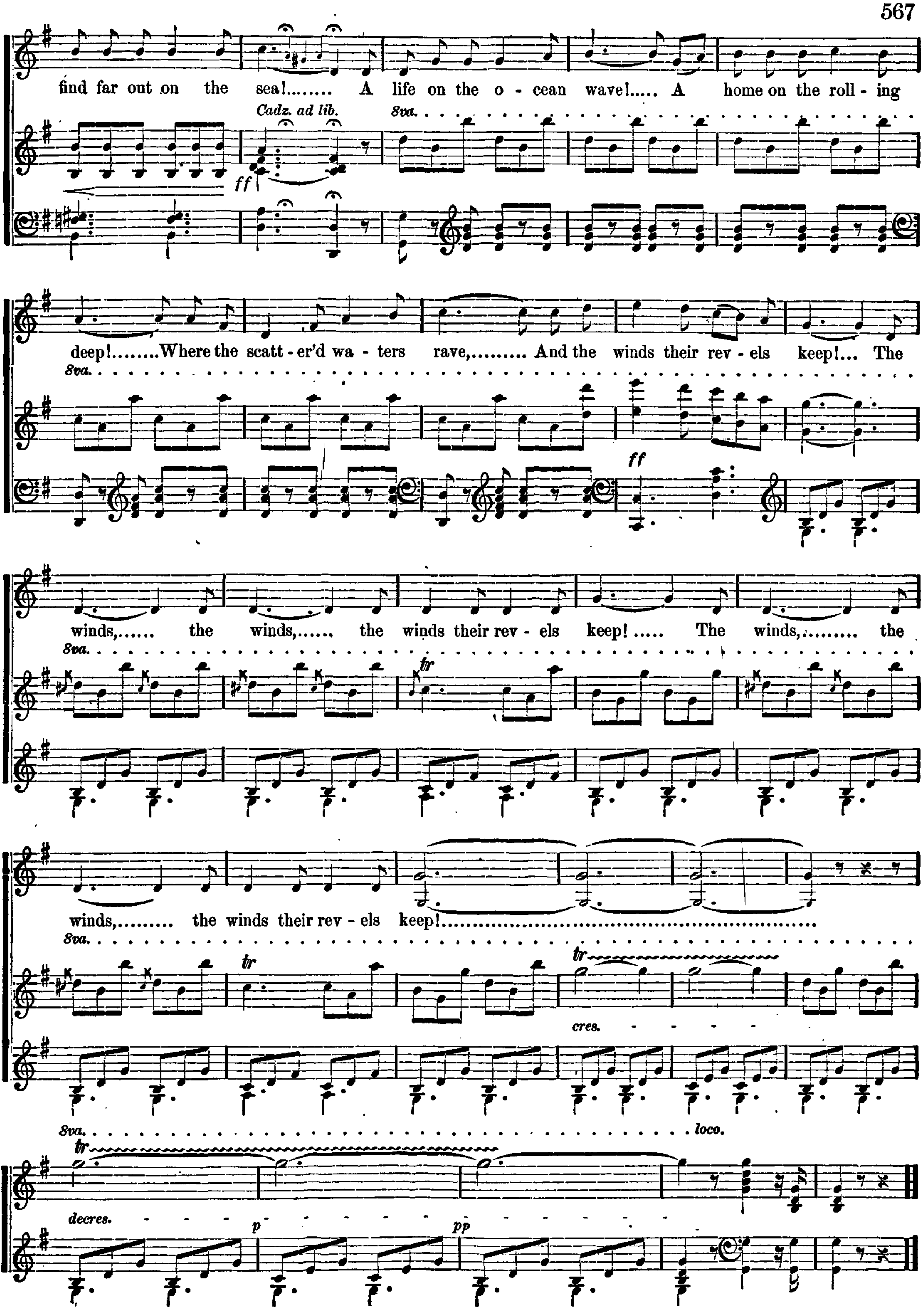
"We passed through the music store, Russell seated himself at the piano; read over the lines attentively; hummed an air or two to himself; then ran his fingers over the keys, then stopped as if nonplussed. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to dawn upon him; a melody had all at once floated into his brain, and he began to hum it, and to sway himself to its movement. Then striking the keys tentatively a few times, he at last confidently launched into the air since known as 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.' 'I've got it!' he exclaimed. It was all the work of a few minutes. I pronounced the melody a success, and it proved so. The copyright of the song became very valuable, though I never got anything from it myself. It at once became a favorite, and soon the bands were playing it in the streets. A year or two after its publication, I received from England copies of five or six different editions that had been issued there by competing publishers."


Il tempo vivace.
1. A life on the o - cean wave!............ A home on the roll - ing
2. The land is no lon - ger in view,............ The clouds have be - gun to
deep!......... Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,.......... And the winds their rev - els
frown......... But with a stout ves - sel and crew,........... We'll say, let the storm come


keep! A home on the roll - ing deep!...... Where the
down! The clouds have be - gun to frown...... But with
8va.
Spiritoso.
scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their re - vels keep!... Like an ea - gle cag'd I
a stout ves - sel and crew, ... We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our hearts shall
ff
pine,...... On this dull, un-chang - ing shore,... Oh give me the flash - ing brine!...... The
be,........ While the winds and the waters rave, ... A life on the heav - ing sea!........ A
f
f
cres.
spray and the tem - pest roar!...... A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing
home on the bound - ing wave......
Cadz. ad lib.
8va.
ff


deep!........Where the scatt - er'd wa - ters rave,.......... And the winds their rev - els keep!... The
8va.
ff
winds,....... the winds,....... the winds their rev - els keep! ..... The winds,......... the
8va.
tr
pp leggiero.
winds,......... the winds their rev - els keep!...
8va.
tr
cres. - - - - f
8va.
tr
decres. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
p
pp

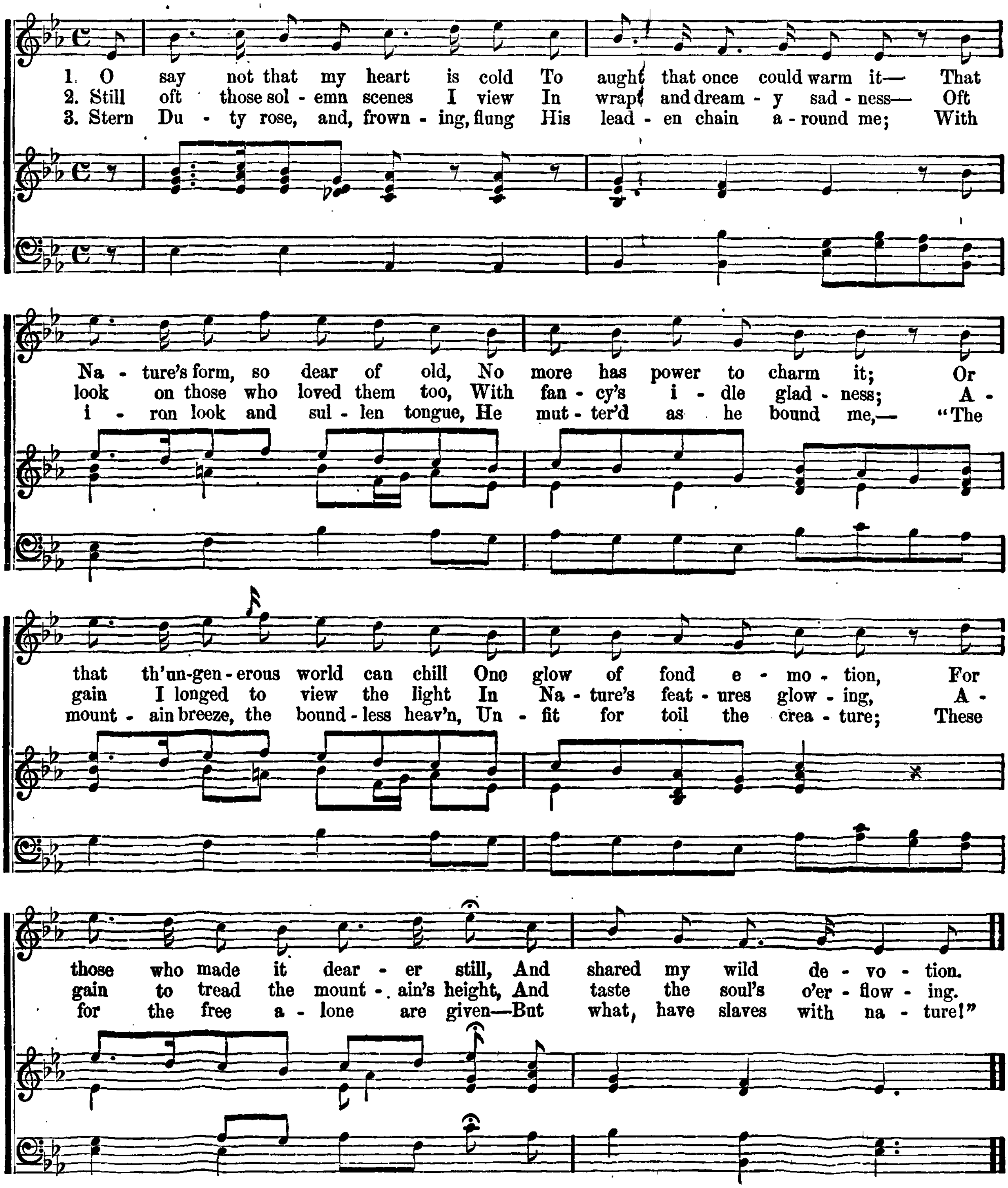

Once more on the deck I stand...... Of my own swift-glid - ing craft;...... Set sail! farewell to the
land,... The gale fol- lows fair a - baft. Of my own swift-glid - ing
8va.
Spiritoso.
craft,... Set sail! farewell to the land,... The gale fol-lows fair a - baft.... We shoot thro' the sparkling
ff
foam,...... Like an o - cean bird set free,...... Like the o - cean bird our home....... We'll
f
cres.


find far out on the sea!........ A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing
Cadz. ad lib.
8va
ff
deep!........Where the scatt - er'd wa - ters rave,......... And the winds their rev - els keep!... The
8va
ff
winds,....... the winds,...... the winds their rev - els keep! ..... The winds,......... the
8va
tr
winds,......... the winds their rev - els keep!...
8va
tr
tr
cres.
8va
loco.
tr
decres.
p
pp

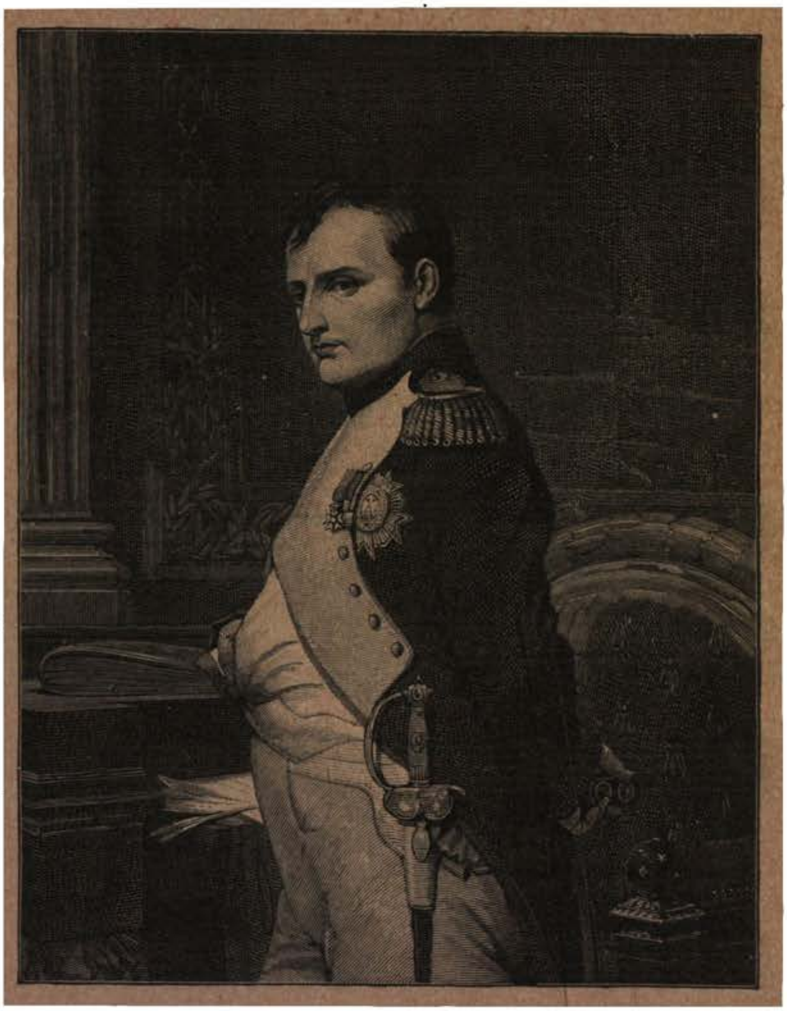
O SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD!

When Charles Wolfe had written this song, and was arranging it to the exquisite old Irish melody called "Grammachree," his feelings so overpowered him, that to give them expression he immediately wrote the well-known poem, "To Mary," which begins—

> "If I had thought thou could'st have died,
> I might not weep for thee;
> But I forgot, when by thy side
> That thou could'st mortal be."


1. O say not that my heart is cold To aught that once could warm it— That Na - ture's form, so dear of old, No more has power to charm it; Or that th'un-gen-erous world can chill One glow of fond e - mo - tion, For those who made it dear - er still, And shared my wild de - vo - tion.
2. Still oft those sol - emn scenes I view In wrapt and dream - y sad - ness— Oft look on those who loved them too, With fan - cy's i - dle glad - ness; A - gain I longed to view the light In Na - ture's feat - ures glow - ing, A - gain to tread the mount - ain's height, And taste the soul's o'er - flow - ing.
3. Stern Du - ty rose, and, frown - ing, flung His lead - en chain a - round me; With i - ron look and sul - len tongue, He mut - ter'd as he bound me,— "The mount - ain breeze, the bound - less heav'n, Un - fit for toil the crea - ture; These for the free a - lone are given—But what, have slaves with na - ture!"

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

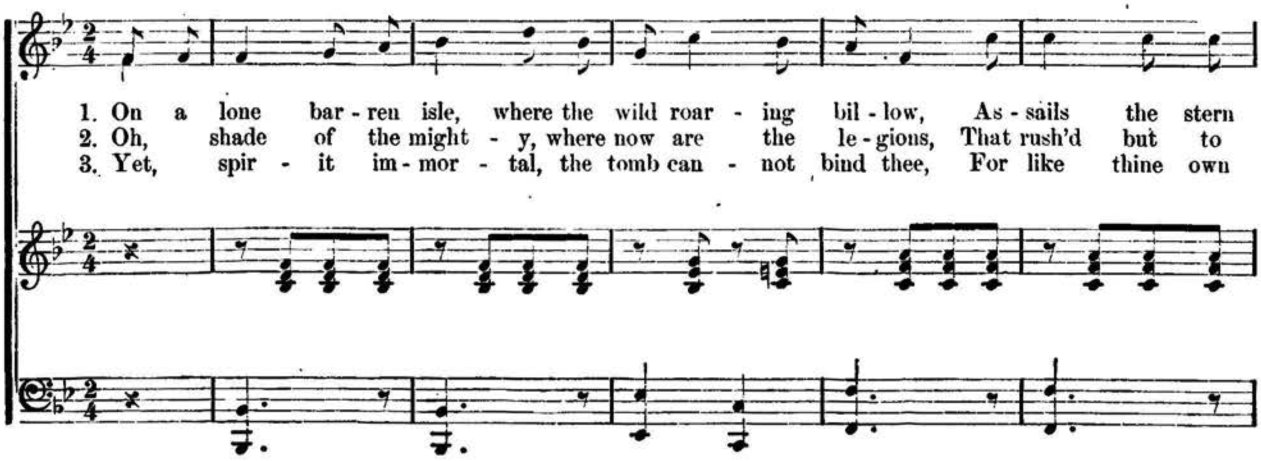


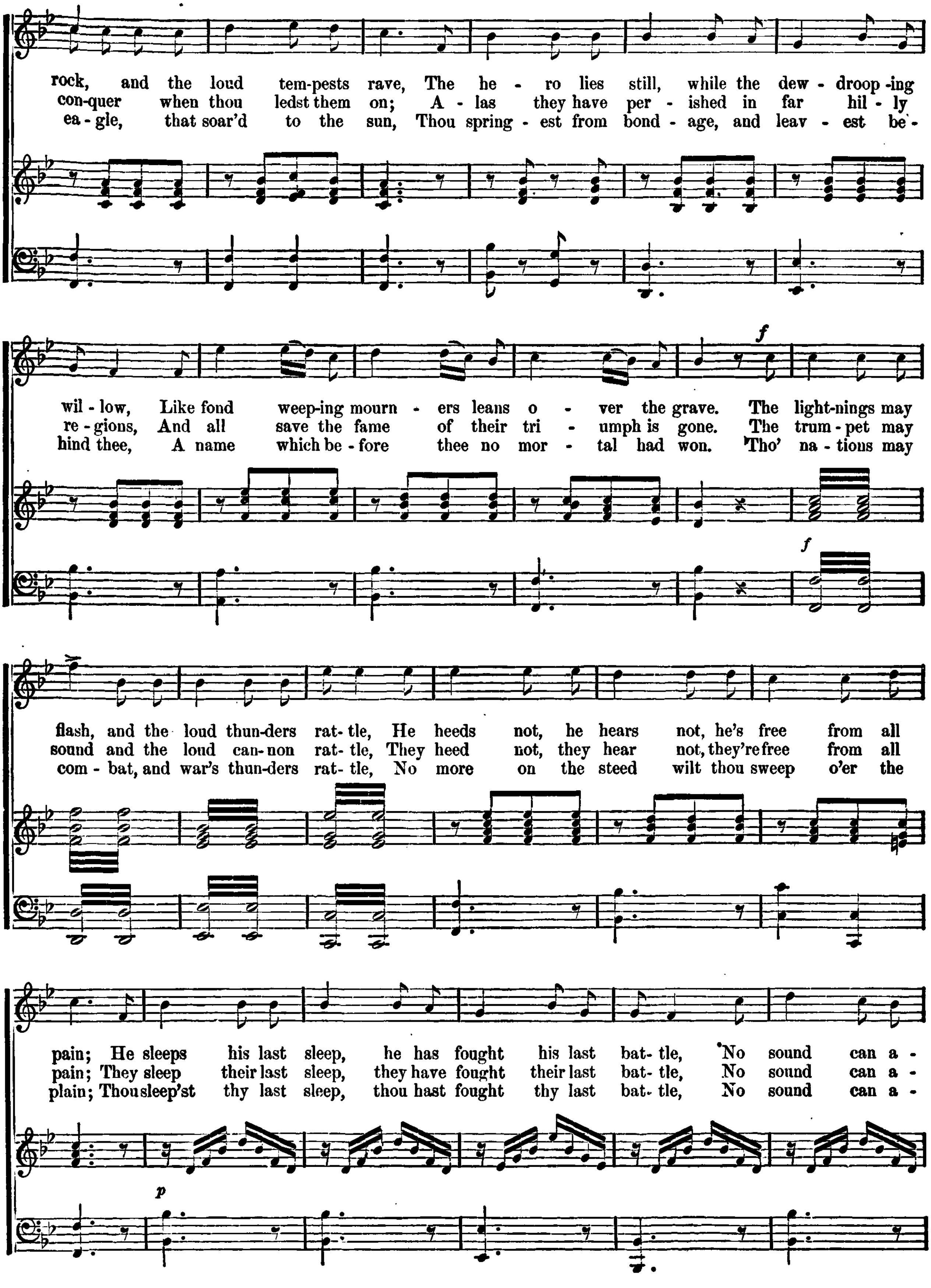
Henry S. Washburn, who wrote the words of this song, is a native of Plymouth, Mass. He was educated at Brown University, and went into business in Worcester, and afterwards at East Boston, as a manufacturer of wire. He has been a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and now resides in Boston. Among his numerous fugitive poems, one on the burial of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, on the island of St. Helena, was set to music by Mr. Heath, and has enjoyed considerable celebrity.

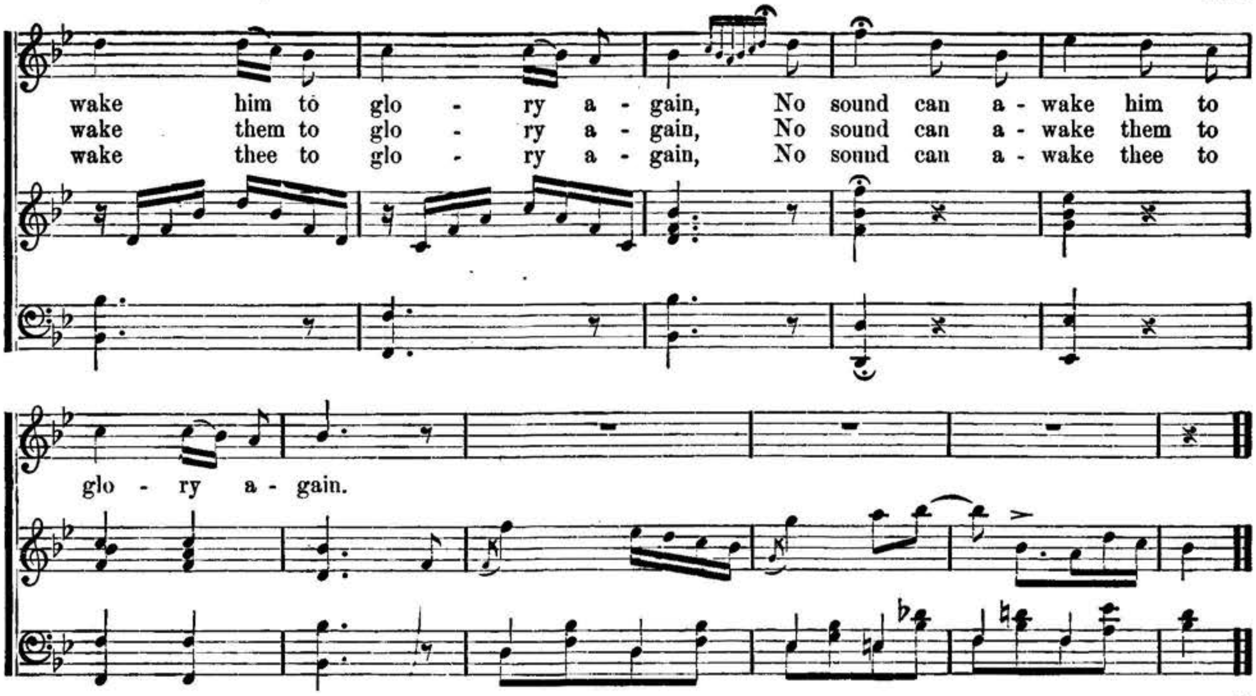
Lyman Heath, composer of the music, was born in Bow, New Hampshire, August 24, 1804, and was a noted vocalist and composer. He died in Nashua, which had been his home for thirty-five years, June 30, 1870.

The "lone barren isle" of St. Helena was not, however, destined to be the last earthly resting-place of Bonaparte; for in 1840 the grave was opened and the body of the emperor was removed to Paris. The tomb, constructed by Visconti, is situated beneath the Dome of the *Eglise des Invalides*; from the pavement of which rises the sarcophagus, thirteen feet long, nearly seven feet wide, and fourteen and a half feet high, consisting of a single huge block of reddish-brown granite weighing nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The accompanying portrait of Napoleon is from the celebrated painting by Paul Delaroche, to whom historical pictures are mainly indebted for their popularity in France.


1. On a lone bar - ren isle, where the wild roar - ing bil - low, As - sails the stern
2. Oh, shade of the might - y, where now are the le - gions, That rush'd but to
3. Yet, spir - it im - mor - tal, the tomb can - not bind thee, For like thine own

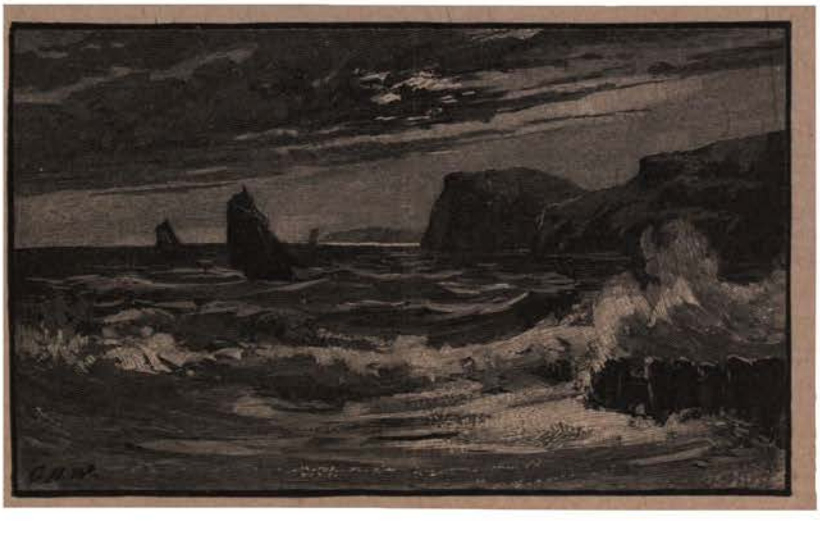

rock, and the loud tem-pests rave, The he - ro lies still, while the dew - droop -ing
con-quer when thou ledst them on; A - las they have per - ished in far hil - ly
ea - gle, that soar'd to the sun, Thou spring - est from bond - age, and leav - est be -
wil - low, Like fond weep-ing mourn - ers leans o - ver the grave. The light-nings may
re - gions, And all save the fame of their tri - umph is gone. The trum - pet may
hind thee, A name which be - fore thee no mor - tal had won. 'Tho' na - tions may
f
f
flash, and the loud thun-ders rat- tle, He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all
sound and the loud can-non rat- tle, They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all
com - bat, and war's thun-ders rat- tle, No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the
pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last bat- tle, 'No sound can a -
pain; They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last bat- tle, No sound can a -
plain; Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last bat- tle, No sound can a -
p


wake him to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake him to
wake them to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake them to
wake thee to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake thee to
glo - ry a - gain.

On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billow,
Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners leans over the grave.
The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

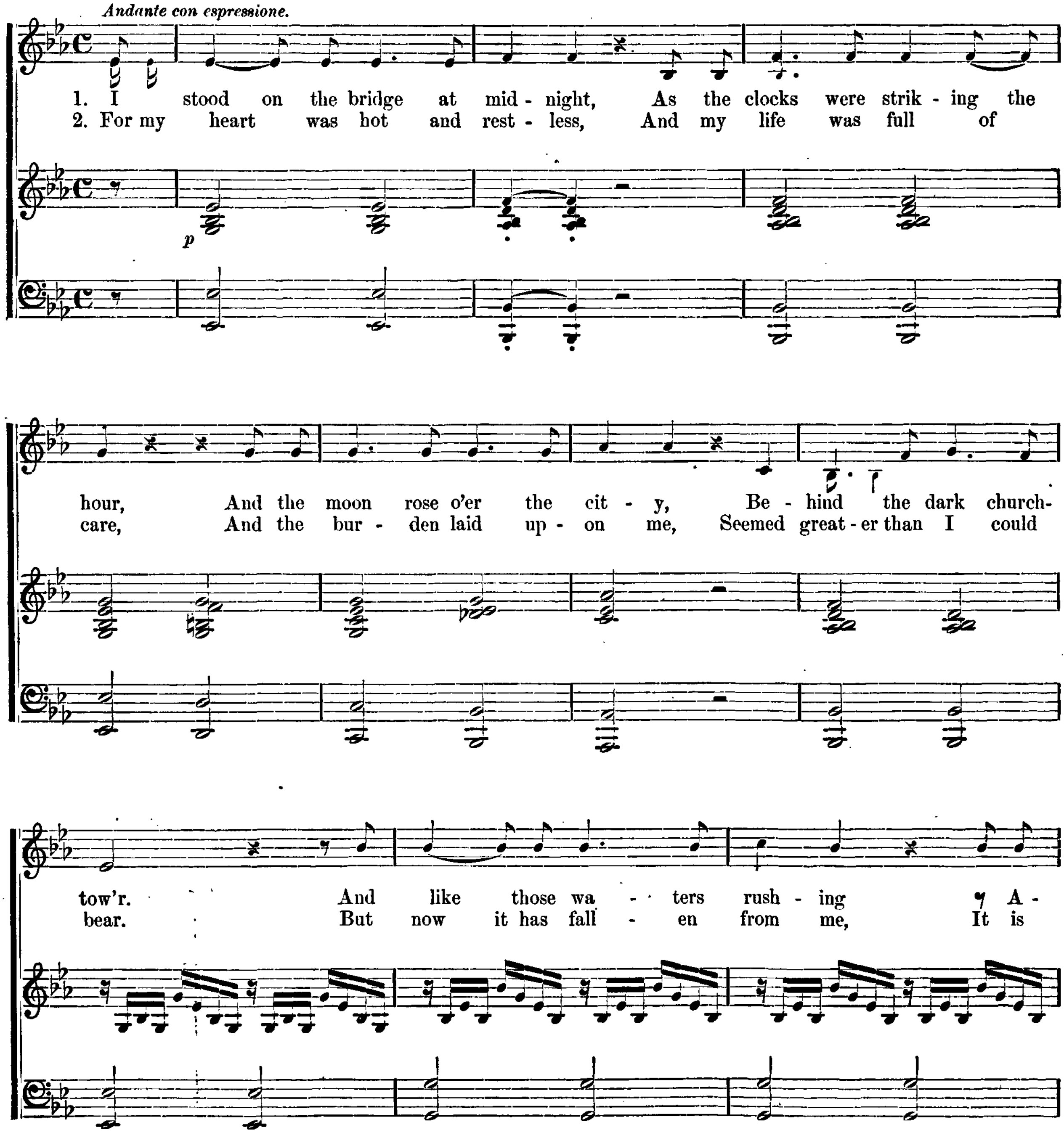
Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rushed but to conquer when thou ledst them on;
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

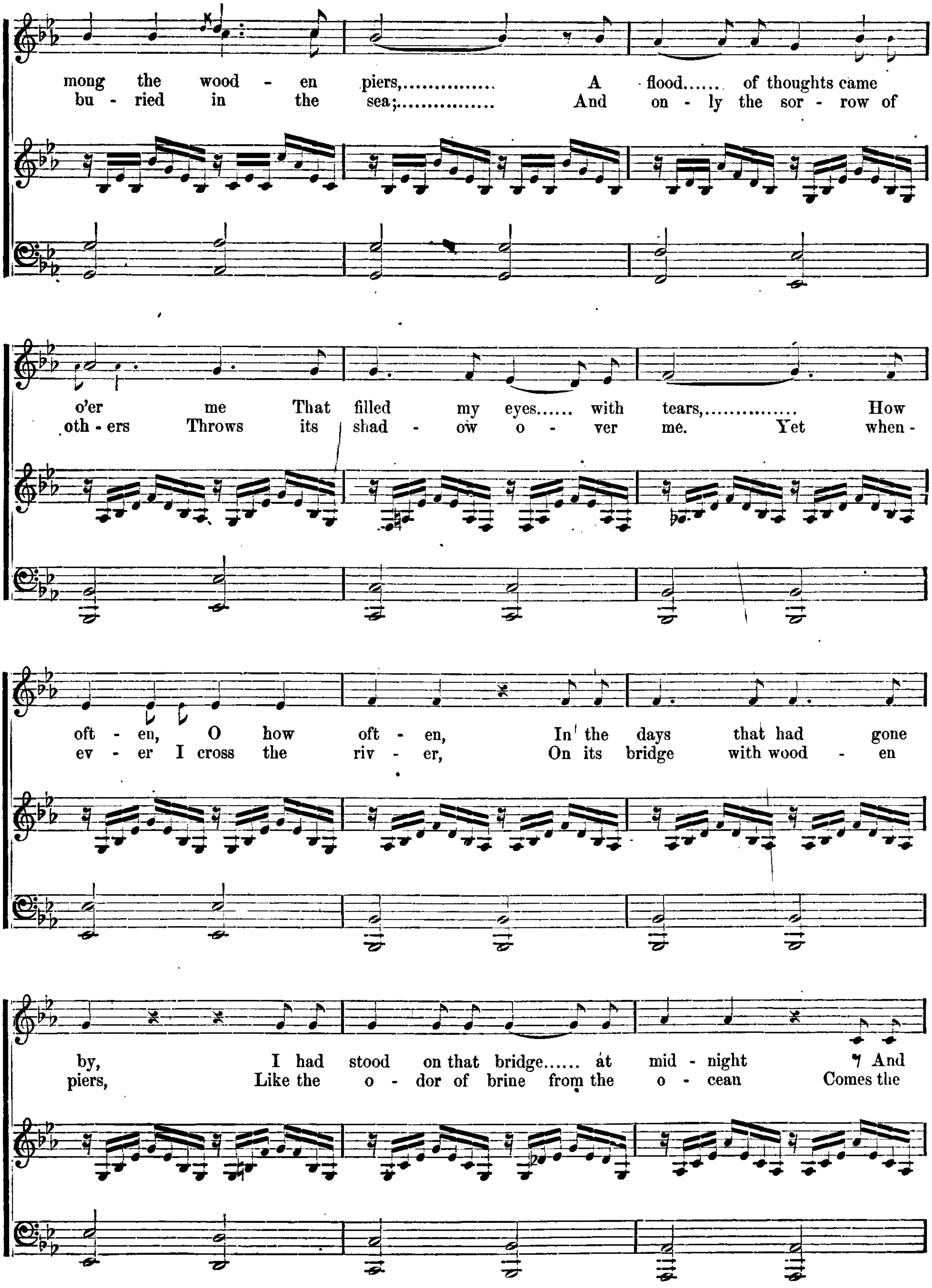
Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle, that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

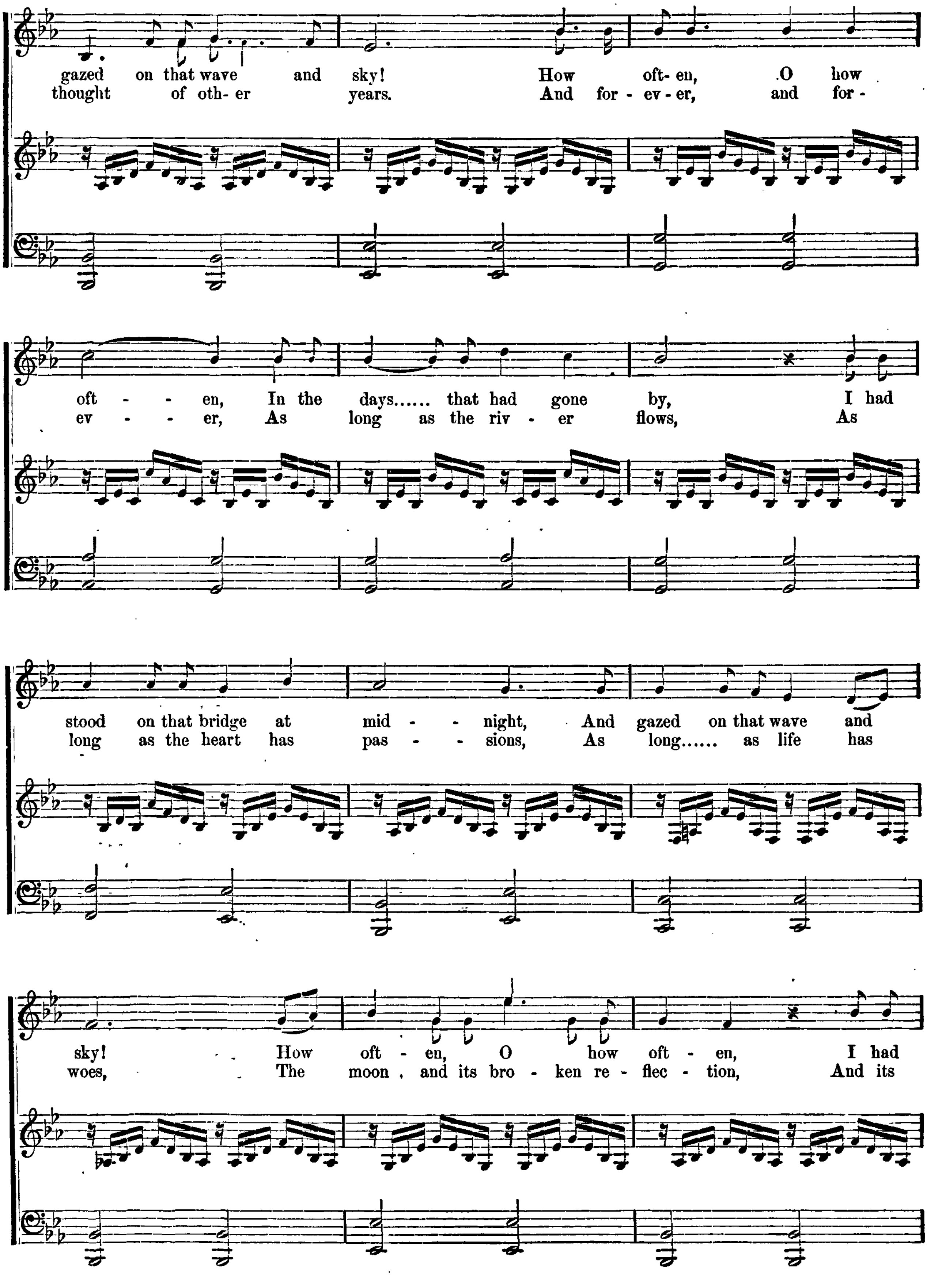


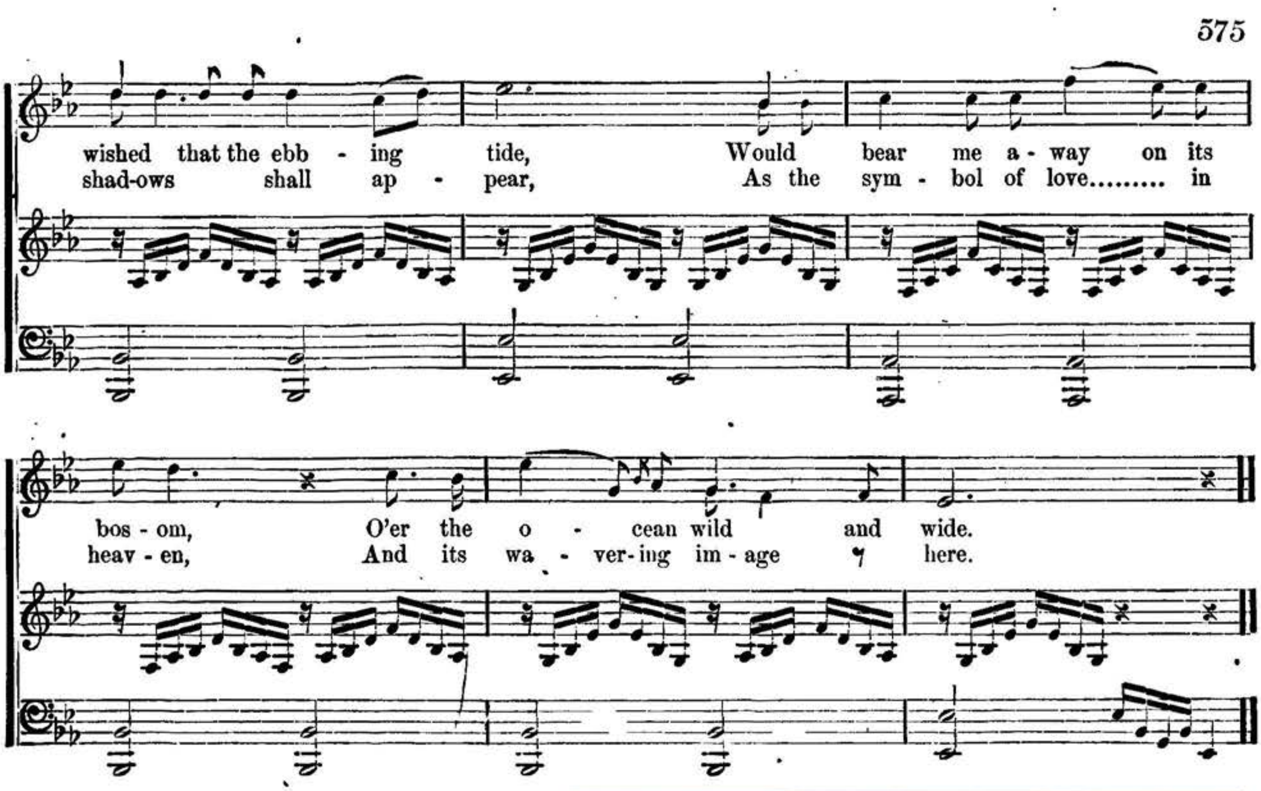
THE BRIDGE.

The poets of New England have immortalized in their verse many of the localities about their homes, as well as the customs of New England and the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. This poem of Longfellow's, more familiar, perhaps, by its first line, "I stood on the bridge at midnight," than by its title, was originally called by the poet "The Bridge over the Charles"—the Charles River, which flows between Boston and Cambridge, having inspired more than one of the Boston literati to reflections in prose or poetry, Longfellow himself having written several poems on the same theme. The title was subsequently changed in his collected works because it was rather in the universality of the thought than in its special application that the interest was found to lie. It is a poem of humanity by one of the most sympathetic of American poets. The lyric simplicity of much of Longfellow's poetry adapts it peculiarly well to musical setting. The music here given, by Miss M. Lindsay, is particularly appropriate to Longfellow's words.


Andante con espressione.
1. I stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the clocks were strik - ing the
2. For my heart was hot and rest - less, And my life was full of
p
hour, And the moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind the dark church-
care, And the bur - den laid up - on me, Seemed great - er than I could
tow'r. And like those wa - ters rush - ing A -
bear. But now it has fall - en from me, It is


mong the wood - en piers,............... A flood...... of thoughts came
bu - ried in the sea;................ And on - ly the sor - row of
o'er me That filled my eyes...... with tears,............... How
oth - ers Throws its shad - ow o - ver me. Yet when -
oft - en, O how oft - en, In the days that had gone
ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en
by, I had stood on that bridge...... at mid - night And
piers, Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the


gazed on that wave and sky! How oft- en, O how
thought of oth- er years. And for - ev - er, and for -
oft - - en, In the days...... that had gone by, I had
ev - - er, As long as the riv - er flows, As
stood on that bridge at mid - - night, And gazed on that wave and
long as the heart has pas - - sions, As long...... as life has
sky! How oft - en, O how oft - en, I had
woes, The moon, and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its


wished that the ebb - ing tide, Would bear me a - way on its
shad-ows shall ap - pear, As the sym - bol of love......... in
bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide.
heav - en, And its wa - ver-ing im - age here.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church-tower.

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky!

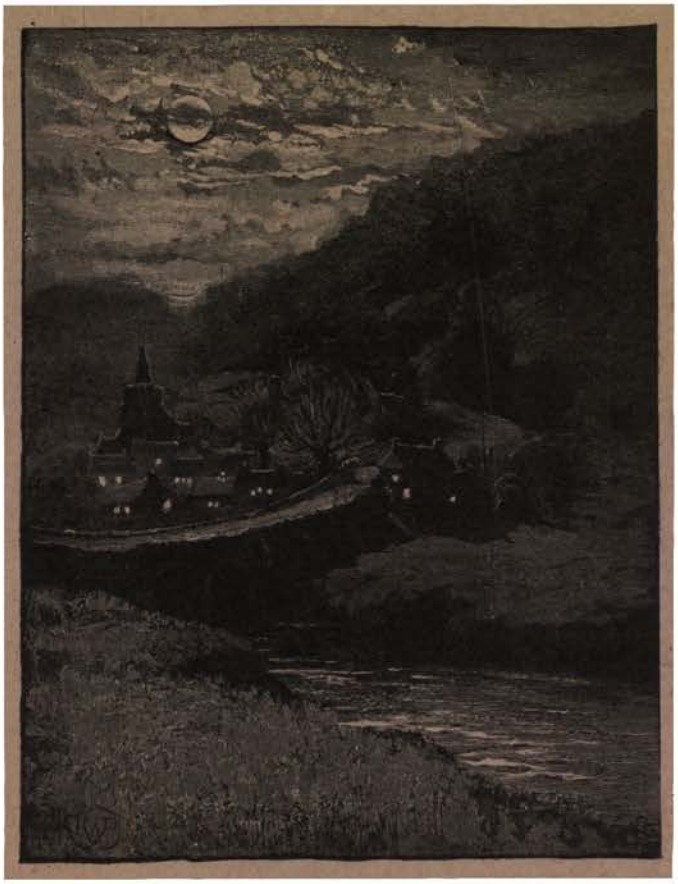
How often, O how often,
  I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
  O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years.

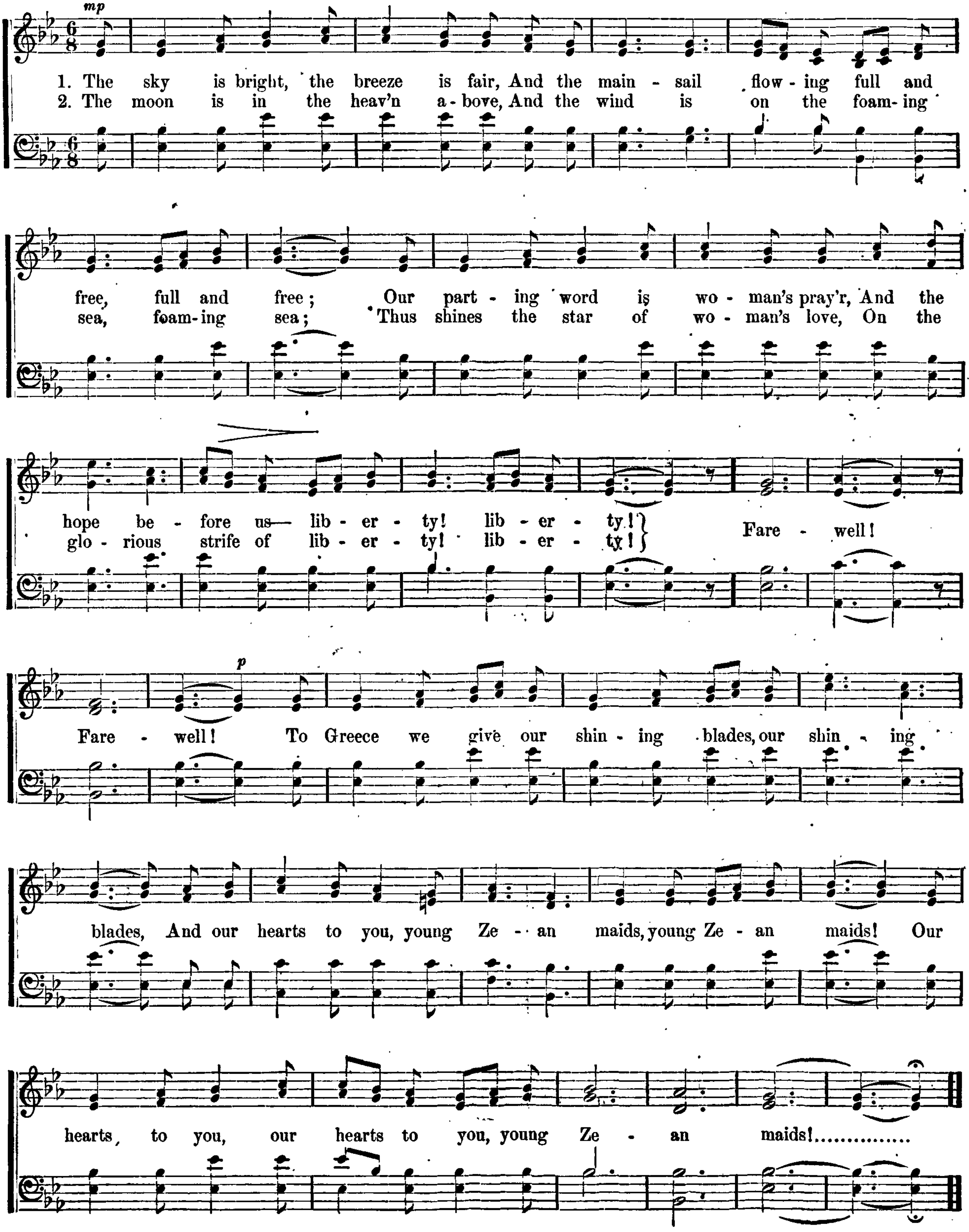
And forever and forever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes;



The moon and its broken reflection
  And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
  And its wavering image here.

TO GREECE WE GIVE OUR SHINING BLADES.

This is the opening song in THOMAS MOORE'S "Evenings in Greece." SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP arranged the air.


mp
1. The sky is bright, the breeze is fair, And the main - sail flow - ing full and
2. The moon is in the heav'n a - bove, And the wind is on the foam - ing
free, full and free; Our part - ing word is wo - man's pray'r, And the
sea, foam - ing sea; Thus shines the star of wo - man's love, On the
hope be - fore us— lib - er - ty! lib - er - ty!
glo - rious strife of lib - er - ty! lib - er - ty!
Fare - well!
Fare - well!
p
To Greece we give our shin - ing blades, our shin - ing
blades, And our hearts to you, young Ze - an maids, young Ze - an maids! Our
hearts to you, our hearts to you, young Ze - an maids!...............

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